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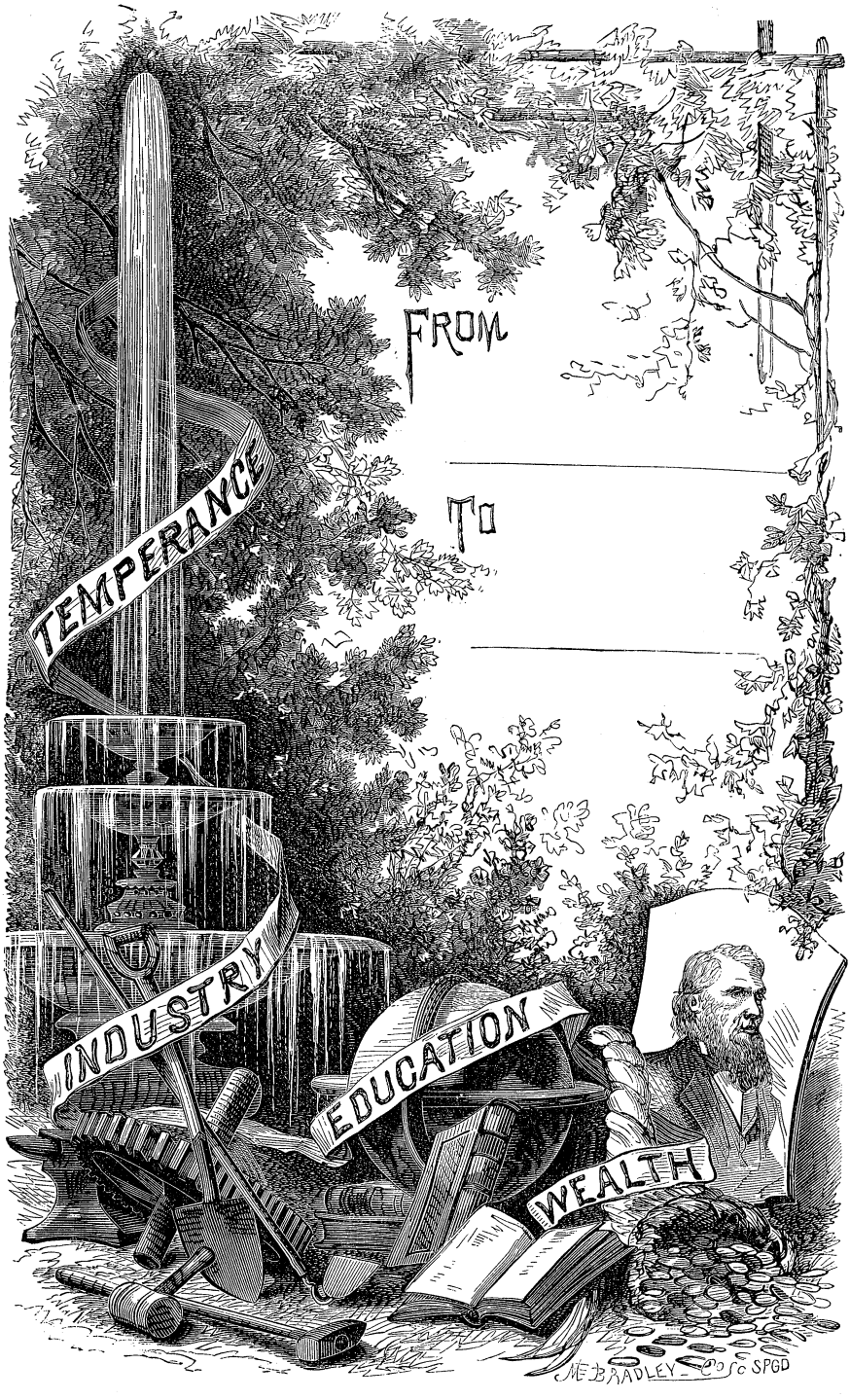

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F T Stuart, Boston.

John B. Gough

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND

Personal Recollections

OF

JOHN B. GOUGH,

WITH

TWENTY-SIX YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND OTHERS.

PUBLISHED BY
BILL, NICHOLS & CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
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To my Friends

IN

AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN,

WHOSE SYMPATHY, CONFIDENCE, AND APPROVAL, HAVE ENCOURAGED, INSPIRED, AND CHEERED ME THROUGH THE EXPERIENCES OF SO MANY EVENTFUL YEARS,

I Dedicate

THIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, WITH GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

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INTRODUCTION.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I prepared and published a little work entitled "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN B. GOUGH," dedicated to JESSE W. GOODRICH of Worcester, whose kindness cheered and supported me

"When days were dark and friends were few;"

and to MOSES GRANT of Boston, of whom it may with truth be said that

"To relieve the wretched was his pride;"—

with the following introduction:

"It may be asked by many individuals whose eyes will fall on these pages, why I thought it requisite to add one to the already numerous autobiographies extant? I answer, that justice to myself, in some measure, demands an explicit statement of the principal incidents in an hitherto eventful life; those incidents, or at least many of them, having, in frequent instances, been erroneously described. Besides this, many who have heard my verbal narrations, have intimated a desire to become more fully acquainted with a career, which, although it has extended but little beyond a quarter of a century, has been fruitful of adventure. To gratify others,

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rather than myself, has been my object in reducing to a permanent form my somewhat eventful history. I make no pretensions to literary merit, and trust this candid avowal will disarm criticism. Mine is, indeed, a

'Short and simple annal of the poor;'

and if the perusal of these pages should cheer some fainting wanderer on the world's highway, and lead him far from the haunts of evil, by the still waters of temperance, my labor will have been well repaid. Truth constitutes the merit of my tale, if it possess any merit; and most of us know that real life often furnishes stranger stories than romance ever dreamed of; and that facts are frequently more startling than fiction."

And now another quarter of a century has passed away, every year of which I have been engaged in public work in this country and Great Britain, and at the earnest request of many friends, I have been induced, with much apprehension and some reluctance, to give to them some personal recollections of these eventful years. I am aware that I shall lay myself open to the charge of egotism, as, of necessity, I must speak of myself. There will be faults of style perhaps, hardly conforming to the strict laws of rhetoric,—neither making nor calling for any strong effort of the understanding; but I shall be satisfied if I can keep the mind of my reader pleasantly occupied, without fatiguing it. I shall embody the autobiography with additions and emendations, and, having gained a larger experience of men and their peculiarities, shall omit some things which, in my maturer judgment, I do not con-

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sider it expedient to retain. In speaking of individuals I shall, as I may deem it advisable, omit names; shall speak of things pleasant and painful; and, though I may touch some men's prejudices, I trust I shall write these recollections in the spirit that moved the immortal Lincoln, "with charity for all and malice towards none."

It is sometimes an advantage to a young man on the threshold of life's experiences, to be shown the pitfalls into which another has stumbled, and the snares in which another may have been caught. And thus I send this book forth, with an earnest desire that it may not simply amuse and interest, but help and stimulate in the battle of life, encourage the despondent, and aid the struggling in their efforts to rise above adverse circumstances.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

"HILLSIDE," WORCESTER, MASS.,
September, 1869.

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I WAS born on the 22d of August, 1817, at Sandgate, in the County of Kent, England. I have heard my mother say that, in that year, nearly all the windows of our little house were broken by the concussion caused by the firing of cannon from the Castle, in honor of the grand visit of the allied monarchs and their famous followers to England; and that a government agent went round afterwards to pay the bill. It is a romantic little watering-place, frequented by many of the aristocracy and gentry, and was a favorite resort of William Wilberforce. In an old guide-book published the year before I was born—1816—Sandgate is described as: "A neat and picturesque village, situated on the direct road from Hythe to Folkestone. It consists principally of one street, of a handsome breadth, at the foot of a range of lofty eminences, and on the very brink of the

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sea,—of which it commands a boundless and delightful view. The houses, though small, are commodious and remarkably clean, light, and cheerful." Now, a large number of houses have been erected for the reception and accommodation of visitors, who are there for the purpose of sea-bathing. It is, indeed, a quiet little spot, and that which has been said of another place of resort may, with propriety, be applied to Sandgate,—it has "cheerfulness without noise, tranquillity without dullness, and facility of communication without disturbance."

The Earl of Darnley has an elegant villa, surrounded by a plantation, and over-looking the houses and the sea. The earliest account of Sandgate is to be met with in the mention of a castle which was standing there in the reign of Richard the Second, who directed his writ to the keeper of the castle of Sandgate, to admit Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, with his family, horses, and attendants, to tarry there six weeks for refreshment. On the site of this building, which had been demolished, another castle was built in 1539, by Henry the Eighth. When Elizabeth made her famous progress to the coast in 1588, her majesty honored Sandgate Castle with her presence, and was entertained and lodged here by the Governor.

This castle was a favorite resort of mine, and having, when quite a boy, gained favor with the keeper, I was permitted free access; and, as I acquired some knowledge of Bluff King Hal, I would wander through the court-yards, the turrets, and the battlements, and build castles in the air, and—in fancy—people the place with its old inhabitants, and see

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plumed cavaliers and ruffled dames pacing the corridors, or surrounding the groaning board. Katharine of Arragon, Anna Boleyn, Katharine Seymour, and others, flitted by me, and—living in the past—surrounded by these associations, almost unconsciously my imagination was cultured, and my mind imbued with a love of history and poetry; and, having a taste for the beauties of nature, I was often to be found roaming on the beach, gazing at the great sea, and listening to its everlasting moan;—little dreaming that three thousand miles beyond, was a land in which my lot would be cast! But I anticipate.

My father had enlisted as a soldier in 1798, and served in the Fortieth and the famous Fifty-Second Regiments of Light Infantry, till 1823, when he was discharged with a pension of twenty pounds a year. He was in the Peninsular War, and obtained a medal with six clasps, for Corunna, Talavera, Salamanca, Badajos, Pombal, and Busaco. He was once slightly wounded in the breast. I remember, as well as if it had been but yesterday, how he would go through military exercises with me, my mimic weapon being a broom, and my martial equipments some of his faded trappings. I was not, however, destined to see how fields were won. With what intense interest have I often listened to his descriptions of battle-fields! How I have shuddered at contemplating the dreadful scenes which he so graphically portrayed! He was present at the memorable battle of Corunna, and witnessed its hero, Sir John Moore, carried from that fatal field. "Here," he would say, "was such a regiment; there, such a battalion; in this situation was the enemy; and yonder was the position of the

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General and his staff." And then he would go on to describe the death of the hero, his looks, and his burial near the ramparts, until my young heart would leap with excitement. Apart from such attractions as these, my father possessed few for a child. His military habits had become a second nature with him. Stern discipline had been taught him in a severe school, and, it being impossible for him to cast off old associations, he was not calculated to win the deep affections of a child,—although in every respect he deserved and possessed my love.

My mother's character was cast in a gentler mould. Her heart was a fountain whence the pure waters of affection never ceased to flow. Her very being seemed twined with mine, and ardently did I return her love. For the long space of twenty years she had occupied the humble position of school-mistress in the village, and frequently planted the first principles of knowledge in the minds of children whose parents had, years before, been benefited by her early instructions. And well qualified, by nature and acquirements, was she for the interesting office she filled,—if a kindly heart and a well-stored mind be the requisites.

Of course I received my first lessons at home, but as I advanced in years, it became advisable that I should be sent to a school; and to one I was accordingly sent. There was a free school in the village, but my father, though he could ill-afford it, paid a weekly sum for my instruction at the seminary of Mr. Davis of Folkestone. I progressed rapidly in my limited education, and became a teacher in the school. Two classes, as was the custom, were placed

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under my care; the children of one of them I initiated into the art and mystery of spelling words of two syllables, and taught the Rule of Three to a class more advanced. I have now the last "cyphering book" I used in that school. On the fly-leaf is a specimen of my fancy writing,—JOHN GOUGH, NOV. 13th, 1827. I was then ten years of age. Soon after, I left the school, and have never since entered a day-school, or Sunday-school, to learn a lesson.

As I look back to that far past, and call to mind the scenes of my early childhood, how they pass in review before me! I have always had an intense love of the old, and would travel farther to see a ruin, than the finest modern structure. And no wonder; for the vicinity of my home is full of the monuments of ancient time: Lympne Castle, a fortification made by the Romans, to protect the road from their port of Lympne (now Lymne) to Canterbury;—Shepway Cross, remarkable for its antiquity;—the Chapel of Our Lady, at Courtat street, where, in 1523, Elizabeth Barton, by her prophesies and divinations, obtained the name of "The Holy Maid of Kent," and—in that age of bigotry and superstition—drew devotees and pilgrims to this chapel; history tells us how she was induced to prophesy in affairs of state, and, offending Henry the Eighth, was brought before the Star-Chamber, and "suffered at Tyburn;"—then, the ruins of Studfall Castle, described as one of the watch-towers built by Theodosius;—Saltwood Castle, the commencement of which is ascribed to the King of Kent in 488;—Westenhanger House, supposed to have been a royal residence as early as the reign of Henry the Second; a portion of the old building had the name

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of "Fair Rosamond's Tower." All these, and many more, in a circuit of a few miles from my native village, —indeed, they could all be seen in one day. How I have clung closer to my mother's hand, and held my breath, and thrilled with that half-pleasurable terror of a child in passing a haunted house, as Rokeby Castle loomed in the moonlight when we crossed the Park on our way from Braybourne, where mother was born!—Dover Castle, eight miles away; Shakspeare's Cliff, nearer; Canterbury, with its gorgeous cathedral, four hours' walk from us; Folkestone, a mile and a half distant, with its historical associations —the castle, now gone, built by the Lord of Folkestone in 1052, and the nunnery, or abbey, of which Leland writes; the steep, narrow, irregular High Street, up and down which, with my green bag of books (few enough there were of them!) at my back, I traveled day by day for three years on my way to and from school. How well I remember:—up through the High Street, past the house where Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was born, on to the level plain, by the edge of the cliff; and as we near home, what an enchanting scene! the barracks up yonder, at Shorncliffe; the Martello Towers; the sea; the white cliffs toward Dover; the distant coast of France; the castle and village; with all the diversified scenery surrounding us, make that half hour's walk as pleasant in its variety and beauty as any in the kingdom.

My reader will not, probably, thank me for so much description; but it is of my home—my birthplace—and I feel that the impressions made on my mind by these surroundings have been permanent.

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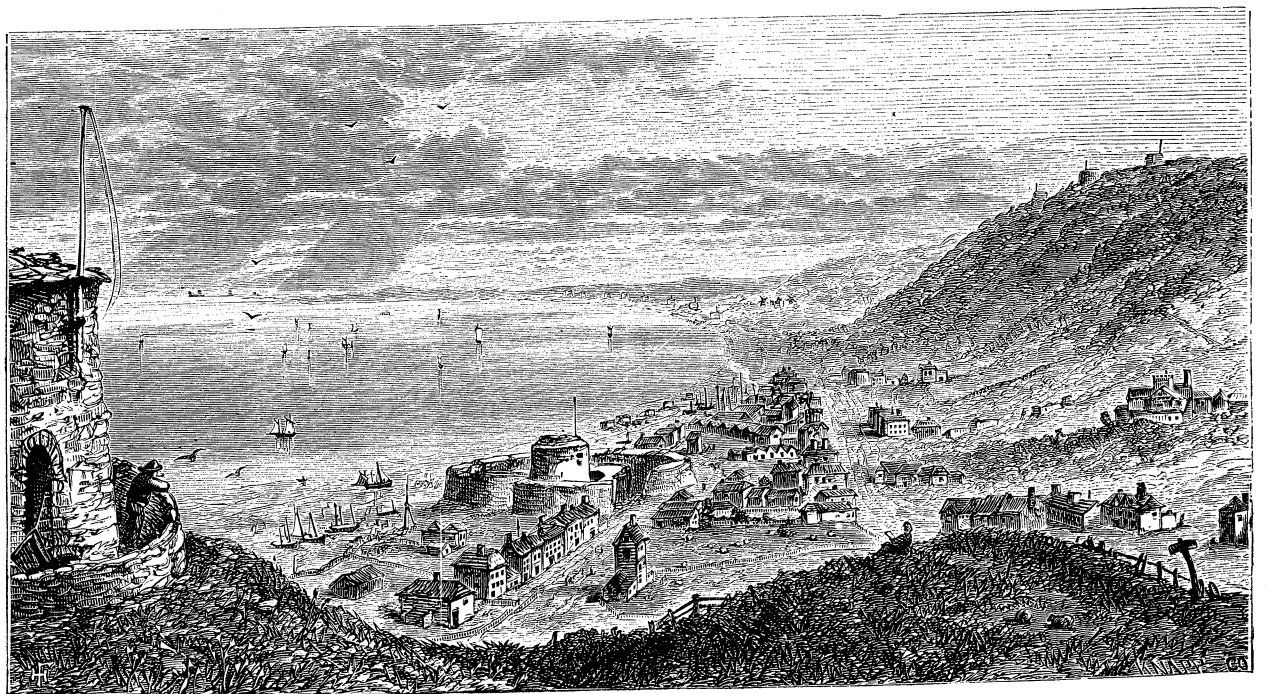

SANDGATE, MR. GOUGH'S NATIVE PLACE.

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Sandgate was, in my boyhood, a much quieter place than now. There was nothing to break the dull monotony. Occasionally a fracas between the men-of-war's men and the smugglers would create an excitement, and stir to the depths the whole community. The passing of the mail from Dover to London twice each day, through the village, was never without its interest, though the people knew coach and coachmen, and the names of the horses. There was always a group at the inn door to exchange a word with the coachman or guard, or hear a bit of the latest news from London—that far-off, mysterious city! With what reverence, almost amounting to awe, would the staid villagers gaze on one who had been to "Lunnon!" The father of one of my school-fellows—Charley Austin—was a coachman on this line, driving down from Dover to Maidstone, half way to London, and returning. One day—a real red-letter day to me—my father gave his permission for me to accompany Charley to Maidstone. Behold us, then, we two boys, with the prospect of a seventy miles ride on the top of a crack mail-coach in 1825!

That English mail-coach was a "thing of beauty." The recollections of that ride are fresh to-day. How we did spin along, ten miles an hour, horses changed every seven miles! It was wonderfully stirring, and we could almost say of it, as Johnson said to Boswell, as they rapidly rode in a post-chaise,—(only we knew nothing of either of those gentlemen then): "Ah! Bozzy—life hasn't many better things than this." Coachman and guard in scarlet livery; four shining, spirited horses, the ostlers at their heads, ready to throw off the blankets at the words, "all right;"

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the crack of the whip; the smart trot, and ring of the horses' feet on the hard road; hedges, mansions, barns, cottages—all passing rapidly; the rattling noise of the wheels on the rough stones of some provincial town; the excitement; dogs barking; the bugle of the guard playing a merry tune; people throwing up the windows, and running to the doors, to look at the gaudily painted mail-coach; the short stop at the public house; four horses all ready, an ostler to each horse; the coachman on his seat, and while the horses are being put to, he is fastening a new piece of cord to his whip; the guard mounting; the reins thrown up; the "all right!" the tearing away—on and on—it was almost the perfection of traveling! I have never so thoroughly enjoyed a ride as on that sunny summer day, from Sandgate to Maidstone, and back.

I spoke, just now, of the smugglers. There was a regularly organized gang of them in the village; and I must confess that the sympathies of nearly the whole community were generally with them, though their influence was fearfully demoralizing. Lying close to the sea—only twenty-two miles from the French coast—with high hills surrounding the village on every side but one—that towards Hythe—it was a spot peculiarly fitted for their successful exploits against the revenue. They were a bold, hardy set of men. A public house, called the *Fleur-de-lis*, was their favorite haunt. Their boats, painted white, lay along the beach. Every one knew they were smugglers—even the men-of-war's men knew them—but the difficulty was to catch them.* During the panic about

* Every man in the village, who was engaged in defrauding the revenue, had a nickname, and was really known by no other. Some of these nick-

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the French invasion, the government had erected Martello Towers all along the coast. These towers are each capable of accommodating from twenty-five to thirty men, with a piece of heavy ordnance on the roof. They are erected either on eminences, or on the shore, near the water's edge, at intervals of a quarter to half a mile. The walls are of great thickness, their shape circular, height between thirty and forty feet. Their foundations are laid at the bottom of a deep pit, which forms a dry ditch, the entrance guarded by a draw-bridge, which, when raised, forms a double door—the inner one strongly cased in copper. These Martello Towers were used at this time for the accommodation of men-of-war's men, with their officers, whose duty it was to pace the beach, day and night, armed with cutlass and pistols, to prevent smuggling. The plan of the smugglers was: to go out in a smack, or lugger, for fish—ostensibly—run over to France, get their goods on board in water-tight cases,—silks, laces, tea, and other articles, and brandy in small casks, called ankers,—put out in the channel, take their bearings, and sink the goods; then catch a few fish, and return. The men-of-war's men immediately search their boats, while the smugglers, with perfect indifference, look on and chaff them; though they were generally very civil.

The most difficult part of their work is to run the

names in Sandgate were Bonum, Crappie, Horney, Boxer, and Stickeroff. The name descended from father to son. A boy coming into our little Sunday-school, was asked his name.

"Stickeroff," was the reply.

"What's your father's name?"

"Stickeroff;—he's old Stickeroff, and I'm young Stickeroff."

These names were used to lessen the chance of detection, as their real names, under which they would be prosecuted, were never heard.

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goods. This is done on a dark night. Remember, the men-of-war's men are constantly on the watch, patrolling the beach. The smugglers, dressed in white frocks, trowsers, and hats, with moccasins on their feet, glide to their boats—slip the mufflers into the row-locks, lift their boat and carry it into the water, leap into it, and away! In the meantime, their women, and even their children, are aiding them on shore.

See that bright light that flashes but a moment from the hill! Every one knows that the smugglers are to have a run to-night. No one, at that time, was permitted to carry a light in the streets after a certain hour; but *that* is a signal. In an opposite direction, you see another; and if you keep a sharp look out, you will observe in the channel just one flash. All right! They have their bearings.

I remember one evening after dark, a boy asked me to go up the hill with him. When we had arrived at a certain point, he took some oakum steeped in turpentine, and laid it on the ground; then took a small dark lantern (there were no friction matches then) and set fire to it. As the tow blazed up, he said "run, Johnny, run,"—and we both did run, blundering and stumbling in the darkness till we came to the village. I went home, and told my father, and he boxed my ears.

The most perilous part of the smuggler's work is to land the goods; and it is surprising how successful they were—so many were helping them on shore. Horses were waiting to carry their goods up the country, and a gang of men ready to wade into the water, and sling a couple of ankers, or cases, on their

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shoulders, and run up the beach. How they succeeded in evading the men-of-war's men, I cannot tell you; but they did it enough to make the business very profitable. Occasionally they had trouble, and father would say, when we have heard firing, and sometimes the rushing of feet past our door,—"Ah! the smugglers are at it again." A party of the runners being closely pursued, one night, opened our door and threw in a large package, and then ran on. My father was in the room, and instantly threw it out into the darkness; for the slightest suspicion of his complicity with smugglers would risk his pension. Though he might wish them well as neighbors, he was bound to withhold all sympathy from them as smugglers.

One circumstance I well remember. A young man had bought a couple of pounds of tea for his mother, and had put it into his long fishing boots; on landing, the preventive officer insisted on searching him personally, for, said he, "I smell tea." He was resisted, and the quarrel grew to such a height, that the officer drew his pistol and shot the young man dead. In one minute the unfortunate officer was cut to pieces; a dozen knives were used upon him; and, I believe, not one of the men was punished, though the deed was done in broad daylight. The men engaged in the affray were not seen for some time after in the village, and woe be to any one who would have betrayed them; his life would not have been worth a button. But all this has passed away years ago.

Living so near the sea, we saw some fearful wrecks. Once I beheld the wreck of an East-Indiaman, in which some seven hundred passengers, returning

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troops and seamen, perished. For weeks after, I saw in my dreams the hair of the women floating on the water, as I had seen it in reality, when the boats went out to bring in the bodies. Some scores of bodies were brought to land or washed ashore, and buried in Cheriton church-yard.

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CHAPTER II.

William Wilberforce—Village Library—My Reading—Accident—Narrow Escape from Death—Our Circumstances—My Mother's Need—The Crown Piece—My Sister—Childish Amusements—Scrapes—Attempt at Punishment—Love of Mischief—Billy Bennett's Wig—Religious Persuasion of my Parents—Hythe—Cinque Ports—Gleaning after the Reapers—Going to Mill—Fairs—Guy Fawkes' Day—Boys' Celebration—Other Holidays.

Among other circumstances connected with this period of my life, I well remember one which much impressed me. The venerable and devoted William Wilberforce resided, during a few of the summer months, at Sandgate, for the benefit of his health. I had heard much of the great philanthropist, and was not a little delighted when my father took me to his lodgings, where a prayer-meeting was held. How it was, I know not, but I attracted Mr. Wilberforce's attention. He patted me on the head, said many kind things, and expressed wishes for my welfare. He also presented me with a book, and wrote with his own hand my name on the fly-leaf. Having acquired some reputation as a good reader, he requested me to read to him. I did so, and he expressed himself much pleased. The book he gave me I have long since lost; but never shall I forget the kindly words of the venerable giver.

I have remarked that I was considered to be a good reader. Often whilst I was sitting reading to

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my mother, as she sat working by our cottage door, which faced the sea, did strangers stay to listen, attracted by my proficiency in this art. There was a library in the village, kept by Mr. Purday, and to this place many visitors to our watering-place resorted, to hear the news. Very frequently I was sent for, to read to ladies and gentlemen, and the school-mistress' son become a general purveyor of the gossip of the day; in return for which I was rewarded pretty liberally. On one occasion a gentleman, to whom I had read some portions of a newspaper, was so much pleased, that he took me to the library fronting the reading-room, in the same building, and asked me what book I would like to take. Showing me a volume which contained hieroglyphic pictures and a common prayer-book, he offered me my choice. Now, with all the love of a lad for pictures, I ardently desired the hieroglyphical designs; but, thinking I should be considered more favorably if I preferred the prayer-book, I chose the latter,—much against my will. My choice was applauded; and a bright half-crown into the bargain consoled me for the self-mortification which my vanity had imposed.

About this time I experienced a very narrow escape from death. I went to school at Folkestone, and was returning from that place one day, accompanied by some other boys, playing at wagon and horses —four boys personating quadrupeds, which I was driving, at rather a rapid rate. It happened that a man who was digging a trench by the road-side did not perceive the four lads I was driving, they having stooped as they passed him. He threw up a spadeful of clay, intending to toss it to some distance, and the

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sharp edge of the implement was driven with great force against my head. I instantly sunk down insensible, and deluged with blood. I was carried home by the boys—who in reality became animals of burden—still unconscious, to my terrified parents; and for days my life was despaired of. Even when recovery seemed probable, few hopes of my returning reason were entertained. Although, by the providence of God, I recovered, yet to this day I feel the effects of that blow. When excited in speaking, I am frequently compelled to press my hands on my head, to ease the pricking and darting sensation I experience; and never, I suppose, shall I be entirely free from inconvenience from this cause. My father had a tender heart, notwithstanding his habitual sternness, and he scarcely ever reverted to this circumstance in after days without tears.

During my father's absence, seeking employment, he obtained a situation as gentleman's servant. My mother's circumstances were very much straitened, although, in addition to school-keeping, she worked industriously at making a kind of lace, then very fashionable, and in the manufacture of which she excelled. On one occasion, when our necessities absolutely required extra exertion, she took her basket of work and traveled eight and a half weary miles to the town of Dover. Arrived there, foot-sore and heart-weary, she threaded the streets and lanes with her lace, seeking for customers, and not finding one; and after reluctantly abandoning the pursuit, she once more turned her face towards home—a home desolate indeed! Painful, bitterly painful, were my mother's reflections as she drew near her door; and when she

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rested her fatigued frame, she had nothing in the house with which to recruit her strength. During her absence, a gentleman had sent for me to the library, and was so pleased with my reading, that he made me a present of five shillings; and Mr. Purday, in addition, gave me sixpence. O, how rich I was! Never had I possessed so vast an amount before; and all imaginable modes of spending it flitted before my fancy. I went to play with some other boys until my mother's return from Dover; and soon afterwards, on entering our house, I found her sitting in her chair, bathed in tears. I asked her what was the matter?—when she drew me close to her, and, looking in my face with a mournful expression which I shall never forget, told me that all her weary journey had been fruitless—she had sold nothing. Oh! with what joy I drew the crown piece and the sixpence from my pocket, and placed them in her hand; and with what delightful feelings we knelt down, whilst she poured out her heart in thankfulness to God, for the relief so seasonably provided. My mother gave me a half-penny for myself, and I felt far happier then, than I did when I received the shining silver crown piece; it was all my own, to do as I liked with—to keep or spend! What an inestimable privilege! I can, in all sincerity say, that never have I received money, since then, which has afforded me more solid satisfaction; and some of my most pleasant reminiscences are circumstances connected with that boyish incident.

I ought, before this, to have mentioned that I had a sister, two years younger than myself, of whom I thought a great deal. She was my chief playmate. I used to frequently personate a clergyman, being then

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very fond of imitation; and, having rigged up a chair into some resemblance of a pulpit, I would secure her services in the dressing up of rag dolls, which constituted my congregation, for whose especial benefit I would pour forth my mimic oratory—very much to my own amusement, if not to the edification of my dumb friends, who sat stiff and starched, perfect patterns of propriety. Then, as a diversion, I manufactured, from an old bottomless chair, a very respectable Punch and Judy box; and many a laugh have I raised among my young companions by my performances in that line. My puppets were of home manufacture, but they passed muster well enough, especially with the boys and girls who had never been fortunate enough to have seen the genuine personification of these remarkable characters.

I did not entirely avoid getting into what boys call "scrapes"—nor did I escape punishments. I was, like all others, occasionally disobedient, or as my poor dear mother would sometimes say, "aggravating;" but the dear soul, I believe, never punished me without laughing before she got through. My terror at corporal punishment, or physical pain, was so intense as to be sometimes positively ludicrous. I remember there was one day, a collier, that is, a large vessel laden with coals, that ran in on the high tide to unload; so that when the tide went down, she lay dry on the beach, and the boys delighted in the performance of swinging by her ropes, and occasionally climbing on board. I was busily engaged at this sort of play, when my mother called me to carry a pail of refuse to our pig, that was kept in a pen some quarter of a mile from our house. I crawled up the beach

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very reluctantly, and taking the pail, made out that it was too heavy, and pretended that I could not carry it—in short, was very "aggravating;" when my poor mother took the pail from me and carried it herself—bidding me go into the house, and wait till she returned. As she came in, I knew by her face, that I should "catch it," and when she came, with a stick in her hand, looking as sternly as the dear soul was capable of, I ran, and she after me, till I got into a closet, and would not come out. She could not strike to hurt me, for the door was low and narrow, affording no room for the swing of the stick. The poking at me without a blow became amusing, and I laughed. The poor dear soul, her eyes dancing and her mouth twitching with ill-concealed merriment, said, "Well, John, I'll give you a stirring up,"—and so with a circular motion, I got the stick alternately on the head and legs, till I promised to come out and take my punishment in a more legitimate manner. Ah! dear mother, how often she used to laugh at stirring me up with a stick in the closet!

I always possessed the dangerous faculty of seeing the ludicrous side of everything, and was famous for "making fun." This was the source of some trouble, both in boyhood and in after years, and I have always sympathized with every boy who was "prone to mischief,"—I mean without malice. Any and every opportunity for a joke was a strong temptation, almost irresistible. How, when I have seen the baker, with a tray of loaves on his head, my toes would fairly curl in my shoes, with the longing just to put out my foot, and give him only one little trip. I think one of the severest punishments my father ever

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gave me—and I richly deserved it—was for a trick of this kind, which boys call "fun." A dapper little man, a tailor by profession, attended the Methodist Chapel, where my father used to worship; and his seat was directly in front of ours. He was a bit of a dandy, a little conceited, and rather proud of his personal appearance, but was a sad stammerer. He had what was called a "scratch wig"—a small affair, that just covered the top of his head. One unlucky Sunday for me, as I was sitting in the chapel, with his head and wig right before me, I began playing with a pin, and having bent it to the form of a hook, found in my pocket a piece of string; tied it around the head of the pin, and began to fish, with no thought of any particular mischief, and doing what boys often do in church, when they are not interested in, or do not understand the service. So with one eye on my father, who sat by me intently listening to the discourse, and one eye alternately on the minister and my fishing line, I continued to drop my hook, and haul it up again very quietly—when, becoming tired of fishing, I gathered up the line, and resting the pin on my thumb, gave it a snap; up it went; I snapped it again, and again very carefully, till one unfortunate snap sent the pin on Billy Bennett's head; it slid off. Then the feat was, to see how often I could snap it on his head without detection. After several successful performances of this feat, I snapped it a little too hard, and it rested on the "scratch wig" too far forward to fall off. So I must needs pull the string, and as my ill fortune would have it, the pin would not come; I drew it harder and harder, very cautiously, till it was tight. The pin had caught somewhere.

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Now I knew, if detected, I should be severely punished. The temptation was so strong to pull off that wig, that it seemed to me, I must do it; my fingers itched; I began almost to tremble with the excitement. I looked at my father. He saw nothing. All were attentively listening to the preacher. I must do it; so, looking straight at the minister, and giving one sharp, sudden jerk, off came the wig. I let go of the string; poor Billy sprung from his seat, and, clasping both hands to his head, cried, "Goo—Goo—Good Lord!"—to the astonishment of the congregation. But there in our pew lay the wig, with pin and string attached, as positive evidence against me. One look at my father's face, convinced me that "I had done it," and should "catch it," and "catch it" I did. My father waited till Monday, and in the morning conducted me to Billy Bennett's, and made me beg his pardon very humbly. Billy was very good-natured, and actually tried to beg me off; but my father declared he would "dust my jacket for me." And he did; or at any rate, would have dusted it most thoroughly, but he made me take it off—so that the jacket was none the better for the "dusting," but my shoulders and back "suffered some," and it served me right. All through my life this tendency to "make fun" has been of no advantage to me, though it has given me many a hearty laugh.

When I was about nine years old, my father entered the service of the Rev. J. D. Glennie, a clergyman of the church of England, and chaplain to Lord Darnley, residing in the village, and officiating in the chapel of ease built by his lordship—there having been, previously, but one house of worship in the

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place, and that a small Methodist chapel. We therefore lived together, as my father was a day servant, and slept at home. He was a Methodist; my mother was a Baptist, and had been, while living in London, a member of Surrey Chapel, under the pastorate of the celebrated Rowland Hill. Rev. Newman Hall is the minister in charge now. My mother generally attended, with my father, the Methodist chapel; yet she would occasionally walk to Folkestone, or Hythe, to attend a church of her own denomination. I well remember many a walk I had with her! Hythe was but three miles distant; and quite a famous town that was to me! It was one of the Cinque Ports, or Five Havens, which—being opposite to the coast of France—were so named for their superior importance in time of war; and at that time hostility to France seemed the natural inheritance of the people.

At very remote periods, these ports or havens were endowed, by royal grants, with many valuable privileges and immunities. Among these were: an exemption from all taxes and tolls; power to punish foreigners as well as natives, who were guilty of theft; to have a pillory, and a cocking (*i. e.* ducking) stool, for the punishment of scolds, or brawling women—"if any such should be found in the district." But, in return for this, the ports were required to fit out a certain number of ships, in time of war, with a quota of men, to attend the King's service for fifteen days, at their own expense. The ports were: Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, and Hythe. The church of St. Leonard's, at Hythe, was famous, among other things, for an enormous collection of human skulls and

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bones. Within the vault the pile was twenty-eight feet in length, eight feet in breadth, and of equal height. They were said to be the bones of combatants slain in a battle between the ancient Britons and the Saxons, about the year 456, on the shore between Folkestone and Hythe. Whenever we visited the town, we usually went to see the bones. They were quite the show of the place. I have seen them scores of times.

At this time but little occurred to ruffle the calm surface of our lives. We did as others do who are poor—fought for daily bread. In the autumn, mother and sister and I would go gleaning the ears that fell from the reapers in the wheat field, and often return loaded with the bundles of grain thus gathered. Then, some Saturday afternoon, when mother's school "didn't keep," we would clear all the furniture from the room (little enough there was), lay our treasure of wheat on the floor, and with sticks, thrash it out, and winnow it with a pair of bellows. We children thought it rare fun. But the crowning joy to me was, when I was permitted to take the bag of grain to the mill, a mile away. That was an event! I, like all boys, was fond of riding, and I could often get a ride on a jackass; but a horse—that was the height of my ambition! On the occasion of taking our gleaned wheat to the mill, Mr. Laker was applied to, a day or two before, for the loan of his white horse; and, till the longed-for morning, I would think all day, and dream all night, of riding in every possible posture, on a white horse. What a horse that was! Blind, lame, raw-boned; always hanging his head, as if ashamed of himself; but still, to me, a

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very Bucephalus! How exalted a position, seated on the bag thrown across his back, with the reins of rope in my hands, and a stout stick; mother and Mary standing admiringly at the door to see me off! How I would make circuits round the village to show myself on horseback! Then off to the mill—deliver the grain—and display my horsemanship; which I generally did so effectually, that I could hardly walk for a day or two; for he was a mighty hard trotter, with a backbone like a case-knife. But I endured my martyrdom with a calm smile of exultation. Then Fair Day came every year on the 23d of July; and for that, all our spare farthings were carefully hoarded, until I remember one fine day we counted eight pence between us—my sister and I.

These fairs are of very ancient date; sometimes called feasts, or shows, held at certain seasons of the year. In ancient times, fairs may have had their uses; but they have degenerated sadly. How can I describe a village fair?—the main street lined with booths, filled with toys, ribbons, crockery, and gilded gingerbread. Then, on the village green—(and this green was right before our house)—are larger booths, with flaring painted canvas, announcing to the gaping crowd that a mermaid and a giant are to be seen within. On another, we read that the pig-faced lady and the spotted boy have just arrived from Bottle-Nose Bay, in the West Indies. Then the calf with two heads; and the "ambiguous" cow, that can't live on the land and dies in the water,—all to be seen for the small charge of one penny! "Here is a Panny-rammer of the procession of the Monarch of Injy on his helephant;" there are cheap Jacks bawling their

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wares. "Here's such a saw as you never saw saw, in all the days you ever saw; there's a whip as *is* a whip: there never was but two of 'em made, and the man died, and took the patent with him. Vy, this whip will make my 'orse go;—and you know vot *he* is." All sorts of shows, swings, merry-go-rounds, skittles, greasy-pole climbing, running in sacks, donkey races,—the slowest donkey to win, and no man allowed to ride his own donkey. Conjurors' booths. Continued cries of "Valk up! valk up!—Just a-going to begin." Pantomimes—Clowns, Harlequins, Pantaloons, and Columbines. Music resounds on every side. "Music hath charms," etc. Drums, fifes, penny whistles, cat-calls, hurdy-gurdys, bagpipes, horns, gongs—all playing together—make such music as is only heard at a country fair,—the dread of anxious mothers, and the paradise of children.

On the 5th of November came Guy Fawkes' day. When I was a boy, it was kept with the greatest enthusiasm by all the boys. In our village there would be five or six Guys. Some dozen boys would agree together to have a Guy, and would select one of the number and dress him for the occasion in a large smock-frock, stuffed out with straw; a shocking bad hat, or—better—an old soldier's cap; a short pipe in his mouth, a mask on his face, a sword in one hand, and a dark lantern and matches in the other.* Thus thoroughly disguised, they would seat him on a donkey, led by two of the number; two preceding, the rest following, two by two; stopping at every house,—when the followers would form a circle round the

* From this, originated the expression, "What a Guy"—when any one appeared particularly ridiculous.

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Guy, and recite what they called the lurry. When I was interested in Guys, this was the lurry:—

"Remember, remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I know no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

"Old Guy and his companions
Did the plot contrive
To blow the King's Parliament House
All up alive.

"Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder
Laid down below,
To blow all England's overthrow.
Happy was the man, and happy was the day,
Catcht old Guy Fawkes going to his prey;
Dark lantern and matches in his hand,
All ready to set prime.
Stand off! stand off! you dirty dog,
Your hands and face as black as soot,
Like unto a cloven foot.
Holler, boys—holler, boys—
Make your voices ring;
Holler, boys—holler, boys—
God save the King!
["*Hooray*," *by the company.*

"Madam, madam, there you stand,
In your pocket put your hand,
There you'll find a little chink
For the Pope and I to drink.
A penny loaf to stuff him out,
A pint of beer to make him drunk,
And a good faggot to burn him.
["*Hooray*," *by the company.*

"Hark, devil—hark! What's to be done?
Hang him on a long pole,
And there let him burn!"
["*Final hooray*," *by the company.*

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The money obtained was spent on fire-works, and material for a bonfire in the evening.

These things have all, or nearly all, passed away, and we cannot regret their departure; though in childhood they were the events of the year,—always looked forward to with interest, and prepared for with enthusiasm.

I am fifty-two years of age; but, as I call these scenes to mind, I seem to grow young again. How busy we were, days and even weeks before May-Day, preparing for the festival of flowers! How proud we boys were, to carry the garland! May-Day, Guy Fawkes' Day, Fair Day, Good-Friday—with the hot cross-buns—Easter, Whitsuntide, and Merry Christmas,—are sunny spots in my memory. And yet, early in life I knew something of its battles, as well as its holidays, and tasted much of the bitter, as well as the sweet. One long look at these days, before I turn to the hard work without a holiday; one loving, lingering thought of my childhood, ere I pass on to tell of the stern, hard realities of life, as I found it for many a weary year. Perhaps I have lingered too long in the path of childhood, where a few flowers bloomed by the way-side; where, light of heart, I sometimes wove them into garlands. The garlands are withered, the flowers are faded,—but the recollections of forty years ago remain.

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CHAPTER III.

Departure for America—Leaving the Village—Separation from my Mother—London—On Board Ship—Anchored off Sandgate—Visits from Friends—My Father, Mother, and Sister—The Voyage—Sandy Hook—New York—Journey to the Farm—Extracts from Letters.

A VERY important change in my fortunes now occurred. I was twelve years of age, and my father, being unable to furnish the premium necessary to my learning a trade, and having no prospect for me other than to be a gentleman's servant, made an agreement with a family of our village, who were about emigrating to America, that they, in consideration of the sum of ten guineas paid by him, should take me with them, teach me a trade, and provide for me until I was twenty-one years of age. After much hesitation, my mother, from a sense of duty, yielded to this arrangement. I, boylike, felt in high glee at the prospect before me. My little arrangements having been completed, on the 4th of June, 1829, I took—as I then supposed—a last view of my native village. The evening I was about to depart, a neighbor invited me to take tea at her house, which I did. My mother remarked to me afterwards: "I wish you had taken tea with your mother, John;" and this little circumstance was a source of much pain to me in after years.

The parting from my beloved parents was bitter.

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My poor mother folded me to her bosom; then she would hold me off at arm's length, and gaze fondly on my face, through her tearful eyes, reading—as only a mother could—the book of futurity for me. She hung up, on the accustomed peg, my old cap and jacket, and my school bag, and there they remained until—years after—she quitted the house. At length the parting words were spoken, and I left the home of my childhood—perhaps, forever.

A touching scene it was, as I went through the village, towards the coach office, that evening. As I passed through the streets, many a kind hand waved a farewell, and not a few familiar voices sounded out a hearty "God bless you!" There was one old dame, of whom I had frequently bought sweetmeets, at her green grocery, and who was familiarly called Granny Hogben;—she called me into her shop, and loaded me with good wishes, bull's-eyes, cakes, and candies, although—poor affectionate soul!—she could ill afford it. The inn was reached, and, in company with another lad—who was going out with our family to meet a relative—I mounted the roof of the London night coach, and was quitting the village, when, on turning round to take a last look of it, I saw a crouching woman's figure by a low wall, near the bathing machines. My heart told me at once that it was my mother,—who had taken advantage of half an hour's delay at the inn door, and walked on some distance, to have one more glance at her departing child. I had never, till then, felt that I was loved so much.

My mother took our separation very keenly to heart. My sister has told me that she would sit, as

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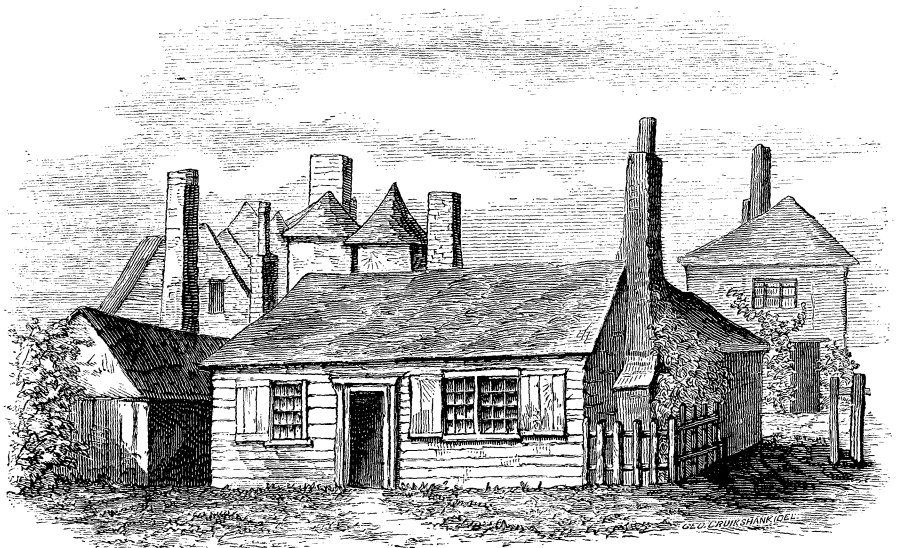

MR. GOUGH'S BIRTHPLACE.

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if in deep thought, looking out in the distance, as though she saw something far away; and sometimes my sister would see her at night, standing by the window, looking out at the sea for hours. When spoken to on these occasions, she would start and sigh, and creep quietly to her bed.

When we arrived at Ashford, we were placed inside the vehicle. Amongst many things which impressed me on my journey, was the circumstance of a poor, shivering woman, begging alms at the coach door at midnight, for whom I felt keenly. At Footscray I was again placed outside the coach. On arriving near the metropolis, objects of interest increased every moment; and, when fairly in the great city, of which I had heard so much, I was almost bewildered with the crowds, and the multiplicity of attractive objects. A fight between two bellicose individuals, was almost my first town entertainment.

Whilst I remained in London I saw some of the great gratuitous attractions,—such as St. Paul's, the Tower, the Royal Exchange, the Mansion-House, and the Monument—to the summit of which I ascended, and surveyed from thence the mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping! On the 10th of June, everything being arranged, we sailed from the Thames in the ship Helen. Passing Dover, we arrived off Sandgate, when it fell a dead calm, and the ship's anchors were dropped. I afforded some amusement to those around me, by the eagerness with which I seized a telescope, and the positiveness with which I averred that I saw my old home. During that day, boat after boat came off to us from the shore; and friends of the family I was with, paid them visits;—but *I* was

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unnoticed; my relatives did not come. After long and weary watching, I saw a man standing up in a boat, with a white band round his hat. "That's he! —that's my father!"—I shouted. He soon got on deck, and almost smothered me with his kisses—from which I somewhat shrank, as his beard made very decided impressions on my smooth skin. I heard that my mother and sister had gone to a place of worship, at some distance from Sandgate; which I regretted much. When evening came on, our visitors from the shore repaired to their boats, which—when a few yards from the ship—formed in a half circle. Our friends stood up in them, and o'er the calm waters floated our blended voices, as we sung:—

Blest be the dear, uniting love,
Which will not let us part
Our bodies may far hence remove—
We still are *one* in heart.

Boat after boat then vanished in the gloomy distance, and I went to my bed. About midnight I heard my name called, and, going on deck, I there found my beloved mother and sister, who—hearing on their return, that I was in the offing—had paid half a guinea (money hardly earned, and with difficulty procured, yet cheerfully expended,) to a boatman, to row them to the ship. They spent an hour with me (and O, how short it seemed!)—then departed, with many tears. Having strained my eyes till their boat was no longer discernible, I went back to my bed, to sob away the rest of the morning.

I felt this to be my first real sorrow. Grief, however, will wear itself out; and, having slept somewhat, when I awoke in the morning—a breeze having

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sprung up—we were far out at sea. I never experienced any sea-sickness; and, had my expectations respecting the family I was with, been realized, I should have been comparatively happy. Occasionally, on looking over my small stock of worldly goods, I would find little billets, or papers, containing texts of scripture, pinned to the different articles. In my Bible, texts of scripture were marked for me to commit to memory. Among them, I remember, were the second, third, fourth, and fifth chapters of Proverbs. As we voyaged on, I soon began to feel a difference in my new situation; and often did I bitterly contrast the treatment I received, with that to which I had been accustomed at home. I wished myself back again; but the die was cast, and so I put up with disagreeables as well as I could. I insert here an extract from a letter of mine, written while on board ship:—"George and I are the only ones who have tumbled down the hatchway. George has fallen down twice. Once he hurt his side a little, and then he hurt his nose very much. I fell down with a kettle of hot water; but I held up the kettle, and though I was pretty well bumped, I was not scalded. I wish mother could wash me to-night. Oh! when I think what a fuss I made when she combed my hair, I am much ashamed of myself, and only wish she could do it now; for it is harder to do it myself than it was for her to do it."

On the morning of the 3d of August—fifty-four days from the time of sailing—we arrived off Sandy Hook; and O, how I longed, as we sailed up the Narrows, to be on deck, and survey the scenery of the New World! I was not permitted to do this; for,

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whilst I could hear the shouts of delighted surprise which burst from the lips of the passengers who crowded the vessel's sides, I was confined below, occupied in blacking the boots and shoes of the family, in order that they might be landed "sound, and in good order." We made the land at three o'clock in the morning, and were moored at the wharf in New York at three o'clock in the afternoon—rather an unusual thing, as ships are generally detained some time at Staten Island. I had become so tired of biscuit, that I most ardently longed for some "soft Tommy," and was already munching it in imagination, when my guardians went on shore, leaving me behind. I had anticipated purchasing some dainties immediately; for, having received a little money for a cabbage-net which I had made on board, I possessed the requisite funds. My capital was, however, not so large as it might have been, for I had—like other capitalists—negotiated a loan with the black cook, to whom I advanced an English crown. The principal and interest remain to this day unpaid;—not an uncommon occurrence, I have been told since, in regard to foreign loans.

I was left on board all night, as my friends did not return; and, during their absence, I sought for amusement in gazing from the vessel on the crowded wharfs. I well remember my surprise at seeing a boy, about my own age, insert a plug of tobacco in his mouth; but I soon became accustomed to such things as these; and many, too, of a far stranger nature. We stayed about two months in New York City. Nothing occurred, of any importance. I strolled somewhat about the streets, when I had an opportunity,

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till we started for the farm in Oneida County, to enter upon another phase of my changed life. I was greatly delighted with the scenery on the Hudson River, which far surpassed any I had before beheld. I had not been a great traveler; had never been twenty miles from home—with the exception of my memorable ride to Maidstone and back—and this will be some excuse for my enthusiastic descriptions in the letters I wrote home.

I deem it advisable here to insert some short passages from letters received from home, with extracts from my own letters, written during the first two years of my new experience. I wish to convey some idea of my dear mother's character, as shown in her letters to her boy, and give my early impressions of the New World, and the new life on which I had entered.

Extract from mother's letter, dated March 22, 1830:—

Your father wishes me to say to you now, that it is his particular wish that you should not bind yourself by any further agreement to your master, or any one else, till you have consulted him on the subject by letter, and received his answer; but it is our earnest wish to you, my dear boy, that you would always behave to your master and mistress with the greatest fidelity, diligence, and respect. Study his comfort, and endeavor to promote his interest by every means in your power. It is your duty and interest to do so, and no ties bind so closely as those of affection and gratitude.

I wish, my dear, when you write again, you would let me know if you have committed to memory any of the chapters I mentioned to you in the letter I put among your clothes. You will find them of great use to you; more especially, if you are employed at work in the fields, where, perhaps, you will be much alone. Then you will find it a pleasant and profitable employment for your thoughts, to be able to repeat to yourself portions of the Word of God. I speak from experience, my dear. I have often passed pleasantly many an hour of hard work,

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by repeating to myself passages of Scripture committed to memory; and I can now remember those best that I learned before I was your age.

We long to know, my dear, how you got through the severe winter. It was very severe here; but I suppose you will find the summer as hot as you have felt the winter cold. We shall be happy to hear from you as often as you can make it convenient to write to us.

My dearest boy, I must bid you farewell. May the Lord bless and keep you in all your ways!—is the earnest prayer of your affectionate mother.

JANE GOUGH.

From a letter dated April 2, 1831:—

I hope, my dear, you are well in health and spirits. I do assure you, we all of us remember you with unabating affection; and the ninth of every month brings forcibly to my mind the time when I parted from you; and I hope, if it be the Lord's will, that we shall meet again in this world, if our lives be spared. You have been gone now nearly two years, and the time will wear away.

Your father was pleased that you had taken pains to write your last letter so well. He wishes you to practice your writing whenever you have an opportunity; and also your ciphering; as it may be of great use to you in your future life.

I hope, my dear boy, you are earnestly seeking after the one thing needful. You know, the Lord has said—"they that seek shall find." It is, my dear boy, the most earnest wish of both of your parents, that you may in early life be devoted to the Lord; that you may be his servant—serve him—and so, my dear boy, keep close to your Bible. Whenever you have an opportunity to read it, prefer it above all other books; and may the Lord enable you so to read and understand it, that you may be made wise unto eternal salvation.

And I hope you will not neglect private prayer. "Ask, and you shall receive,"—is a most gracious promise; and he that has spoken it, will perform it. May the Lord guide and keep you in all His ways, and bring you at last to His heavenly kingdom! Adieu! my dear boy. May the Lord bless, keep, and preserve you, and keep you in all His ways!—is the prayer of your ever affectionate mother.

JANE GOUGH.

Extract from a letter written by me a few weeks after my arrival in this country:—

On the 17th of July, as I was looking for Doddridge's Rise and

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Progress, I found that dear letter which my beloved mother put into one of my shirts. I could not read it for a long time, and not till I had shed a great many tears; but I shall keep it as a particular treasure, as there are a great many things which will be of great service to me now, as well as in the future. Oh! as I lay tossed about on the wide ocean, I thought of my poor dear mother, and how badly I had behaved to her, as also of my dear father; and thought, if I was at home, how cheerfully I would go to work for him, and not grumble, and go with such unwilling steps as I have done. But I hope, my beloved parents, you will forgive all that is past.

Dear parents, on Sunday, the 2d of August, we were looking out for the lights at Sandy Hook,—with that sort of anxiety which my dear father well knows,—after we had been fifty-three days at sea; but we did not see land till the 3d, about sunrise. We drew nearer and nearer, with a fine fair wind, which brought us to Sandy Hook about twelve o'clock, where the pilot came on board. At about one o'clock P. M. we arrived at Staten Island, where the doctor came on deck and examined us; also the printer, to take an account of our voyage. About three o'clock P. M. we arrived at New York, etc.

A letter I wrote, dated Sandgate Farm, Westmoreland, December 26, 1829:—

Dear and Honored Parents,—Having an opportunity of writing to you, I shall endeavor to improve it, by first describing to you our journey from New York to this place, which is a very comfortable farm, about twelve miles from Utica.

On the 30th of August we left New York for Albany, when we went down to the steamboat, and at five o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday, set off, and had such a grand sight all the way up the Hudson River, as I cannot describe to you. It is past description. We saw large hills of solid rock, with pine and fir trees growing from between the crevices. On the next day we came to the Catskill and Alleghany Mountains, which surpassed all we had seen before; but yet we had something more grand to witness. About six o'clock we arrived at Albany, a large and pretty city. On Monday we got our luggage out of the steamboat into a canal-boat, in which we staid at Albany till four o'clock, and then started for Utica. We sat very comfortable on deck till sunset. By the bye, we came through the locks, which—I suppose you know—raised us a great many feet. We

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then went down to bed. All slept very comfortably, except Sarah, who was disturbed by the noise of the waters rushing into the locks—for we passed a great many between Albany and Schenectady. The first thing that struck our attention in the morning was the Mohawk River, running by our side. It is a broad and shallow river. About eleven o'clock we crossed the Mohawk, over an aqueduct, and went on shore to get some apples.—(In this country people may go into an orchard and get as many apples as they can eat.)

Nothing material occurred till the next day. When we had arrived at Little Falls, the sight was grander than anything we had seen before. The village is built on a solid rock. It is of no use for me to describe it to you, for it is too truly out of my power. I do believe that England cannot boast such a sight—much as I love my native country. You can have no idea of the romantic scenery all around, unless you were here to see it yourself. We arrived at Utica at midnight; but did not go on shore till Thursday. We took lodgings at a person's house, the name of Brown, on Bleeker street, at $7 per month; but we left it after we had been there three weeks, and came to the farm which master had bought. Our wagon came and fetched us to this place. The farm is very comfortable, consisting of one hundred and four acres of clear land, and fifty acres of woodland, with a fine orchard and garden, a very comfortable dwelling-house, where we lived, and a nice log house. There is also a wood-house, a wagon and sleigh lodge, three hog-pens, a granary, stable, two barns, two cow lodges, smoke-house, and a good pump. The stock consists of three cows—but master talks of having eighteen or twenty in the summer; two horses, three fatting hogs, seven pigs, fifty sheep, a bull, and a calf. I like driving our team about. A team in this country is two horses. Our wagon is not half so heavy as the English are. The horses are put in as you put them in a pair horse coach. I like driving about in this way very well. I have been to Clinton four times since I have been here, a distance of about three miles from our farm; and to Manchester, about three miles. I rode on horseback to Manchester twice, and to Clinton once; but I have been to Clinton three times with our wagon.

I do indeed, dear parents, think of home with a heavy heart very often, but I do try to keep up my spirits. I do sincerely hope we shall meet again in this world; but if it be not the Lord's holy will, I hope we shall meet in Heaven, where parting shall be no more. I am sorry

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to inform you that I cannot comply with your desire, as there is no Sunday-school near us, nor any Methodist place of worship nearer than Vernon Centre, about two miles, except once a month there is preaching at the next house. But there are Baptist and Presbyterian churches nearer; but we generally attend Vernon Centre. We are very sorry to hear you have had a bad summer. We have very sudden changes in the weather; yesterday we worked stripped to our shirts, though it was December, and to-day we have had a heavy snow. We have been driving our oxen, fetching wood, as master bought a yoke of oxen the other day; I am going to learn to drive them. It is "haw and gee" here, instead of "woo and gee," as it is in the Old Country. Tell Mrs. Beattie I shall never forget her kindness to me, in sending the gingerbread and milk. I hope neither she, nor Mr. Beattie, nor the children may ever want any good thing on earth, and that they may all arrive safe at last in glory.

Dear mother, I am not able to give Mrs. Brown a full description of America, but I will endeavor to give her, and you, my dear parents, a few particulars. First, there is plenty of work for people to do; and if they will but work, they may get a very comfortable living. Second, there is plenty of wood for winter; $2 per cord for four-foot wood, and 8s. per cord for two-foot wood. This money is just half your money. Master says he wishes some of the wood that is lying about, was behind your house. There is enough wood lying about the farm to supply hundreds of families; stumps and trees lying round about the woods, which they do not care to burn, as they take good timber to burn. They never think of grubbing up the stumps when the trees have been cut down, but they let them stand and rot. Third, provisions are very cheap. Bread is 1s. per gallon, 6d. your money; beef, from 1½d. to 2d. per pound; pork, 1½d. per pound. They throw away the hog's inwards, and you can buy hog's feet, poles, and ears by the bushel. Cows are very cheap. You can get a good cow for $12 in the spring, and from $12 to $16 in the fall; a good fowl or pullett, 4d. to 6d.; geese and turkeys, 1s., your money. I find I must conclude, entreating you to give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Valyer and family, and all inquiring friends. Also, accept, beloved parents, my every good wish and my sincere love. I expected to have seen a longer letter, and a few lines from my dear father. I long to see his handwriting again. I am, dear parents, your ever affectionate son,

J. B. Gough.

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Extract from another letter:—

I have enjoyed pretty good health and spirits since I have been here. I have learned a great many things. I can hold the plough, and thrash, and plant and hoe corn, plant potatoes, make cider, and do a great many things that I knew nothing of before. I was at the harrow with the oxen, when I heard there were some letters for me, and soon after, Elizabeth brought a packet to me in the field. But I could not work any more all day for joy. I like the Yankees pretty well. They are open, free, and generous. They very much use the word "guess." Thus, if they meant "I shall go to chapel," they would say, "I guess I shall go to chapel."

Yesterday I went to a camp-meeting, which is held once a year, by different societies of Methodists. It is generally held in some of the woods. When we arrived at the entrance of the woods, where this meeting was held, we heard a confused noise; but the first thing that struck our attention was a great number of tents or booths, such as are used at fairs. The next, was the voice of prayer in every direction. About fifteen engaged in prayer to God at the same time, at different prayer-rings, which consisted of about fourteen or fifteen men and women met together, and a log to separate the males from the females. After we had been there about an hour and a half, the trumpet sounded for preaching in the camp. The average number was from five to seven thousand.

After preaching, the prayer-meetings were held for the space of two hours in the tents. In the course of the forenoon, I went to see the Indians' camp, where I saw the red brethren praying and calling upon God. I also saw them fall to the ground, and lie for the space of an hour or more, seemingly lifeless. Again, after dinner, the trumpet sounded for preaching; and again they were all collected together before the preaching stand to hear preaching. The rule of the meeting is, that when the trumpet sounds in the morning at sunrise, it is for them to get up; when it sounds from the stand, it is for family prayer; when it sounds from the stand again, it is for preaching. The males and females are separated at preaching, the men on one side, and the women on the other. The meeting lasts about five days, and at the close of this meeting there were forty-five awakened.

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CHAPTER IV.

Farm Life—Religious Impressions—Return to New York—My First Situation and Lodgings—Friends—Extracts from Letters—Change of Employment—Arrival of my Mother and Sister—Housekeeping—Lack of Work—A Hard Winter—My Mother's Sickness—Spring—Better Times.

We went to a farm in Oneida County, where I remained two years, during which period I was never sent to either a Sabbath or day school. I felt this much, as I had an ardent desire to acquire knowledge, and, tiring of so unprofitable a life, and perceiving also, that no chance existed of my being taught a trade, I sold a knife for the purpose of paying the postage of a letter to my father, in which I asked his permission to go to New York, and learn a trade. I sent off this letter clandestinely, because, hitherto, all my letters home had been perused by my guardians before they were dispatched, and I did not wish their interference in this matter. In due time I received a reply to my letter. My father said that I was old enough now to judge for myself. I might act according to the dictates of my own judgment. Glad enough was I to have my fate in my own hands, as it were, and on the 12th of December, 1831, I quitted Oneida County for New York City. It may easily be imagined, that I left my situation with but very little regret, for, although by some of the members of the family I was treated with consideration

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and kindness, yet from those to whom I naturally looked for comfort and solace, I experienced treatment far different from that which my father anticipated, when he intrusted me to their guardianship. Here, I beg to make a remark, which is rendered necessary from the fact of it having been stated that I have represented the family as dissipated and drunken. Such a report never was made by me at any time, or in any place; nor did there exist foundation for such a rumor. Whisky and cider were used by the family, but not to excess. In pure self-defense, I make this statement. I should not have referred to this subject, had not a meddlesome fellow in New York City busied himself about my affairs, impeached my veracity, and imputed to me motives which I never entertained.

Whilst with the family referred to, a revival of religion occurred in our neighborhood. My mind was much impressed, and I was admitted a member, on probation, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

On my arrival in New York, I had half a dollar only in my pocket; and all the goods I possessed in the world were contained in a little trunk, which I carried. I stood at the foot of Cortlandt Street, after I left the boat. Hundreds of people went by, on busy feet, heedless of me, and I felt desolate indeed. But, amidst all my lonely sorrow, the religious impressions I have just referred to,—and more especially those which I had derived from the instructions of my beloved mother,—afforded some rays of consolation, which glimmered through the gloom. Whilst I was standing, pondering whither I should bend my steps, a man came up to me, and asked where he should

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carry my trunk. Then, indeed, the strong sense of my forlornness came to me, and I scarcely ever remember to have experienced more bitterness of spirit than on that occasion. Fancy me, reader! a boy, but fourteen years of age, a stranger, in a strange city; with no one to guide him, none to advise, and not a single soul to love, or to be loved by. There I was, three thousand miles distant from home and friends; a "waif on life's wave," solitary in the midst of thousands, and with a heart yearning for kindly sympathy, but finding none. Whilst musing on my fortunes, all at once the following passage entered my mind, and afforded me consolation: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Shouldering my trunk, I entered the city; and having left my load in charge of a person, I repaired to the Brown Jug, a public house in Pearl Street; in which place I remained until the Monday morning following, when I was recommended to apply to the venerable Mr. Dando, who was then the agent of the Christian Advocate and Journal. To this gentleman I told my story; after hearing which, he went with me to the Methodist Book Concern (then situated in Crosby Street), where, after some conversation, I was engaged to attend on the next Wednesday, as errand boy, and to learn the book-binding business; and, for my services, to receive two dollars and twenty-five cents per week, and to board myself. Mr. Dando recommended me as a boarder to a Mrs. M., in William Street, at the rate of two dollars weekly; and low as were the terms, the reader will presently agree with me in thinking that it was far too much for the accommodation I received. To my surprise, I found

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when the hour of rest approached, that I was to share a bed with an Irishman, who was lying very sick of fever and ague. The poor fellow told me his little history; I experienced the truth of the saying, that "poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows." He had emigrated to America, been attacked with the disease I have mentioned, and now was out of money, but daily in the expectation of receiving some from his friends. My companion shivered so much, and was so restless during the night, that I was wretchedly disturbed; and next day, I told my landlady that I could not possibly sleep in the same bed with the Irishman again. Accordingly, the next night, she made me up a wretched couch, in the same room, under the rafters. It was hard enough, and what is called a cat's-tail bed; and so miserably situated was it, that when I stretched my hand out, to pull up the scanty supply of bed-clothes, my fingers would encounter the half glutinous webs of spiders,—a species of insect, to which I have had from childhood (and still have), an unaccountable, but deep-rooted antipathy. Weary as I was, from want of sleep on the preceding night, I soon fell asleep in my uneasy bed; but in the dead of the night, frightful groans uttered by my sick companion woke me. I started and found, to my surprise, that the man was up. I was dreadfully frightened, more especially as he informed me that he feared he was going to die. I asked him to let me call assistance; but he positively forbade it, and then went and sat on the side of the bed. And never had I heard such agonizing exclamations, as broke from the lips of that dying man, as he called with terrible earnestness, on Christ to save him, and

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on God to be merciful to him. He seemed anxious to know the hour. I told him I thought it was near morning, as the cock had crowed. After some more moaning noises, he suddenly fell back on the bed. I heard a rattling, gurgling sound; and then all was silent. I *felt* the man was dead, although I could not see him, and knew that I was alone with Death, for the first time. O! how slowly dragged on the hours until dawn; and, when the faint light struggled through a little window in the roof, and gradually brought out the walls and furniture from the gloom, there lay the dead man on his back, his mouth wide open, and his eyes glazed, but staring only as dead eyes can. With a desperate effort, I started from my bed, gathered my clothes in a bundle, dressed myself outside the room door, and roused the woman of the house. She received the intelligence with about as much composure as if Death had paid her house an expected and customary visit, and only remarked, "Well, dear soul! he was very patient, and is gone to glory." After the poor man's death, his expected funds arrived; but, alas! too late. This was my first experience in a cheap boarding-house in New York; but not the last, by any means. For lack of comfort, for want of all that makes life enjoyable, a cheap boarding-house in New York—and I presume elsewhere—stands pre-eminent. I soon afterwards went to my work, and my business was to pack up bundles of books for Cincinnati. As I was working, I fell into a train of thought respecting my desolate situation; and, as I mused, the scalding tears fell in large drops on the paper I was using. Into the very depths of my sorrow a kind heart looked; for, whilst I was

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weeping, a young lady came to me, and asked me what was the matter? Her tone of kindness and look of sympathy, won my confidence, and I informed her of the particulars of my little history. When I had finished my tale, she said, "Poor distressed child! you shall go home with me to-night." I did so; and, when I arrived at her house, I saw her mother, who was engaged in frying cakes on the stove. The young girl took her mother aside, into an inner room, and presently, the latter came out, and said to me, "Poor boy! I will be a mother to you." These words fell like refreshing dew on my young heart; and mother and sister, indeed, did the benevolent Mrs. Egbert and her daughter prove to me. Soon after this, I joined the church in Allen Street; and, after remaining with the Egberts some months, I removed and boarded with my class-leader, Mr. Anson Willis, and afterwards, with a Mrs. Ketchum. Some gentlemen connected with the Methodist Church, made propositions for my education. I give the extract from a letter I wrote home on the occasion, dated February 18, 1832:—

> The people of God have taken notice of me. The minister of Allen Street Church sent for me, and told me, that since the ministers and leaders had heard me speak in a love-feast, they thought the Lord had blessed me with abilities for some purpose, therefore they had it under consideration, to give me a good and liberal education. He asked to see my writing, and told me I wrote very well. Soon after, at a leaders' meeting, it was proposed to send me, for a year, to Wilbraham, in Massachusetts, and then three years to Middletown College, in Connecticut, to educate, if the Lord should call me, to be a minister. If not, they would provide me with a profitable situation. All my friends think it a grand offer, and will be productive of great good to me, and prepare me for a life of usefulness in the world. So you see the Lord has not brought me so far for no purpose. I think you can have no objection, as I believe it is the hand of the Lord. Write to me, etc.

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I received a reply to this, dated April, 1832, in which, after expressing her gratitude to those who had shown me kindness, my dear mother writes:—

My dear child, you have nothing but what you have received as a free gift from the Almighty. Every talent you possess is His, given you to be employed for His glory, and your own everlasting good, and of which He will require an account in that day, when the sons of Adam shall stand before Him. Oh! that you may be prepared to give it with joy, and hear the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant,"—and your mother's heart can wish for no more. Excuse, my dear boy, these cautions; I have never witnessed anything in your conduct, or noticed anything in your letters, that has caused me to fear for you; but I know you have an arch enemy to contend with, who, if he cannot destroy, will distress, and endeavor to hinder your comfort and usefulness; and you will find you have need in every step of your Christian pilgrimage, to say, "Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe;" and if you trust Him, watching with prayer, you will ever find, "As your day is, so shall your strength be; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

My father also wrote me, very affectionately, with good advice in reference to the prospects held out before me, and giving his consent; but before these letters reached me, circumstances—or rather, a combination of circumstances—led to the project being abandoned; to my withdrawing from the church; and, shortly after that, to leaving the Book Concern in Mulberry Street, and finding employment elsewhere, so that my hope of obtaining an education fell to the ground, and from that time, I gave up all expectation of ever attaining to it. I obtained employment with N. J. White (I think at the corner of William and Pearl Streets), and, as my prospects were improving, I sent for my father, mother, and sister to join me in this country; though I must say, that being exposed to temptation, I had become careless and thoughtless

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about religious things. On Saturday afternoon, in August, 1833, this note was brought to me:—

THURSDAY.

My Dear Boy,—Your sister and I are on board the *President* packet. Come on board as soon as she comes into dock. We are well. Your affectionate mother, JANE GOUGH.

I immediately left my work, intending to go to them, and was on my way down Fulton Street, when the sole of my shoe got loose, and I stepped into the bindery of Burlock & Wilbur (where I had directed my relatives to call on their arrival) to get a knife to cut it off, when I learned that my mother had called at the store, a short time before, and had left to go to William Street. I turned into that thoroughfare, and saw a little woman, rapidly walking, whom I recognized as her of whom I was in search. She looked every now and then, at a slip of paper, which she held in her hand, and frequently glanced from it to the fronts of the houses, as if to ascertain some particular number. Much as I desired to speak to her, I thought I would try whether she would recognize me or not; so I went behind her, passed on a little way, then turned and met her; but she did not observe who I was. I again went behind her, and exclaimed, "Mother!" At the well-known sound, she turned, and in an instant she had clasped me in her arms, and embraced me in a very maternal manner —heedless of the staring passers-by, who were very little used to having such public displays of affection provided for their amusement. I returned with my mother to the barge, in order to get her luggage; and, when there, was surprised by a great girl jumping into my arms, who was so altered from the time I

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saw her last, that I had some difficulty in recognizing my sister. My father did not accompany his wife and daughter, for he was loth to lose his hard-earned pension, and was in hopes to effect a commutation with the government, and receive a certain sum, in lieu of an annual payment.

At that time I was in the receipt of three dollars a week, wherewith to support myself; and, with the few articles my mother brought over, we went to housekeeping. O! how happy did I feel that evening, when my mother first made tea in our own home. Our three cups and saucers made quite a grand show, and, in imagination, we were rich in viands, although our meal was frugal enough.

Thus we lived comfortably together, nothing of note occurring, until the November following; when, owing to a want of business, and the general pressure of the times, I was dismissed from my place of work. This was a severe blow to us all, and its force was increased, by my sister, who was a straw-bonnet maker, also losing her employment. Our rent was a dollar and a quarter per week; but, finding it necessary to retrench in our expenditure, we gave up our two rooms, and made one answer our purpose; dividing it into compartments at night, by hanging up a temporary curtain. Our rent was now reduced to fifty cents a week, and all our goods and chattels were contained in the garret, which we continued to occupy until my mother's death.

Things gradually grew worse and worse. Winter, in all its terrors, was coming on us, who were ill prepared for it. To add to our troubles, wood, during that season, was very high in price; and, in addition

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to want, we suffered dreadfully with cold. I obtained employment only at uncertain intervals, and for short periods, as errand boy in a bookstore, in Nassau Street, and in a bindery; but, even with this aid, we were sorely off, and painfully pinched. Thus was the whole of that dreary winter one continued scene of privation. Our sorrows were aggravated by my poor mother's sickness, and our apparel began to grow wretchedly scanty. I remember my mother once wishing for some broth, made from mutton. Not being able to bear that she should want for anything she required, I took my best coat, and, having pawned it, procured her some meat, and thus supplied her wants, so far as practicable. Often and often have I, when we were destitute of wood, and had no money to procure any, gone a mile or two into the country, and dragged home such pieces as I might find lying about the sides of the road. Food, too, was sometimes wanting; and once, seeing my mother in tears, I ascertained that we had no bread in the house. I could not bear the sight of such distress, and wandered down a street, sobbing as I went. A stranger accosted me, and asked me what was the matter?

"I'm hungry," said I; "and so is my mother." "Well," said the stranger, "I can't do much; but I'll help you a little;" and when I took the three-cent loaf of bread he had given me home, my mother placed the Bible on our old rickety pine table, and, having opened it, read a portion of Scripture, and then we knelt down, thanking God for his goodness, and asking his blessing on what we were about to partake of. All these sufferings and privations my poor mother bore with Christian resignation, and never

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did she repine through all that dreary season. It was indeed a hard winter. Often have I gone through the streets asking for work.

"Please let me saw your wood?"

"Where are your buck and saw?"

"I have none."

"You can't saw wood without a saw."

"Please let me carry down your coal to the cellar?"

"Where are your shovel and basket?"

"I have none."

And so I lost many a job for the lack of implements and tools. Those who have never experienced hardships like these, cannot understand the bitterness of our lives all through that terrible winter. As the spring came on, both my sister and myself got employment again, and our situation was bettered for a time. I now earned four dollars and a half a week, and was enabled to redeem my coat. A happy day was that, when putting it on, I went, with my sister, to a place of worship. I would here mention, that during all that hard winter, we received no charitable assistance from any source. Once, and only once, my mother spoke of some wood which was to be given to the poor at the City Hall; but I refused to allow her to apply for relief there; knowing well, that she would be subjected to the insulting questions of hard-hearted officials, who took advantage of their office, to insult the unfortunate children of penury. Pity it is, that kind actions cannot always be performed in a kindly spirit; but too often, such is not the case in this cold-hearted world. Glad to this day, am I, that I prevented her from being mortified by a contumely, which I cannot bear to think she should have borne.

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CHAPTER V.

My Mother's Death—Burial—Separation of my Sister and Myself—Visit to the Farm—Return to New York—My Companions and Amusements—Growing Dissipation—Removal to Bristol—To Providence—First Attempt on the Stage—Experience in Boston—Work in Newburyport—Fishing Voyage—Narrow Escape—Return Home—Storm at Sea—Jake's Terror—Arrival at Newburyport—Marriage—Housekeeping—Voyage to Bay of Fundy.

And now comes one of the most terrible events of my history. An event which almost bowed me to the dust. The summer of 1834 was exceedingly hot, and as our room was immediately under the roof, which had but one small window in it, the heat was almost intolerable, and my mother suffered much from this cause. On the 8th of July, a day more than usually warm, she complained of debility, but as she had before suffered from weakness, I was not apprehensive of danger, and saying I would go and bathe, asked her to provide me some rice and milk, against seven or eight o'clock, when I should return. That day my spirits were unusually exuberant; I laughed and sung with my young companions, as if not a cloud was to be seen in all my sky, when one was then gathering which was shortly to burst in fatal thunder over my head. About eight o'clock I returned home, and was going up the steps, whistling as I went, when my sister met me at the threshold, and seizing me by the hand, exclaimed, "John, mother's dead!" What

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I did, what I said, I cannot remember; but they told me afterwards, that I grasped my sister's arm, laughed frantically in her face, and then for some minutes seemed stunned by the dreadful intelligence. As soon as they permitted me, I visited our garret,—now a chamber of death,—and there on the floor lay all that remained of her whom I had loved so well, and who had been a friend when all others had forsaken me. There she lay, her face tied up with a handkerchief:—

> "By foreign hands her aged eyes were closed;
> By foreign hands her decent limbs composed."

Oh! how vividly came then to my mind,—as I took her cold hand in mine, and gazed earnestly in her quiet face,—all her meek, enduring love, her uncomplaining spirit, her devotedness to her husband and children. All was now over; and yet, as through the livelong night I sat at her side,—a solitary watcher by the dead,—I felt somewhat resigned to the dispensation of providence, and was almost thankful that she was taken from the "evil to come." Sorrow and suffering had been her lot through life; now she was freed from both; and, loving her as I did, I found consolation in thinking that she was "not lost, but gone before."

I have intimated that I sat all night, watching my mother's cold remains. Such was literally the fact. I held her dead hand in mine, till it seemed almost to be growing warm, and none but myself and God can tell what a night of agony that was. The people of the house accommodated my sister below. When the morning dawned in my desolate chamber, I tenderly placed the passive hand by my mother's side,

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and wandered out, into the as yet, almost quiet streets. I turned my face towards the wharf, and, arrived there, sat down by the dock, gazing with melancholy thoughts upon the glancing waters. All that had passed seemed to me like a fearful dream, and with difficulty could I, at certain intervals, convince myself that my mother's death was a fearful reality. An hour or two passed away in this dreamy, half-delirious state of mind, and then, I involuntarily proceeded slowly toward my wretched home. I had eaten nothing since the preceding afternoon; but hunger seemed, like my other senses, to have become torpid. On my arrival at our lodgings, I found that a coroner's inquest had been held on my mother's corpse, and a note had been left by the official, which stated that it must be interred by noon of the following day. What was I to do? I had no money, no friends, and, what was perhaps worse than all, none to sympathize with myself and my sister, but the people about us, who could afford the occasional exclamation, "Poor things!" Again I wandered into the streets, without any definite object in view. I had a vague idea that my mother was dead, and must be buried, and little feeling beyond that. At times, I even forgot this sad reality. Weary and dispirited, I at last once more sought my lodgings, where my sister had been anxiously watching for me. I learned from her, that during my absence, some persons had brought a pine box to the house, into which they had placed my mother's body, and taken it off in a cart, for interment. They had but just gone, she said. I told her that we must go and see mother buried; and we hastened after the vehicle, which we soon overtook.

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There was no "pomp and circumstance" about that humble funeral; but never went a mortal to the grave, who had been more truly loved, and was then more sincerely lamented, than the silent traveler towards Potter's Field, the place of her interment. Only two lacerated and bleeding hearts mourned for her. But, as the almost unnoticed procession passed through the streets, tears of more genuine sorrow were shed, than frequently fall when—

"Some proud child of earth returns to dust."

We soon reached the burying-ground. In the same cart with my mother, was another mortal whose spirit had put on immortality. A little child's coffin lay beside that of her who had been a sorrowful pilgrim for many years, and both now were about to lie side by side in the "narrow house." When the infant's coffin was taken from the cart, my sister burst into tears, and the driver, a rough-looking fellow, with a kindness of manner that touched us, remarked to her, "Poor little thing; 'tis better off where 'tis." I undeceived him in his idea as to this supposed relationship of the child, and informed him that it was not a child, but our mother, for whom we mourned. My mother's coffin was then taken out and placed in a trench, and a little dirt was thinly sprinkled over it.

So was she buried! without a shroud; her shoes on her feet. One of God's creatures—an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, a faithful friend, and a poor Christian; that's all! So there was no burial service read; into that trench she was thrown without a prayer; and that was the end, after a long life

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of faithful work for others—a life of patient struggle, fighting nobly, lovingly, and hopefully the battle of life. This was the end. No, no, thank God! no, not the end. Her worn body rests in hope, and he who wept at the grave of Lazarus, watches the sleeping dust of his servant. Yes, life and immortality are brought to light through the gospel. My poor mother sleeps as sweetly as if entombed in a marble sarcophagus; and, thank God, she will rise as gloriously when "He who became the first fruits of them that slept," shall call his humble disciple to come and "be forever with the Lord."

From that great Golgotha we went forth together, and, unheeded by the bustling crowd, proceeded sadly to our now desolate chamber, where we sat down and gazed vacantly around the deserted room. One by one, the old familiar objects attracted our notice. Among other articles, a little saucepan remained on the extinguished embers in the grate, with rice and milk burned to its bottom! This was what my mother was preparing for me, against my return from bathing; and the sight renewed my remembrances of her care, which it so happened was exercised for me in her latest moments. I afterwards was informed that she was found dead on the floor, by a young man who passed our room door, on the way to his own, and saw her lying there. She seemed to have been engaged in splitting a piece of pine wood with a knife, and it is supposed that, whilst stooping over it and forcing down the knife, she was seized with apoplexy, and immediately expired.

Whilst we were sadly contemplating our situation and circumstances, and calling to mind many sayings

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and doings of our dear mother, I began to think about our future course, and said to my sister:—

"Now, Mary, what shall we do?"

She remarked something, I forget what; and I, in turn, made an observation to the effect—as well as I can remember—that we could take all our furniture on our backs; when we, both of us, broke out into a violent fit of laughter, which lasted for several minutes; and I never, either before or since, remember to have been more unable to control myself. It was a strange thing to hear that hitherto silent chamber—in which for hours, we had scarcely spoken above a whisper—echoing such unaccustomed sounds. But so it was; and I am unable to explain why, unless it be on the principle of reaction. And yet it was not the laugh of joy; but more like the fearfully hysterical mirth of saddened hearts, in which, for the time, all the feelings of youth had been imprisoned, but by one wild effort had broken forth, shouting with natural but unbidden glee.

On that Wednesday night, I could not bear to remain in the house; so I sauntered out, and passed the long hours of darkness in the streets,—to lie down I felt was impossible, so great was my weight of woe. The next day I passed wearily enough, and at night I obtained a little sleep; but from the afternoon of my mother's death, not a morsel of food had passed my lips. I loathed food; and it was not until the following Friday evening that I was persuaded to take any. Every thing about us, so forcibly and painfully reminded us of her we had lost, that my sister and myself determined to remove from our lodgings; and, having disposed of our feather-bed, and a few little

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matters, to the woman of the house, we paid a week's board in advance at a house in Spring Street. I now began to feel the effects of my night watchings and neglect of food, and was taken so sick, that a city physician attended me for three or four days. As soon as I recovered, I inquired for my old and kind friends, the Egberts. They were in the city, and I proceeded to their house, in Suffolk Street, where I was received cordially, and kindly nursed, with all the care of a mother and sister, during the weak time which followed my indisposition. My sister and I had separated, as she boarded where she worked, in the upper part of the city.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered, I scraped together what money I could, and went on a visit to the family with whom I left England. With them I remained two months, and received many condolences on the subject of my mother's death, and my lonely situation; but after, and, indeed, during this time, I could not help feeling that my absence would not be regretted, so I made preparations for quitting them. Whilst in the country, I spent a few days with Mr. Elijah Hunt, who, together with Mrs. Hunt, were very kind to me. As my wearing apparel was getting shabby, Mr. Hunt, in the kindest manner, provided me with a twenty-five dollar suit, trusting to my honor for repayment, when it lay in my power. Never shall I forget the kindness of him and his family to me at that time. I started for New York about September, and there went to work for Mr. John Gladding, who always behaved kindly towards me.

The effect on my mind of the experiences I had passed through, was to produce a bitterness of spirit,

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hardly to be described or understood. It became in me so fierce that I must have wounded the feelings of others, often, by the contempt with which I would speak of funerals and mourners. Tolling of bells, and all ceremonies attending the dead, were to me, subjects of ridicule. I seemed to lose sympathy with my fellow-men. My mother was a good woman, but there was no burial service read over her. I then declared, that I would never wear a bit of crape, for the loss of any human being; and the declaration I then made, holds good to-day. This terrible experience produced an effect on me that was never eradicated—though much modified—till the visit to my native village, in 1854, where my mother's memory is tenderly cherished, by so many who knew her worth, and where she left the fragrance of a good name, that is fresh to-day.

I boarded in Grand Street at this time, and soon after laid the foundation of many of my future sorrows. I possessed a tolerably good voice, and sang pretty well, having also the faculty of imitation rather strongly developed; and, being well stocked with amusing stories, I was introduced into the society of thoughtless and dissipated young men, to whom my talents made me welcome. These companions were what is termed respectable, but they drank. I now began to attend the theaters frequently, and felt ambitious of strutting *my* hour upon the stage. By slow but sure degrees I forgot the lessons of wisdom which my mother had taught me, lost all relish for the great truths of religion, neglected my devotions, and considered an actor's situation to be the "*ne plus ultra*" of greatness.

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I well remember, in my early days, having entertained, through the influence of my mother, a horror of theaters; and once, as I walked up the Bowery, and watched the multitudes passing to and fro on the steps of the play-house there,—which I had mounted for the sake of a better view of the busy scene,—this passage of Scripture came to my recollection: "The glory of the Lord shall cover the face of the earth as the waters cover the sea;" and I mentally offered up a prayer, that that time might speedily arrive. Not very long afterwards,—so low had I fallen, and so desperately had I back-slidden,—that at the very door of that same theater, which I had, five years before, wished destroyed, as a temple of sin, I stood applying for a situation as actor and comic singer! No longer did I wish a church should be built on the site of the theater; that very place of entertainment had become at first a chosen, and now, to support excitement, an almost necessary place of resort.

I did not enter the theater at this time, having failed in my endeavor to procure such a situation; but I soon afterwards sung a comic song, entitled, "The Water Party," at the Franklin Theater, in Chatham street, where William Sefton was stage manager, and where John Sefton made such a hit in the role of Jemmy Twitcher, in the drama of the Golden Farmer. I assumed the name of Gilbert, and was encored, so that I was encouraged to pursue the profession of an actor. But I did not at that time.

During this period, I worked pretty steadily at my business; but such were my growing habits of dissipation, that, although receiving five dollars a week, I squandered every cent, and was continually in debt.

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My proceedings, too, became characterized by a hitherto unfelt recklessness. One morning a young man came to me, and informed me that a great fire had broken out down the street. (I had belonged to a volunteer fire-engine company, and also to a dramatic society, which held its meetings at the corner of Anthony Street and Broadway, and which had greatly tended to increase my habits of irregularity.) I passed by the information lightly and selfishly, saying: "Let it burn on, it wont hurt me." When I had finished my breakfast, some one informed me the fire was in the neighborhood of the shop where I worked. This alarmed me; and I proceeded toward my place of business, where I arrived just in time to see the flames bursting through the workshop windows. By this disaster, although I had so little anticipated it, I lost what I could ill afford,—an overcoat and some books; and, worse than this, I was thrown out of employment; so that I *was* injured by the fire, which I had so confidently thought "could not hurt me."

Mr. Gladding, after the fire, determining to remove to Bristol, Rhode Island, and set up in business there, invited me to accompany him. I therefore left New York, and remained in his employ for about a year, during which time nothing of importance transpired. In February or March, 1837, however, Mr. Gladding failed, and as I was again obliged to seek for occupation, I proceeded to Providence, and there continued my drinking habits. I succeeded in procuring work at Mr. Brown's, in Market Row, and experienced much kindness at his hands. Here I might, and ought to have done well, but for my unfortunate habits of dis-

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sipation, which gradually increased, and which were every day treasuring up misery for me.

It happened that, at this time, a company of actors were performing at Providence. I became acquainted with them, and being strongly advised by them to make an essay on the stage, I acceded to their wishes, and followed my own inclinations with respect to the matter. It could not be expected that, connected with the stage, I could follow steadily a more sober occupation. Nor did I: for I worked only at uncertain intervals, frequently was absent for days together, and, as a necessary consequence, incurred the displeasure of my employer, who soon after discharged me from his shop, on the ground of inattention to my business, although I was acknowledged by him to be an excellent workman. I now entirely gave myself up to the stage, and gained some reputation for the manner in which I performed a low line of characters. Brilliant, however, as I thought my prospects to be, I was doomed to disappointment: for, before long, the theater came to a close, and I, in common with the other members of the company, failed to receive remuneration for my services.

Thus was I again thrown on my own resources, and, with a tarnished reputation, my situation was far worse than it had hitherto been. I tried to obtain employment, but failed; and, although I wished to get out of the town, I was unable to do so from want of funds. My clothes had grown shabby, and I was guiltless of wearing more than one suit. Worse than this, my appetite for strong drink was increasing, and becoming a confirmed habit—the effect of almost unlimited indulgence. I was now reduced

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to absolute want. My boarding-house account had assumed an unpleasant aspect, and, more than once, had I received threatening notices to quit. One night I was reduced to extremities, and so poorly was I off, that I was compelled to wander about the streets, from night until almost morning, in order to keep myself warm. In pure desperation, I repaired to one of the very lowest class of hotels, where I obtained a miserable lodging. It happened, at this time, that a person visited Providence, who wanted to engage some performers for a theater which was to open, for a short season, in Boston. To this person, whose name was Barry (and who afterwards was lost, with his whole stock company, whilst going to Texas), I was introduced; and he was, at the same time, informed of my necessity. Mr. Barry, with a kindness which was well meant, said he would take me to Boston with him, on his own responsibility, and use his influence in my behalf. I left Providence, on a Sunday morning, and succeeded in getting an engagement in Boston, at the Lion Theater, where I performed generally, low comedy parts.

Strangely enough, my first appearance in Boston was in the character of the keeper of a temperance house, in the play of "Departed Spirits, or the Temperance Hoax," arranged by Barrymore, in which Deacon Moses Grant, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and other prominent temperance men, were held up to ridicule. One scene in this play, was a fire in the hotel. I was called up at night by some travelers, and, holding a colloquy with them from the window, with a candle in my hand, set fire to the curtains; a man behind me, was ready with some "red fire," as the curtains

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blazed,—being wet with spirits of turpentine,—to set fire to the combustible behind me; and the principal fun of the scene was, when the engine was brought in, with "real water,"—so the play-bills announced, as a special feature,—and I got out of the window to be drenched to the skin, by the water from the engine. It was rare fun to the audience, and others, but no fun to me, I assure you; but then, I was engaged at a salary of five dollars per week,—which I never received, for the theater closed in a few weeks, and, deprived of my pay, I was once more thrown like a foot-ball on the world's highway, at the mercy of every passing foot.

My appearance was now shabby enough. All my little stock of money was spent as fast as I received it; and, once more, I was absolutely in want. Like many others, similarly circumstanced, I experienced, in my adversity, kindness from woman. Mrs. Fox, with whom I boarded, was quite aware of my destitute situation, and benevolently afforded me a home and subsistence until I could once more obtain work. This I at last did, at Mr. Benjamin Bradley's; and in his employ I continued until the month of January, 1838, when I was discharged. The reason assigned by Mr. Bradley, for my dismissal, was what might have been expected from a knowledge of my habits. He said I was too shabby in appearance for a shop, and it was his opinion, as well as that of others, that I drank too much. I had paid my board at Mrs. Fox's up to that time, but was now again without a cent, and was in the depths of trouble, until I accidentally heard that a person at Newburyport was in want of a binder, to whom he was willing to give six

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dollars a week wages. Small as was this remuneration, I need scarcely say that I eagerly accepted the offered salary, and traveling, partly by stage and partly by cars, entered Newburyport late in the evening of the 30th of January. The next morning I commenced work in my new situation; and, for a few weeks, by a desperate effort, I managed to keep free from the intoxicating cup. I was now comparatively steady, and gave satisfaction to my employer; but this state of things, unhappily, did not last long, for I had a longing for society, and, I regret to say, soon formed an acquaintance with companions who were calculated to destroy any resolutions of amendment which I had formed. I joined a fire-engine company, and, before long, I was again on the high-road of dissipation,—neglecting my business, destroying my reputation,—which was already damaged,—and injuring my health.

Work grew slack towards the July of that year, and, as I could not earn sufficient to support myself at my trade, I embraced another occupation, and entered into an arrangement with the captain of a fishing-boat, to go a voyage with him down Chaleur Bay. My sea experiences were somewhat severe, as will presently be seen; but as there was no rum on board, I was forced to keep sober, and that at least, saved me a considerable amount of suffering. When, however, I went on shore, I made up for my forced abstinence by pottle-deep potations, and my visit to another vessel was generally accompanied by a carousal, if rum was by any means to be obtained. In consequence of what is commonly called a "spree," my life was, at one time, placed in considerable jeopardy.

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Several of our crew, with myself, had been on board a neighboring vessel; and, on our return at night, I was, as might be expected, intoxicated. The boat was rowed to the side of our craft, and I was so much under the influence of drink, that, unnoticed, I lay at the bottom of the boat. As customary, when the rest of the crew got on board, the hook was fastened in the bow of the boat, which was drawn up. In consequence of this, as the bow was hoisted with a jerk, I was flung violently, from where I was lying, to the stern, and the force of the blow effectually awakened me. I called out, and alarmed my companions, just in time to prevent being thrown overboard, and was soon rescued from my perilous position. It seemed that they had not noticed me in the boat when they left it, and supposed, in the dark scramble, I had got safely on board. So was my life again saved by an all-wise Providence; but I was so closely wrapped in my garb of thoughtlessness, that I passed by the matter with little thought or thankfulness.

And yet, at this time, I did not consider myself to be —what, in reality, I was—a drunkard. Well enough did I know, from bitter experience, that character, situations, and health, had been perilled, in consequence of my love of ardent spirits. I felt, too, an aching void in my breast, and conscience frequently told me that I was on the broad road to ruin; but that I was what all men despised,—and I among them, detested, —I could not bring myself to believe. I would frame many excuses for myself—plead my own cause before myself, as judge and jury, until I obtained, at my own hands, a willing acquittal. O! how little does the young man dream that he is deceiving himself, though

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not others, whilst pursuing so fatal a course as was mine. He abhors the name of "drunkard," whilst no other word so aptly and accurately defines his position.

The purpose of our voyage having been answered, we prepared for our homeward sail, and were making for port when a violent storm burst over us. It was a south-easter; and in our perilous position off Cape Sable, none of us expected to weather it. For hours we feared we should go to the bottom, and scarce a hope remained to cheer us,—the captain having given up everything for lost. We could discern the sea breaking violently over the Brazil rock, four miles and a half from us, and we were rapidly drifting to the coast; but in that dreadful season, strange to tell, I suffered but very little, if anything, from alarm or anxiety. What to attribute this feeling—or rather absence of feeling—to, I know not; but so it was, that, owing to callousness or some other cause, I felt not the slightest fear, although some old "salts" were dreadfully anxious. I sat as calmly as I remember ever to have done in my life, whilst wave after wave dashed over the frail vessel, making every timber creak, and her whole frame to quiver, as if with mortal agony. By the mercy of God, however, the wind shifted to the westward, and by means of the only rag of a sail which remained to us, we managed to crawl off.

This was a fearful storm. Wrecks strewed the coast; a vessel went down with all on board, but a short distance from us; and the schooner that started in company with us from the Bay, went on shore, and every man perished.

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Next morning at daylight we went toward land, and about noon, anchored in Sherburne Bay, Nova Scotia, where we remained long enough to replace a lost sail, and repair our damaged vessel. One scene on board during the storm, was such a combination of the ludicrous and the profane, with ignorance, wickedness, and superstition, that I may be pardoned for relating it. We had a man on board so notoriously wicked, that we called him the Algerine. His profanity was frightful. Utterly ignorant, all he knew of prayer or Scripture, was the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, and the first clause of the Lord's Prayer. During fair weather, he was a great braggart and bully; when the gale so increased that we were really in danger, he began to show signs of fear; and soon we heard him muttering, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth—Oh—Oh—Our Father shart in heaven—Oh—we're going down—d—— the luck—Oh—Oh-h—In the beginning—Oh—murder—d—— the luck—Our Father shart in heaven." When the jib blew away, he was ordered by the captain to go out with another man on the bowsprit. "No—I wont—Our Father shart in heaven—No—I wont—d——d if I do,"—and there lay poor Jake prone on the deck. "Get up, you lubber," said the captain. "Our Father shart in heaven," said Jake. "You need to be started with a rope's end," said the captain. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,"—"You fool! get up! you'll be washed overboard," said the captain. "Oh—Oh—Our Father shart in heaven," said Jake, as he crawled to one of the rings of the hatchway, and clung to it with both hands. Poor Jake! I

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think I see him now, as, in spite of the tremendous sea and our personal danger, we could but laugh. Utterly powerless with terror, all we could get from him was, "In the beginning," or "Our Father shart in heaven,"—with an occasional "d—— the luck," interspersed with the most dismal Oh's and groans. And so it was till the storm abated. When we were safe in Sherburne Harbor, seated at the table with coffee and doughnuts, one of the men said, "Jake, what was that about your father?" another, "Jake, tell us what was it in the beginning?" and the chaffing commenced, and continued, till he was almost beside himself with rage, and so threatened us, that we thought it advisable to leave him alone; but the slightest allusion to Jake's "father," or "the beginning," was sufficient to put him in a fury of passion ever afterwards.

We soon set sail, and I arrived at Newburyport on the first Sunday in November, glad enough to be freed from my imprisonment for three and a half months, in a small vessel of fifty tons burden.

Once more on land, I engaged to work at my own business, and did so for some time with Mr. Tilton. Not long afterwards I entered into the matrimonial state, and commenced housekeeping, having earned money sufficient by my fishing voyage to purchase some neat furniture. In my new condition I might have done well, for I had every prospect of success, had it not been for my craving after society, which, in spite of having a home of my own, I still felt. Alas! forgetful of a husband's home duties, I again became involved in a dissipated social net-work, whose fatal meshes too surely entangled me, and unfitted

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me for that active exertion which was now rendered doubly necessary. I continued at my work until the month of June, when, business becoming slack, I again went on a fishing excursion, with my wife's brother, the captain of the boat, into the Bay of Fundy. We were away this time for only six weeks, and returned in safety, without having encountered anything worthy of note.

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CHAPTER VI.

Continued Residence in Newburyport—Increasing Dissipation—Falling off of Companions—Attempt at Work—Growing Recklessness—Trip to Lynn, Haverhill, and Amesbury—Concert—Return Home—Fearful Scenes—Sickness—Delirium—Recovery—Leave Newburyport—Diorama—Return to Worcester—Employment.

During my residence at Newburyport, my early serious impressions on one occasion in a measure revived, and I felt some stingings of conscience for my neglect of the Sabbath, and religious observances. I re-commenced attending a place of worship, and for a short time I attended the Rev. Mr. Campbell's church, by whom, as well as by several of his members, I was treated with much Christian kindness. I was often invited to Mr. Campbell's house, as well as to the houses of some of his hearers, and it seemed as if a favorable turning-point or crisis in my fortunes had arrived. Mr. Campbell was good enough to manifest a very great interest in my welfare, and frequently expressed a hope that I should be enabled, although late in life, to obtain an education. And this I might have acquired, had not my evil genius prevented my making any efforts to obtain so desirable an end. My desire for strong liquors and company seemed to present an insuperable barrier to all improvement; and after a few weeks every aspiration after better things had ceased; every bud of promised comfort was crushed. Again I grieved the Spirit

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that had been striving with my spirit, and ere long became even more addicted to the use of the infernal draughts, which had already wrought me so much woe, than at any previous period of my existence.

And now my circumstances began to be desperate indeed. In vain were all my efforts to obtain work, and at last I became so reduced, that at times I did not know, when one meal was ended, where on the face of the broad earth, I should find another. Further mortification awaited me, and by slow degrees, I became aware of it. The young men with whom I had associated, in bar-rooms and parlors, and who wore a little better clothing than I could afford, one after another began to drop my acquaintance. If I walked in the public streets, I too quickly perceived the cold look, the averted eye, the half recognition, and to a sensitive spirit, such as I possessed, such treatment was almost past endurance. To add to the mortification caused by such a state of things, it happened that those who had laughed the loudest at my songs and stories, and who had been social enough with me in the bar-room, were the very individuals who seemed most ashamed of my acquaintance. I felt that I was shunned by the respectable portion of the community also; and once, on asking a lad to accompany me in a walk, he informed me that his father had cautioned him against associating with me. This was a cutting reproof, and I felt it more deeply than words can express. And could I wonder at it? No. Although I may have used bitter words against that parent, my conscience told me that he had done no more than his duty, in preventing his son being influenced by my dissipated habits. Oh! how often have I laid down

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and bitterly remembered many who had hailed my arrival in their company as a joyous event. Their plaudits would resound in my ears, and peals of laughter ring again in my deserted chamber; then would succeed stillness, only broken by the beatings of my agonized heart, which felt that the gloss of respectability had worn off, and exposed my threadbare condition. To drown these reflections, I would drink, not from love of the taste of the liquor, but to become so stupefied by its fumes as to steep my sorrows in a half oblivion; and from this miserable stupor, I would wake to a fuller consciousness of my situation, and again would I banish my reflections by liquor.

There lived in Newburyport at that time a Mr. Low, who was a rum-seller, and I had spent many a shilling at his bar; he proposed to me that he would purchase some tools, and I could start a bindery on my own account, paying him by installments. He did so; and I thought it an act of great kindness then, and for some time afterwards, till I found he had received pay from me for tools he had never paid for himself, and I was dunned for the account he had failed to settle. He even borrowed seventy-five dollars from me after I signed the pledge, which has never been repaid. "Such is life."

Despite all that had occurred, my good name was not so far gone but that I might have succeeded, by the aid of common industry and attention, in my business. I was a good workman, and found no difficulty in procuring employment, and, I have not the slightest doubt, should have succeeded in my endeavors to get on in the world, but for my unhappy love of stimulating drinks, and my craving for society. I

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was now my own master; all restraint was removed, and, as might be expected, I did as I pleased in my own shop. I became careless, was often in the bar-room when I should have been at my bindery, and instead of spending my evenings at home, in reading or conversation, they were almost invariably passed in the company of the rum bottle, which became almost my sole household deity. Five months only did I remain in business, and, during that short period, I gradually sunk deeper and deeper in the scale of degradation. I was now the slave of a habit which had become completely my master, and which fastened its remorseless fangs in my very vitals. Thought was a torturing thing. When I looked back, memory drew fearful pictures, in lines of lurid flame; and, whenever I dared anticipate the future, hope refused to illumine my onward path. I dwelt in one awful present; nothing to solace me,—nothing to beckon me onwards to a better state.

I knew full well that I was proceeding on a downward course, and crossing the sea of time, as it were, on a bridge perilous as that over which Mahomet's followers are said to enter paradise. A terrible feeling was ever present that some evil was impending, which would soon fall on my devoted head; and I would shudder, as if the sword of Damocles, suspended by its single hair, was about to fall and utterly destroy me.

Warnings were not wanting; but they had no voice of terror for me. I was intimately acquainted with a young man in the town, and well remember his coming to my shop one morning, and asking the loan of ninepence, with which to buy rum. I let him

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have the money, and the spirit was soon consumed. He begged me to lend him a second ninepence, but I refused; yet, during my temporary absence, he drank some spirit of wine, which was in a bottle in the shop, and used by me in my business. He went away, and the next I heard of him, was, that he had died shortly afterwards. Such an awful circumstance as this might well have impressed me; but habitual indulgence had almost rendered me proof against salutary impressions. I was, to tell the truth, at this time, deeper in degradation than at any period before, which I can remember.

My custom now was to purchase my brandy—which, in consequence of my limited means, was of the very worst description—and keep it at the shop, where, by little and little, I drank it, and continually kept myself in a state of excitement. This course of proceeding entirely unfitted me for business, and it not unfrequently happened, when I had books to bind, that I would, instead of attending to business, keep my customers waiting, whilst in the company of dissolute companions. I drank during the whole day, to the complete ruin of my prospects in life. So entirely did I give myself up to the bottle, that those of my companions who fancied they still possessed some claims to respectability, gradually withdrew from my company. At my house, too, I used to keep a bottle of gin, which was in constant requisition. Indeed, go where I would, stimulant I must and did have. Such a slave was I to the bottle, that I resorted to it continually, and in vain was every effort which I occasionally made, to conquer the debasing habit. I had become a father; but God in his mercy

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removed my little one at so early an age, that I did not feel the loss as much as if it had lived longer, to engage my affections.

A circumstance now transpired which attracted my attention, and led me to consider my situation, and whither I was hurrying. A lecture was advertised to be delivered by the first reformed drunkard, Mr. J. J. Johnson, who visited Newburyport, and I was invited by some friends who seemed to feel an interest, to attend and hear what he had to say. I determined after some consideration to go and hear what was to be said on the subject. The meeting was held in the Rev. Mr. Campbell's church, which was pretty well crowded. I went to the door, but would go no farther; but in the ten minutes I stood there, I heard the speaker, in graphic and forcible terms, depict the misery of the drunkard, and the awful consequences of his conduct, both as they affected himself and those connected with him. My conscience told me that he spoke the truth,—for what had I not suffered! I knew he was right, and I turned to leave the church, when a young man offered me the pledge to sign. I actually turned to sign it; but at that critical moment, the appetite for strong drink, as if determined to have the mastery over me, came in all its force. Oh! how I wanted it; and, remembering that I had a pint of brandy at home, I deferred signing, and put off to "a more convenient season," a proceeding that might have saved me so much after sorrow. I, however, compromised the matter with my conscience, by inwardly resolving that I would drink up what spirit I had by me, and then *think* of leaving off the use of the accursed liquid altogether.

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"Think of it!" O! had I *then acted,* what misery would have been spared me in after days. One would have imagined that I had had my fill of misery, and been glad to have hailed and grasped any saving hand which might be held out. But no; such was the dominion which rum had over me, that I was led captive by it, as at will. It had impaired every energy, and almost destroyed the desire to be better than I was. I was debased in my own eyes, and, having lost my self-respect, became a poor, abject being, scarcely worth attempting to reform.

Did I think of it? O, no. I forgot the impressions made upon me by the speaker at the meeting I have alluded to. Still, I madly drained the inebriating cup, and speedily my state was worse than ever. O, no. I soon ceased to think about it, for my master passion, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up every thought and feeling opposed to it, which I possessed.

My business grew gradually worse, and at length my constitution became so impaired, that even when I had the will, I did not possess the power to provide for my daily wants. My hands would, at times, tremble so that I could not perform the finer operations of my business,—the finishing and gilding. How could I letter straight, with a hand burning and shaking from the effects of a debauch? Sometimes, when it was absolutely necessary to finish off some work, I have entered the shop with a stern determination not to drink a single drop until I completed it. I have bitterly felt that my failing was a matter of common conversation in the town, and a burning sense of shame would flush my fevered brow, at the conviction that I was scorned by the respectable por-

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tion of the community. But these feelings passed away like the morning cloud or early dew, and I pursued my old course.

About this time I received a letter from the proprietor of a hotel and hall in Lynn, inviting me to come there, and give a couple of entertainments in his hall; he to take the proceeds of the first, I to receive the second. I went, and returned with about three dollars, as the result. Afterwards I went to Lowell, Haverhill, and Amesbury, in company with Stanwood and Warren. I give, as a curiosity, a copy of an old handbill in my possession:—

CONCERT

AT AMESBURY.

Mr. M. G. Stanwood and Mr. C. Warren respectfully inform the ladies and gentlemen of Amesbury, that they will give a *Concert*, at *Franklin Hall*, ☞ THIS EVENING, March 22d, for the purpose of introducing the

ACCORDION

into use,—as it is thought by many to be an instrument that cannot be performed on. The performance will consist of some of the most popular music from the latest Operas.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH,

The celebrated singer from the New York* and Boston Theaters, will also appear in his most popular songs.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Hail Columbia.
Yankee Doodle.
Song—Wedlock, ... *Gough.*
Sweet Home.

*I had sung but one song in a New York theater, but this was inserted for effect.

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Hunter's Chorus.
Song—Water Party, ... *Gough.*
Kinloch of Kinloch.
Swiss Waltz.
Recitation—Sailor Boy's Dream, ... *Gough.*
Oft in the Stilly Night.
March in "Masaniello."
Song—Apollo Glee Club, ... *Gough.*
Away with Melancholy—with variations.
Winding Way.

PART II.

Stanz Waltz.
Wood-up.
Recitation—Alonzo and Imogene, ... *Gough.*
Bayadere Quickstep.
Trumpet Quickstep.
Song—Bashful Man, ... *Gough.*
Somnambula Quickstep.
Fisher's Hornpipe.
Dialogue—Between a Yankee, Dutchman, Frenchman, and Irishman, on the subject of eatables and speakables, ... *Gough.*
Cinderella Waltz.
Brass Band Quickstep.
Song—Bartholomew Fair, ... *Gough.*
Hull Street Guards Quickstep.
Copenhagen Waltz—with variations.

☞ Tickets 25 cents; Children, half price. To be obtained at the door.

*** Doors open at 7—performance to commence at ½ past 7 o'clock.

Though we gave the audience a good bill of fare for their money, and did our best, I was very little, if at all, benefited financially, and returned to the old wretched way of life. To what shifts was I reduced, to conceal my habit of using intoxicating drinks!

Frequently have I taken a pitcher, with a pint of new rum in it, purchased at some obscure groggery, and put about one-third as much water as there was spirit in it, at the town pump, in Market Square, in order to induce persons to think that I drank water alone. This mixture I would take to my shop, and,

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for days and days together, it would be my only beverage. In consequence of this habit, I would frequently fall asleep, or, if awake, be in so half torpid a state, that work or exertion of any kind was quite out of the question; and my days dragged wearily on. At times I almost wished that my life, and its miseries, would close.

The reader will remember that I have before referred to my sister. She had been for some time married, and was then residing at Providence, R. I. One day I received a letter from her, in which she stated that she was severely afflicted with salt rheum, and requested that my wife would visit her, for the purpose of nursing her and her infant. My wife decided on going. I accompanied her to the cars, and then returned home. It was the first time since our marriage that we had ever been separated, and the house to me looked lonely and desolate. I thought I would not go to work, and a great inducement to remain at home, existed in the shape of my enemy,—West India rum,—of which I had a quantity in the house. Although the morning was by no means far advanced, I sat down, intending to do nothing until dinner-time. I could not sit alone without rum, and I drank glass after glass, until I became so stupefied that I was compelled to lie down on the bed, where I soon fell asleep. When I awoke, it was late in the afternoon, and then, as I persuaded myself, too late to make a bad day's work good. I invited a neighbor, who, like myself, was a man of intemperate habits, to spend the evening with me. He came, and we sat down to our rum, and drank freely together until late that night, when he stag-

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gered home, and so intoxicated was I, that in moving to go to bed, I fell over the table, broke a lamp, and lay on the floor for some time, unable to rise. At last I managed to get to bed; but O! I did not sleep, only dozed at intervals, for the drunkard never knows the blessings of undisturbed repose. I awoke in the night with a raging thirst. My mouth was parched, and my throat was burning; and I anxiously groped about the room, trying to find more rum, in which I sought to quench my dreadful thirst. No sooner was one draught taken, than the horrible dry feeling returned; and so I went on, swallowing repeated glassfuls of the spirit, until at last I had drained the very last drop which the jug contained. My appetite grew by what it fed on; and, having a little money by me, I with difficulty got up, made myself look as tidy as possible, and then went out to buy more rum, with which I returned to the house.

The fact will, perhaps, seem incredible, but so it was, that I drank spirits continually, without tasting a morsel of food, for the next three days. This could not last long; a constitution of iron strength could not endure such treatment, and mine was partially broken down by previous dissipation.

I began to experience a feeling hitherto unknown to me. After the three days' drinking, to which I have just referred, I felt, one night, as I lay on my bed, an awful sense of something dreadful coming upon me. It was as if I had been partially stunned, and now, in an interval of consciousness, was about to have the fearful blow, which had prostrated me, repeated. There was a craving for sleep, sleep, blessed sleep! but my eyelids were as if they could not close. Ev-

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ery object around me I beheld with startling distinctness, and my hearing became unnaturally acute. Then, to the ringing and roaring in my ears, would suddenly succeed a silence, so awful, that only the stillness of the grave might be compared with it.

At other times, strange voices would whisper unintelligible words, and the slightest noise would make me start, like a guilty thing. But the horrible, burning thirst was insupportable, and, to quench it, and induce sleep, I clutched again and again, the rum bottle,—hugged my enemy,—and poured the infernal fluid down my parched throat. But it was of no use —none. I could not sleep. Then I bethought me of tobacco; and, staggering from my bed to a shelf near, with great difficulty, I managed to procure a pipe and some matches. I could not stand to light the latter, so I lay again on the bed, and scraped one on the wall. I began to smoke, and the narcotic leaf produced a stupefaction. I dozed a little, but, feeling a warmth on my face, I awoke, and discovered my pillow to be on fire! I had dropped a lighted match on the bed. By a desperate effort, I threw the pillow on the floor, and, too exhausted to feel annoyed by the burning feathers, I sank again into a state of somnolency.

How long I lay, I do not exactly know; but I was roused from my lethargy by the neighbors, who, alarmed by a smell of fire, came to my room to ascertain the cause. When they took me from my bed, the under part of the straw with which it was stuffed, was smouldering, and, in a quarter of an hour more, must have burst into a flame. Had such been the case, how horrible would have been my fate! for it is

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more than probable, that, in my half senseless condition, I should have been suffocated, or burned to death. The fright produced by this incident, and a very narrow escape, in some degree sobered me; but what I felt more than anything else, was the exposure. Now, all would be known, and I feared my name would become, more than ever, a by-word and a reproach.

Will it be believed that I again sought refuge in rum? Yet so it was. Scarcely had I recovered from the fright, than I sent out, procured a pint of rum, and drank it all in less than an hour. And now came upon me many terrible sensations. Cramps attacked me in my limbs, which racked me with agony; and my temples throbbed as if they would burst. So ill was I, that I became seriously alarmed, and begged the people of the house to send for a physician. They did so; but I immediately repented having summoned him, and endeavored, but ineffectually, to get out of his way when he arrived. He saw at a glance what was the matter with me, ordered the persons about me to watch me carefully, and on no account to let me have any spirituous liquors. Everything stimulating was rigorously denied me; and then came on the drunkard's remorseless torturer,—delirium tremens, in all its terrors, attacked me. For three days, I endured more agony than pen could describe, even were it guided by the mind of Dante. Who can tell the horrors of that horrible malady, aggravated as it is by the almost ever-abiding consciousness that it is self-sought? Hideous faces appeared on the walls, and on the ceiling, and on the floors; foul things crept along the bedclothes, and glaring eyes peered into mine. I

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was at one time surrounded by millions of monstrous spiders, that crawled slowly over every limb, whilst the beaded drops of perspiration would start to my brow, and my limbs would shiver until the bed rattled again. Strange lights would dance before my eyes, and then suddenly the very blackness of darkness would appall me by its dense gloom. All at once, whilst gazing at a frightful creation of my distempered mind, I seemed struck with sudden blindness. I knew a candle was burning in the room, but I could not see it,—all was so pitchy dark. I lost the sense of feeling, too, for I endeavored to grasp my arm in one hand, but consciousness was gone. I put my hand to my side, my head, but felt nothing, and still I knew my limbs and frame *were* there. And then the scene would change: I was falling—falling swiftly as an arrow—far down into some terrible abyss; and so like reality was it, that as I fell, I could see the rocky sides of the horrible shaft, where mocking, jibing, mowing, fiend-like forms were perched; and I could feel the air rushing past me, making my hair stream out by the force of the unwholesome blast. Then the paroxysm sometimes ceased for a few moments, and I would sink back on my pallet, drenched with perspiration,—utterly exhausted, and feeling a dreadful certainty of the renewal of my torments.

By the mercy of God, I survived this awful seizure; and when I rose, a weak, broken-down man, and surveyed my ghastly features in a glass, I thought of my mother, and asked myself how I had obeyed the instructions I had received from her lips, and to what advantage I had turned the lessons she taught me. I remembered her countless prayers and tears,—thought

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of what I had been but a few short months before, and contrasted my situation with what it then was. Oh! how keen were my own rebukes; and, in the excitement of the moment, I resolved to lead a better life, and abstain from the accursed cup.

For about a month, terrified by what I had suffered, I adhered to my resolution; then my wife came home, and, in my joy at her return, I flung my good resolutions to the wind, and, foolishly fancying that I could now restrain my appetite, which had for a whole month remained in subjection, I took a glass of brandy. That glass aroused the slumbering demon, who would not be satisfied by so tiny a libation. Another and another succeeded, until I was again far advanced in the career of intemperance. The night of my wife's return, I went to bed intoxicated. I will not detain the reader by the particulars of my every-day life at this time;—they may easily be imagined from what has already been stated. My previous bitter experience, one would think, might have operated as a warning; but none save the inebriate can tell the almost resistless strength of the temptations which assail him. I did not, however, make quite so deep a plunge as before. My tools I had given into the hands of Mr. Gray, for whom I worked, receiving about five dollars a week. My wages were paid me every night, for I was not to be trusted with much money at a time, so certain was I to spend a great portion of it in drink. As it was, I regularly got rid of one-third of what I daily received, for rum.

I soon left Mr. Gray, under the following circumstances: There was an exhibition of the Battle of Bunker Hill to be opened in the town, and the man-

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ager, knowing that I had a good voice, and sung pretty well, thought my comic singing would constitute an attraction; so he engaged me to give songs every evening, and to assist in the general business of the diorama. In this occupation I continued about three weeks, or a month, and when the exhibition closed in Newburyport, by invitation, I remained with the proprietor, and proceeded with him to Lowell. As it was uncertain when I should return,—the manager wishing me to travel with him,—I sold off what few articles of furniture yet remained in my possession, and my wife arranged to stay, during my absence, with my sister. I staid in the town of Lowell for the space of three months, my habits of intemperance increasing, as might be expected; for in a wandering life my outbreaks were not so much noticed as when I was residing at home. As had been the case often before, rum claimed nearly all my attention, and consequently the business I was called upon to perform was entirely neglected, or carelessly attended to.

One part of my business was to turn the crank, in bringing on the troops; which were figures arranged in a frame, a dozen or more together, and placed on a band of leather, with cleets to hold them. This leather passed over rollers, and ran the whole length of the stage. One man placed them on the band, another at the other end took them off and sent them back to us, and they were presented again; so that with a very few figures we could parade quite an army. To turn this crank, required a steady hand, and I am afraid many of the soldiers marched by jerks. Then part of the business was to lie on my

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back during the bombardment of Charlestown, and while one man worked the figures at their guns, I was, at a signal, to apply a match to some powder I held on a piece of tin, for the flash, when another man struck the big drum, for the report. Often the report came. before the flash, and sometimes there was no flash at all. Occasionally I would lift my hand through the hole so high, that the audience saw the operation. Then there would be a laugh and a hiss. Oh! it was miserable work—half suffocated with the smoke, blackened with the powder, sometimes fingers burned, or hair and eyebrows singed, for a salary meager indeed, when I might have done so well. Have I not cause to hate the drink? Yes, I do hate it. And I pray God to give me an everlastingly increasing capacity to hate it.

On several occasions when I repaired to the place where the diorama was exhibited, I was in such a state that I could do nothing required of me, and severe were the rebukes I received in consequence, from my employer. These remarks incensed me highly, and only made me drink more, so that ere long my name and that of an incorrigible drunkard were synonymous. We next proceeded to Worcester, and there remained a fortnight. I experienced great difficulty in procuring the meager salary which was promised me, and many privations had I to endure in consequence; my stock of wearing apparel was scanty enough, and hardly fit to appear in the street. This was in the month of October, and, as the winter was drawing on fast, I miserably contemplated what my situation would be through the approaching severe season. Want and cold appeared before me in all

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their frightful realities, and I again resolved to abstain from the maddening influences which governed me with despotic rule.

I sent to my wife, requesting her to return, and transmitted her three dollars for her expenses to Worcester. I adhered in a great measure to my resolution not to become intoxicated, but on the day I expected her to return home, I met with an acquaintance, who asked me to stroll about with him, in order that he might see the town. We drank together, and our walk ended by my getting drunk, and forgetting the good resolution which I had made. I met my wife at the stage, and took her to the hotel. I then went to the performance, and managed to get through my work. Soon after this, I quitted the service of the proprietor of the diorama; and, putting as sober a face upon matters as I could, applied to Messrs. Hutchinson and Crosby, for employment. These gentlemen agreed to take me on trial, stating that, if they were satisfied with my work, they would engage me. My work was approved, and, once more installed in a good situation, I had a chance of pushing my fortune.

My wife now began to exhibit symptoms of declining health, and my prospects, as before, were none of the brightest. I managed to keep my situation, and fancied that my intemperate habits were known only to myself, as I carefully avoided any open or flagrant violation of propriety, — but drunkenness, more than any other vice, cannot long be hidden. It seems as if the very walls whispered it; and there is scarcely an action of the drinking man, which does not betray him. I did not, however, long remain

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cautious; for one morning, after having drank freely the evening before, I felt unable to work, and was compelled to remain at home during that day and the next. All my property, which could by any means be rendered available, I had disposed of, in order to procure money for purchasing drink, and the man in whose house I boarded, having watched my proceedings with a very vigilant eye, became, I suppose, fearful that I should not be able to pay for my board, and informed my employers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Crosby, that I was detained at home in consequence of what is called a drunken spree. I do not think the information was given from any motive of kindness towards myself, but believe it was a selfish motive which prompted the interference.

I felt wretched enough when I proceeded to the shop to resume my work. Mr. Hutchinson had a strong hatred of intemperance, and looked not very lightly on my transgression. As soon as he saw me, he sternly informed me that he did not want any men in his employ who were in the habit of being the worse for liquor; and threatened me with instant dismissal, should I ever again neglect my business for the bottle. I assured him that he should not again have occasion to complain of my inebriety, and I inwardly resolved to profit by the warning I had received. Having a sick wife, and being almost utterly destitute of means, reflection would force itself upon me. I was startled at the idea of her and myself coming to want, entirely in consequence of my evil habit, and I resolved again to attempt the work of reformation.

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CHAPTER VII.

My Wife's Ill Health—Her Death—Continued Dissipation—Methodist Meeting Interrupted—Sad Reflections—Fourth of July—Cold Water Army—Wretchedness of my Condition—Appeal to Young Men.

In order to render myself less liable to temptation, and to avoid the dissipated society which I was constantly falling into at the hotel where I lived, I left it, and engaged board at the house of a gentleman who happened to be the president of a temperance society. Here I attempted to restrain my appetite for drink, but the struggle was terrible: so mighty a power would not be conquered without contesting every inch of his dominion; and I, trusting to my own strength, assailed it with but a feeble weapon. I felt as if I *could* not do without the draughts which I had been so long accustomed to, and yet I was ashamed to display the weakness which prompted me to indulge in them. To procure liquor, I was compelled to resort to every kind of stratagem, and the services of my inventive faculties were in constant requisition. Many a time would I steal out, when no one noticed me, and proceed with a bottle in my pocket, to the farthest extremity of the town, where I would purchase a supply of rum, which I would take home with me. Occasionally I procured spirit at the apothecary's shop, alleging, as an excuse, that it was required in a case of sickness, and the pint I would generally

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divide into three portions, one of which I took in the morning, another at noon, and the remainder I disposed of in the evening. My habits were not naturally of a deceptive character, and I always felt degraded in my own esteem, whenever I had occasion to resort to the expedients I have mentioned,—but what will not a drunkard do, in order to procure the stimulus he so ardently desires? Have it I would, and get it I did; and I always seemed to desire it the more when the difficulty of procuring it was increased.

My wardrobe—as it had, indeed, nearly always been whilst I drank to excess—was now exceedingly shabby, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could manage to procure the necessaries of life. My wife became very ill. O! how miserable I was! Some of the women who were in attendance on my wife, told me to get two quarts of rum. I procured it; and as it was in the house, and I did not anticipate serious consequences, I could not withstand the strong temptation to drink. I did drink, and so freely that the usual effect was produced. How much I swallowed, I cannot tell; but the quantity, judging from the effects, must have been considerable.

Ten long weary days of suspense passed, at the end of which my wife and her infant both died. Then came the terribly oppressive feeling, that I was utterly alone in the world; and it seemed almost that I was forgotten of God, as well as abandoned by man. All the consciousness of my dreadful situation pressed heavily indeed upon me, and keenly as a sensitive mind could, did I feel the loss I had experienced. I drank now to dispel my gloom, or to drown it in the maddening cup; and soon was it whispered, from one

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to another, until the whole town became aware of it, that my wife and child were lying dead, and that I was drunk! But if ever I was cursed with the faculty of thought, in all its intensity, it was then. And this was the degraded condition of one who had been nursed on the lap of piety, and whose infant tongue had been taught to utter a prayer against being led into temptation. There, in the room where all who had loved me were lying in the unconscious slumber of death, was I, gazing, with a maudlin melancholy imprinted on my features, on the dead forms of those who were flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone. During the miserable hours of darkness, I would steal from my lonely bed to the place where my dead wife and child lay, and, in agony of soul, pass my shaking hand over their cold faces, and then return to my bed after a draught of rum, which I had obtained and hidden under the pillow of my wretched couch. At such times, all the events of the past would return with terrible distinctness to my recollection, and many a time did I wish to die,—for hope had well nigh deserted me, both with respect to this world and the next. I had apostatized from those pure principles which once I embraced, and was now—

> "A wandering, wretched, worn, and weary thing;
> Ashamed to ask, and yet I needed help."

I will not dwell on this painful portion of my career, but simply remark, that all the horrors which I believe man could bear, were endured by me at that dreary time. My frame was enervated, my reputation gone, all my prospects were blighted, and misery seemed to have poured out all her vials on my devoted head.

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The funeral of my wife and child being over, I knew not what course to pursue; for, wherever I went, I failed not to see the slow moving finger of scorn pointed at me. I writhed in agony under the sense of shame which it produced. Every one looked coldly at me, and but few hesitated to sneer at my despicable condition. What *had* I done to deserve all this torturing treatment? I was naturally of a kind and humane disposition, and would turn aside from an unwillingness to hurt a worm; frequently have I reasoned with boys who inflicted cruelty on dumb animals. I would have hugged the dog that licked my hand, and taken to my bosom even a reptile, if I thought it loved me. What *had* I done to make me so shunned and execrated by my kind? Conscience gave me back an answer,—I drank! and in those two words lay the whole secret of my miserable condition.

It was not to be expected that, while I persisted in my drinking habits, I should attend to my work. My employers perceived that I neglected their interests, as well as my own, and I was informed by them that they were no longer in need of my services. What was I to do? I had incurred some debts which I wished to discharge, and I expressed a desire to that effect. After some hesitation, I was re-engaged, on the understanding that I should receive not one farthing of money for my labors, lest it should be spent in liquor. My employers said they would purchase me tobacco, and obtain for me the articles I needed, as far as my earnings would go; and, under these stipulations, I went to work again. I kept, in a great degree, sober for a few days; but felt all the time indescribably

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miserable, from the consciousness that all confidence in me had been lost, and that I was a suspected man. This impression nettled me to the quick; and, ere long, I began to feel indignant at the control exercised over me. I thought that as I had battled the world single-handed for twelve years, and had experienced nothing (with one or two exceptions) but unkindness and misery, I had a right to do as I chose, without being watched wherever I went. My proud spirit would not brook this system of espionage, so I speedily made up my mind to do as I pleased. If I wanted drink, I considered I had a perfect right to gratify my inclinations, and drink I determined to have.

Have it I did, though secretly; and to my employers it was a matter of wonder how I managed to get drunk so often. My funds, as I said, were all expended, and I was driven by my ravenous appetite to a course, which at any other time, and under any other circumstances, I should have shrunk from in horror. I had in my possession some books which I once had valued, some of them presents; and I also retained a few articles, the once highly valued mementos of dear and departed friends. As I looked eagerly over these frail remnants of what I once possessed, my all-absorbing passion for drink exercised its tyrannizing power, and one by one, until none remained, every relic was disposed of, and the proceeds arising from the sale of them spent for rum. Could there be a more striking instance of the debasing influence which alcohol exerts? Why, at one time, I would almost as soon have parted with my life as with those precious remembrancers of—

"The loved, the lost, the distant, and the dead."

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Now, however, all finer feeling was nearly obliterated from the tablet of my affections, and if I felt any pang in parting with articles I once so prized, the glass was my universal panacea. At length nothing remained on which I could raise a single cent, and I found in the lowest depths of poverty "a lower still."

I have in several parts of this narrative, referred to my vocal talents and my ventriloquial acquirements. After every other resource had failed me, in my utmost need, I was compelled, as the only means of getting a little rum, to avail myself of these aids. Accordingly, my custom was to repair to the lowest grog-shops, and there I might usually be found night after night, telling facetious stories, singing comic songs, or turning books upside down and reading them whilst they were moving round, to the great delight and wonder of a set of loafers who supplied me with drink in return. The first effect of drink on me was exhilaration, and that was very quickly produced,—a single glass would mount at once to my brain, and the natural propensity I had to "make fun" was stimulated. When in this state of exhilaration, no absurdity would be too extravagant, and no extravagance too absurd to be committed. At such times, those who knew me expected some ridiculous freak, and in Worcester there were some who encouraged me, for their own amusement. I give an illustration of this, remembered by several now living in that city:—

It was at the period of the "Millerite" excitement, and meetings were held in a Methodist church, every evening in the week. One evening I went to this church with three or four companions. I had been

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drinking, but took a seat very quietly. It was a noisy meeting,—half a dozen praying together, with cries of "Glory," "Amen," "Hallelujah," "Bless the Lord," and like ejaculations,—and I made as much noise as the rest; for, when some one near me would say "Amen," I would shout, "Yes, brother, or sister," as it happened, "*Amen.*" During a pause in the prayer and exhortation, I saw a square wooden spittoon filled with sawdust, quids of tobacco, and refuse. A thought took possession of me, suggested by the Evil One, that it would be a good joke to pass that round as a contribution-box. I well remember how I felt impelled to do what I did. Taking the spittoon in my hand, as I rose from my seat, I shouted, "We will now proceed to take up a contribution for the purchase of ascension robes." I had so taken the audience by surprise, that I passed the box along in three or four pews, before any one attempted to stop me; but soon I saw one of the principal members of the church approach me, and, dropping the box into a man's lap, scattering the contents over him and on the floor, I ran off. A poor, paltry trick it was, but I deservedly suffered for it when brought before Justice Green in the morning. He fined me five dollars and costs for disturbing public worship. The fine was paid next day, and to this time I do not know, and have never been able to ascertain, who paid it.

Ah me! who could have recognized in the gibing mountebank, encircled by a laughing, drunken crowd, the son of religious parents,—one who had been devoted and affectionate not so very long before; one, too, who had felt and appreciated the pleasures which religion alone can bestow? At that time the thought

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of my former condition would flash across my mind when in the midst of riot and revelry; conviction would fasten its quivering arrow in my heart, making it bleed again,—although I was obliged to hide the wound. And through the mists of memory my mother's face would often appear, just as it was when I stood by her knee and listened to lessons of wisdom and goodness from her loving lips. I would see her mild, reproving face, and seem to hear her warning voice; and, surrounded by my riotous companions, at certain seasons reason would struggle for the throne whence she had been driven; and I would, whilst enjoying the loud plaudits of sots, "see a hand they could not see, which beckoned me away."

How apt the world is to judge of a man pursuing the course I did, as one destitute of all feeling,—with no ambition, no desire for better things! To speak of such a man's pride seems absurd; and yet, drink does not destroy pride, ambition, or high aspirations. The sting of his misery is, that he has ambition, but no expectation; desire for better things, but no hope; pride, but no energy; therefore, the possession of these very qualities is an additional burden to his load of agony. Could he utterly forget his manhood, and wallow with the beasts that perish, he would be comparatively happy. But his curse is, that he thinks. He is a man, and must think. He cannot always drown thought or memory. He may, and does, fly for false solace to the drink, and may stun his enemy in the evening; but it will rend him like a giant in the morning. A flower, a half-remembered tune, a child's laughter, will sometimes suffice to flood the victim with recollections that either madden him to

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excess, or send him crouching to his miserable room, to sit with face buried in his hands, while the hot, thin tears trickle over his swollen fingers.

My experience on the Fourth of July, 1842, will illustrate this fact. I was destitute of friends, and therefore determined that I would work at the shop that day. About eleven o'clock I heard the sound of music, the beating of drums, and the blast of instruments, and felt at first inclined to go out and see the procession, when some one came into the shop and said:—

"The cold water army looks finely; won't you go and look at them?"

Cold water army,—what had I to do with them? I said:—

"I suppose a parcel of old women and children are parading the street,"—and turned again to my work. But the music came nearer and nearer, and burst with a crash on my ear. Well, I thought, I will go and hear the music, at any rate. I pulled off my apron, put on my coat, and as I walked up the street, the procession was just turning down by the Central Hotel, and I stood, leaning against a post, looking on. I was well known on the street, and, in my reckless bravado, I determined that none should see me interested in such a "humbug;" so, with a sneer on my lip, I—the poor, the shabby, the degraded—stood contemptuously surveying the parade. What a company of children! How they shouted,—the boys hurrahing, and the girls waving their handkerchiefs, with their banners and mottoes! How happy and cheerful, how pure and beautiful! I watched them till the last boy turned the corner; but there I stood, even till the

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music almost died away in the distance,—the sneer on my lip yet, but the tears silently flowing down my cheeks. With a start and a heavy sigh, I turned away,—oh! so utterly miserable,—shut out by my own act from all participation in such pure delights. Lonely and desolate, I turned away. I had been thinking—involuntarily thinking—of the time when I was a happy, cheerful boy; of the Sunday-school celebration in which I was appointed to read a hymn, and "speak my piece;" of the mother so dearly loved, whose precepts I had forgotten; of the hopes that were so bright long ago. Yes: thinking till my heart was like to break; thinking till I grew almost wild; the convulsive working of my throat painfully testifying how I was stirred, as I slid down an obscure street, that I might not be seen, gained the shop, and worked and thought till I was almost mad. How I endured that day of agony I cannot tell. It seems to me now, that if one word of kindness had been spoken to me then,—one touch of a loving hand,—one look of sympathy from any human being had been given me,—I could have been led anywhere. But no man cared for my soul; and I continued on like an Arab of civilized society,—my hand against every man, because I believed every man's hand was against me.

The Sabbaths which, from my childhood, I had been taught to reverence, were now disregarded. Seldom did I enter God's house, where "prayer was wont to be made," as I had done during a portion of the time I resided in New York. The day of rest was no Sabbath to me; and my usual way of spending it was to stroll into the country, where I might be

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alone, with a bottle of intoxicating liquid in my possession. When this was empty, I would crawl back to the town, under cover of the darkness, and close the sacred hours in some obscure groggery, in the society of those who, like myself, disregarded the command of the Almighty to "keep holy the Sabbath day."

I boarded for a few weeks with Mrs. Congdon, who, with her family, bore with me very patiently, and, I believe, felt some interest for me. While there, Mr. H. W. Hawkins was engaged to speak at the town hall, and Mrs. Congdon entertained him. I heard it whispered that an effort would be made to bring us together; to prevent which, I absented myself from the house till very late, and so avoided him. In the morning, as I was proceeding to my work, a stage drove up to the door, and I waited to see who was the traveler, when Mr. Hawkins came out, and I saw him (I met a gentleman the other day who told me that he distinctly remembered Mr. Hawkins speaking to me on that occasion); and in reply to his inquiry whether I would sign the pledge, said, "Yes, if I can get $1000 a year and my expenses, as you do." This was miserable bravado; and yet, as I left him, I chuckled as if I had got the better of him.

Again the dreary winter was about to resume its rigorous reign, and, with horror, I anticipated its approach. My stock of clothing was failing fast. I had no flannels, or woolen socks, no extra coats, and no means of procuring those absolutely necessary preservatives against the severities of an American winter. I had no hope of ever becoming a respectable man again,—not the slightest,—for it appeared to me

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that every chance of restoration to decent society, and of reformation, were gone forever. I wished, and fully expected, soon to die. Hope had abandoned me here; and beyond the grave nothing appeared calculated to cheer my desponding spirit. Oh, what a deep and stinging sense I had of my own degraded position! for my feelings were keenly alive to the ridicule and contempt which never ceased to be heaped on me. Utterly wretched and abandoned, I have stood by the railway track with a vague wish to lie across it, drink myself into oblivion, and let the cars go over me! Once I stood by the rails, with a bottle of laudanum clattering against my lips, and had nearly been a suicide; but the mercy of God interposed, and I dashed the poison on the ground, and escaped the sin of self-murder. I was but a young man, yet steeped to the lips in poverty, degradation, and misery; with energies which, had they been rightly directed, might have enabled me to surmount difficulty and command respect.

I had long since ceased to correspond with my sister, and so careless had I become, that I never thought of communicating again with the only relative I had remaining. Frequently was I tempted to take my life; and yet, I clung instinctively to existence. Sleep was often a stranger to my eyelids, and many a night would I spend in the open air, sometimes in a miserable state of inebriation, and at other times in a half sober condition. All this time I often resolved that I would drink no more,—that I would break the chain which bound me; but I still continued in the same course, breaking every promise made to myself and others, and continuing an object of

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scorn and contempt. I felt that very few, if any, pitied me; and that any should love me, was entirely out of the question. Yet was I yearning intensely for sympathy; for, as I have before stated, my affections were naturally strong and deep; and often, as I lay in my solitary chamber, feeling how low I had sunk, and that no eye ever dropped a tear of pity over my state, or would grow dim if I were laid in the grave,—I have ardently wished that I might never see the morning light.

Fancy, reader, what my agony must have been, when, with the assurance that no drunkard could enter the kingdom of heaven, I was willing,—nay, anxious,—in order to escape the tortures to which I was subjected in this life, to risk the awful realities of the unseen world! My punishment here was greater than I could bear. I had made a whip of scorpions, which perpetually lashed me. My name was a by-word. No man seemed to care for my soul. I was joined, like Israel of old, unto idols, and it seemed as if the Lord had said respecting me: "Let him alone!"

Before I conclude this portion of my history, let me urge on every young man whose eye may glance over these pages, to learn from my miserable state a lesson of wisdom. Let him beware of the liquor that intoxicates. Poets may sing of the Circean cup,—praise in glowing terms the garlands which wreathe it; wit may lend its brilliant aid to celebrate it, and even learning may invest it with a charm;—but when the poet's song shall have died, and the garlands withered; when wit shall have ceased to sparkle, and the lore of ages be an unremembered thing,—

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the baneful effects of the intoxicating draught will be felt, and then will the words of wisdom be awfully verified in the miserable doom of the drunkard: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." "Who hath wo? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

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CHAPTER VIII.

My Miserable Condition—Memory and Effects of it Now—Joel Stratton—The Touch on my Shoulder—Our Walk—My Promise—Temperance Meeting in Town Hall, Worcester—First Speech in Public—Signing the Pledge—The Struggle—Jesse Goodrich—Terrible Sickness—Recovery.

HITHERTO my career had been one of almost unmitigated woe; for, with the exception of the days of my childhood, my whole life had been one perpetual struggle against poverty and misery in its worst forms. Thrown at a tender age upon the world, I was soon taught its hard lessons. Death had robbed me of my best earthly protector, and providence cast my lot in a land thousands of miles from the place of my birth. Temptation had assailed me, and, trusting to my own strength for support, I had fallen,—oh, how low! In the midst of thousands, I was lonely; and, abandoning hope, the only refuge which seemed open for me was the grave. A dark pall overhung that gloomy abode, which shut out every ray of hope; and, although death to me would have been a "leap in the dark," I was willing to peril my immortal soul, and blindly rush into the presence of my Maker. Like a stricken deer, I had no communion with my kind. Over every door of admission into the society of my fellow-men, the words, "No hope," seemed to be inscribed. Despair was my

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companion, and perpetual degradation appeared to be my allotted doom. I was intensely wretched, and this dreadful state of things was of my own bringing about. I had no one but myself to blame for the sufferings I endured; and, when I thought of what I might have been, these inflictions were awful beyond conception. Lower in the scale of mental and moral degradation I could not well sink. Despised by all, I despised and hated in my turn; and doggedly flung back to the world the contempt and scorn which it so profusely heaped on my head.

Such was my pitiable state at this period,—a state apparently beyond the hope of redemption. But a change was about to take place,—a circumstance which eventually turned the whole current of my life into a new and unhoped for channel.

Here let me pause: Reader, this has been a sad and awful revelation; my cheeks have burned with shame, as I have written; and I have been strongly tempted to tone down, or draw a veil over portions of this narrative, but I have told the truth, plain and unvarnished. As I look back to 1842,—twenty-seven years ago,—it seems almost a hideous dream; I can hardly realize my identity with the staggering, hopeless victim of the terrible vice of intemperance; but the scars remain to testify the reality; yes, scars and marks never to be eradicated; never to be removed in this life. Saved I may be so as by fire, yet the scar of fire is on me; the nails may be drawn, but the marks are there. Do I not bear about with me the remembrance of these days? yes, always. I never rise to speak, but I think of it; the more I mingle with the wise, the pure, the true,—the higher

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my aspirations,—the more intense is my disgust and abhorrence of the damning degradation of those seven years of my life from eighteen to twenty-five. I am intensely social in my nature, and enjoy the society of friends keenly; yet often in the midst of the pleasant social circle, the ghost of the past comes gliding before me, and words seem to be hissed in my ear: "What is your record?" I believe this to be one reason why I shrink from society; why I have so often refused kind invitations; why, though I love my personal friends as strongly and as truly as any man's friends are ever loved, I have so steadily withdrawn from social parties, dinners, or introductions. This is the penalty I must ever pay.

A man can never recover from the effects of such a seven years' experience, morally or physically. Lessons learned in such a school, are not forgotten; impressions made in such a furnace of sin are permanent; the nature so warped in such crooked ways, must retain in some degree the shape; lodgments are made by such horrible contacts and associations, that nothing but the mighty spirit of God can eradicate. Young men, I say to you, looking back at the fire where I lay scorching,—at the bed of torture, where the iron entered my soul,—yes, looking back at the past; standing, as I trust I do, under the arch of the bow, one base of which rests on the dark days, and the other I hope on the sunny slopes of paradise, —I say to you, in view of the awful evil spreading around you, beware! tamper not with the accursed thing,—and may God forbid that you should ever suffer as I have suffered, or be called to fight such a battle as I fought for body and soul.

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The month of October had nearly drawn to a close, and on its last Sunday evening I wandered out into the streets, pondering as well as I was able to do,—for I was somewhat intoxicated,—on my lone and friendless condition. My frame was much weakened by habitual indulgence in intoxicating liquors, and little fitted to bear the cold of winter, which had already begun to come on. But I had no means of protecting myself against the bitter blast, and, as I anticipated my coming misery, I staggered along, houseless, aimless, and all but hopeless.

Some one tapped me on the shoulder. An unusual thing that, to occur to me; for no one now cared to come in contact with the wretched, shabby looking drunkard. I was a disgrace,—"a living, walking disgrace." I could scarcely believe my own senses when I turned and met a kind look; the thing was so unusual, and so entirely unexpected, that I questioned the reality of it,—but so it was. It was the first touch of kindness which I had known for months; and, simple and trifling as the circumstance may appear to many, it went right to my heart, and, like the wing of an angel, troubled the waters in that stagnant pool of affection, and made them once more reflect a little of the light of human love. The person who touched my shoulder was an entire stranger. I looked at him, wondering what his business was with me. Regarding me very earnestly, and apparently with much interest, he said:—

"Mr. Gough, I believe?"

"That is my name," I replied, and was passing on.

"You have been drinking to-day," said the stranger, in a kind voice, which arrested my attention, and

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quite dispelled any anger at what I might otherwise have considered an officious interference in my affairs.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I have."

"Why do you not sign the pledge?" was the next query.

I considered for a minute or two, and then informed the strange friend, who had so unexpectedly interested himself in my behalf, that I had no hope of ever again becoming a sober man; that I was without a single friend in the world who cared for me, or what became of me; that I fully expected to die very soon,—I cared not how soon, or whether I died drunk or sober; and, in fact, that I was in a condition of utter recklessness.

The stranger regarded me with a benevolent look, took me by the arm, and asked me how I should like to be as I once was, respectable and esteemed, well clad, and sitting as I used to, in a place of worship; enabled to meet my friends as in old times, and receive from them the pleasant nod of recognition as formerly,—in fact, become a useful member of society? "Oh," I replied, "I should like all these things first rate; but I have no expectation that such a thing will ever happen. Such a change cannot be possible."

"Only sign our pledge," remarked my friend, "and I will warrant that it shall be so. Sign it, and I will introduce you myself to good friends, who will feel an interest in your welfare and take a pleasure in helping you to keep your good resolutions. Only, Mr. Gough, sign the pledge, and all will be as I have said; ay, and more too?"

Oh! how pleasantly fell these words of kindness and promise on my crushed and bruised heart. I had

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long been a stranger to feelings such as now awoke in my bosom. A chord had been touched which vibrated to the tone of love. Hope once more dawned; and I began to think, strange as it appeared, that such things as my friend promised me *might* come to pass. On the instant I resolved to try, at least, and said to the stranger:—

"Well, I will sign it."

"When?" he asked.

"I cannot do so to-night," I replied, "for I *must* have some more drink presently; but I certainly will to-morrow."

"We have a temperance meeting to-morrow evening," he said; "will you sign it then?"

"I will."

"That is right," said he, grasping my hand; "I will be there to see you?"

"You shall," I remarked, and we parted.

I went on my way much touched by the kind interest which, at last, some one had taken in my welfare. I said to myself: "If it should be the last act of my life, I will perform my promise and sign it, even though I die in the attempt; for that man has placed confidence in me, and on that account I love him."

I then proceeded to a low groggery in Lincoln Square hotel, and in the space of half an hour, drank several glasses of brandy; this, in addition to what I had taken before, made me very drunk, and I staggered home as well as I could.

Arrived there, I threw myself on the bed and lay in a state of insensibility until morning. The first thing which occurred to my mind on awaking, was the promise I had made on the evening before, to sign

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the pledge; and feeling, as I usually did on the morning succeeding a drunken bout, wretched and desolate, I was almost sorry that I had agreed to do so. My tongue was dry, my throat parched, my temples throbbed as if they would burst, and I had a horrible burning feeling in my stomach which almost maddened me, and I felt that I *must* have some bitters or I should die. So I yielded to my appetite, which would not be appeased, and repaired to the same hotel where I had squandered away so many shillings before; there I drank three or four times, until my nerves were a little strung, and then I went to work.

All that day, the coming event of the evening was continually before my mind's eye, and it seemed to me as if the appetite which had so long controlled me, exerted more power over me than ever. It grew stronger than I had at any time known it, now that I was about to rid myself of it. Until noon I struggled against its cravings, and then, unable to endure my misery any longer, I made some excuse for leaving the shop, and went nearly a mile from it in order to procure one more glass wherewith to appease the demon who so tortured me. The day wore wearily away, and when evening came, I determined, in spite of many a hesitation, to perform the promise I had made to the stranger the night before. The meeting was to be held at the lower town hall, Worcester; and thither, clad in an old brown surtout, closely buttoned up to my chin, that my ragged habiliments beneath might not be visible, I went. I took a place among the rest, and, when an opportunity of speaking offered itself, I requested permission to be heard, which was readily granted.

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When I stood up to relate my story, I was invited to the stand, to which I repaired; and, on turning to face the audience, I recognized my acquaintance who had asked me to sign, It was Mr. Joel Stratton. He greeted me with a smile of approbation, which nerved and strengthened me for my task, as I tremblingly observed every eye fixed upon me. I lifted my quivering hand, and then and there, told what rum had done for me. I related how I was once respectable and happy, and had a home; but that now I was a houseless, miserable, scathed, diseased, and blighted outcast from society. I said scarce a hope remained to me of ever becoming that which I once was; but, having promised to sign the pledge, I had determined not to break my word, and would now affix my name to it. In my palsied hand I with difficulty grasped the pen, and, in characters almost as crooked as those of old Stephen Hopkins on the Declaration of Independence, I signed the total abstinence pledge, and resolved to free myself from the inexorable tyrant,—rum.

Although still desponding and hopeless, I felt that I was relieved from a part of my heavy load. It was not because I deemed there was any supernatural power in the pledge which would prevent my ever again falling into such depths of woe as I had already become acquainted with, but the feeling of relief arose from the honest desire I entertained to keep a good resolution. I had exerted a moral power which had long remained lying by, perfectly useless. The very idea of what I had done, strengthened and encouraged me. Nor was this the only impulse given me to proceed in my new pathway; for many who wit-

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nessed my signing and heard my simple statement, came forward, kindly grasped my hand, and expressed their satisfaction at the step I had taken. A new and better day seemed already to have dawned upon me.

As I left the hall, agitated and enervated, I remember chuckling to myself, with great gratification, "I have done it,—I have done it!" There was a degree of pleasure in having put my foot on the head of the tyrant who had so long led me captive at his will; but, although I had "scotched the snake," I had not killed him; for every inch of his frame was full of venomous vitality, and I felt that all my caution was necessary to prevent his stinging me afresh.

I went home, retired to bed; but in vain did I try to sleep. I pondered upon the step I had taken, and passed a restless night. Knowing that I had voluntarily renounced drink, I endeavored to support my sufferings, and resist the incessant craving of my remorseless appetite as well as I could; but the struggle to overcome it was insupportably painful. When I got up in the morning, my brain seemed as though it would burst with the intensity of its agony; my throat appeared as if it were on fire; and in my stomach, I experienced a dreadful burning sensation, as if the fires of the pit had been kindled there. My hands trembled so, that to raise water to my feverish lips was almost impossible. I craved, literally gasped, for my accustomed stimulus, and felt that I should die if I did not have it; but I persevered in my resolve, and withstood the temptations which assailed me on every hand.

Still, during all this frightful time, I experienced a feeling somewhat akin to satisfaction, at the position

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I had taken. I had made at least one step towards reformation. I began to think that it was barely possible I might see better days, and once more hold up my head in society. Such feelings as these would alternate with gloomy forebodings and "thick coming fancies" of approaching ill. At one time hope, and at another fear, would predominate; but the raging, dreadful, continued thirst was always present, to torture and tempt me.

After breakfast, I proceeded to the shop where I was employed, feeling dreadfully ill. I determined, however, to put a bold face on the matter, and, in spite of the cloud which seemed to hang over me, attempt work. I was exceedingly weak, and fancied, as I almost reeled about the shop, that every eye was fixed upon me suspiciously, although I exerted myself to the utmost to conceal my agitation. I was suffering; and those who have never thus suffered cannot comprehend it. The shivering of the spine; then, flushes of heat, causing every pore of the body to sting, as if punctured with some sharp instrument; the horrible whisperings in the ear, combined with a longing cry of the whole system for stimulants:—"One glass of brandy would steady my shaking nerves; I cannot hold my hand still; I cannot stand still; a young man but twenty-five years of age, and I have no control of my nerves; one glass of brandy would relieve this gnawing, aching, throbbing stomach; but I have signed the pledge,—'I do agree that I will not use it,'—and I must fight it out." How I got through the day I cannot tell. I went to my employer and said:—

"I signed the pledge last night."

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"I know you did."

"I mean to keep it."

"So they all say, and I hope *you* will."

"You do not believe I will; you have no confidence in me."

"None whatever."

I turned to my work broken-hearted; crushed in spirit, paralyzed in energy, feeling how low I had sunk in the esteem of prudent and sober-minded men. Suddenly the small iron bar I held in my hand began to move; I felt it move, I griped it,—still it moved and twisted; I griped still harder,—yet the thing would move till I could feel it—yes, *feel* it—tearing the palm out of my hand, then I dropped it,—and there it lay, a curling, slimy snake! I could hear the paper shavings rustle as the horrible thing writhed before me! If it *had been* a snake, I should not have minded it. I was never afraid of a snake; I should have called some one to look at it; I could have killed it. I should not have been terrified at a *thing;* but I knew it was a cold, dead bar of iron, and there it was, with its green eyes, its forked, darting tongue, curling in all its slimy loathsomeness! and the horror filled me so that my hair seemed to stand up and shiver, and my skin lift from the scalp to the ancles, and I groaned out, "I cannot fight this through! Oh! my God, I shall die! I cannot fight it!"—when a gentleman came into the shop with a cheerful—

"Good morning, Mr. Gough."

"Good morning, sir."

"I saw you sign the pledge last night."

"Yes, sir, I did it."

"I was very glad to see you do it, and many young

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men followed your example. It is just such men as you that we want, and I hope you will be the means of doing a great deal of good. My office is in the Exchange; come in and see me. I shall be happy to make your acquaintance. I have only a minute or two to spare, but I thought I would just call in and tell you to keep up a brave heart. Good-bye; God bless you. Come in and see me."

That was Jesse Goodrich, then a practicing attorney and counselor at law, in Worcester, now dead,—but to the last of his life my true and faithful friend. It would be impossible to describe how this little act of kindness cheered me. With the exception of Joel Stratton, who was a waiter at a temperance hotel, and who had asked me to sign the pledge, no one had accosted me for months in a manner which would lead me to think any one cared for me, or what might be my fate. Now I was not altogether alone in the world; there was a hope of my being rescued from the "slough of despond," where I had been so long floundering. I felt that the fountain of human kindness was not utterly sealed up, and again a green spot, an oasis—small indeed, but cheering—appeared in the desert of life. I had something now to live for; a new desire for life seemed suddenly to spring up; the universal boundary of human sympathy included even my wretched self in its cheering circle. All these sensations were generated by a few kind words at the right time. Yes, now I can fight,—and I did fight, six days and six nights,—encouraged and helped by a few words of sympathy: "He said, come in and see me; I will. He said he would be pleased to make my acquaintance; he shall. He said, keep up a brave heart; by

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God's help, I will." And so encouraged, I fought on, with not one hour of healthy sleep, not one particle of food passing my lips, for six days and nights. What a lesson of love should not this teach us! How know we but some trifling sacrifice, some little act of kindness, some, it may be, unconsidered word, may heal a bruised heart, or cheer a drooping spirit. Never shall I forget the exquisite delight which I felt when first asked to call and see Mr. Goodrich; and how did I love him from my very heart, for the pleasure he afforded me in the knowledge that *some one* on the broad face of the earth cared for me,—for me, who had given myself up as a castaway; who, two days before, had been friendless in the widest signification of the word, and willing—nay, wishing—to die. Any man who has suddenly broken off a habit, such as mine was, may imagine what my sufferings were during the week which followed my abandoning the use of alcohol.

On the evening of the day following that on which I signed the pledge, I went straight home from my work-shop, with a dreadful feeling of some impend ing calamity haunting me. In spite of the encour agement I had received, the presentiment of coming evil was so strong, that it bowed me almost to the dust with apprehension. The slakeless thirst still clung to me; and water, instead of allaying it, seemed only to increase its intensity.

I was fated to encounter one struggle more with my enemy before I became free. Fearful was that struggle. God in his mercy forbid that any young man should endure but a tenth part of the torture which racked my frame, and agonized my

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heart. As in the former attack, horrible faces glared upon me from the walls,—faces ever changing, and displaying new and still more horrible features; black, bloated insects crawled over my face; and myriads of burning, concentric rings were revolving incessantly. At one moment the chamber appeared as red as blood, and in a twinkling it was dark as the charnel-house. I seemed to have a knife with hundreds of blades in my hand, every blade driven through the flesh, and all so inextricably bent and tangled together that I could not withdraw them for some time; and when I did, from my lacerated fingers the bloody fibers would stretch out all quivering with life. After a frightful paroxysm of this kind, I would start like a maniac from my bed, and beg for life, life! What I of late thought so worthless, seemed now to be of unappreciable value. I dreaded to die, and clung to existence with a feeling that my soul's salvation depended on a little more of life. A great portion of this time I spent alone; no mother's hand was near to wipe the big drops of perspiration from my brow; no kind voice cheered me in my solitude. Alone I encountered all the host of demoniac forms which crowded my chamber. No one witnessed my agonies, or counted my woes, and yet I recovered; *how*, still remains a mystery to myself; and still more mysterious was the fact of my concealing my sufferings from every mortal eye.

In about a week, I gained, in a great degree, the mastery over my accursed appetite; but the strife had made me dreadfully weak. Gradually my health improved, my spirits recovered, and I ceased to despair. Once more was I enabled to crawl into the

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sunshine; but, oh, how changed! Wan cheeks and hollow eyes, feeble limbs and almost powerless hands, plainly enough indicated that between me and death there had indeed been but a step; and those who saw me, might say as was said of Dante, when he passed through the streets of Florence: "There's the man that has been in hell."

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CHAPTER IX.

My Changed Condition—Weekly Speeches—My Old Overcoat—First Speech in a Pulpit—My New Suit—First Remuneration—Invitations—Extracts from Papers—New Year's Celebration at Barre—Permission to Leave Work for Two Weeks—My Apron and the Bibles.

A GREAT change now took place in my condition for the better, and it appeared likely enough that the anticipations of my friend, Mr. Stratton, who induced me to sign the pledge, as to my becoming once more a respectable man, were about to be realized. For a long period of late, I had ceased to take any care with respect to my personal appearance (for the intemperate man is seldom neat), but I now began to feel a little more pride on this head, and endeavored to make my scanty wardrobe appear to the best advantage. I also applied myself more diligently to business, and became enabled to purchase a few articles which I had long needed; and so I began to assume a more respectable appearance.

I now regularly attended the temperance meetings, held at this time in the town hall every Monday evening. On my first attendance, the president of the meeting, Mr. Edwin Eaton, saw me and said: "The young man who signed the temperance pledge last Monday night is in the hall; we shall be glad to know how he feels to-night, and how he is getting on."

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I immediately arose and said: "I am getting on very well, and feel a good deal better than I did a week ago."

That was my second temperance speech; the first was when I signed the pledge. At every weekly meeting I was invited to speak, and I began to enlarge on the experience of the intemperate. Some persons, hearing these little speeches of mine, invited me to visit the neighboring towns and deliver addresses; but the state of my wardrobe, and my desire to work at my trade till I could procure the clothes I needed, prevented me. But one afternoon, not long after I joined the society, a gentleman invited me to speak on temperance in the school-house on Burncoat Plain. That evening I shall never forget. I had not been able, through scarcity of funds, to procure fitting habiliments in which to appear before a respectable audience, and so I was compelled to wear an old overcoat, which the state of my under-clothing obliged me to button closely up to my chin. The place assigned to me was very near a large and well-heated stove. As I spoke I grew warm, and after using a little exertion, the heat became so insufferable, that I was drenched in perspiration. My situation was ludicrous in the extreme. I could not, in consequence of the crowd, retreat from the tremendous fire, and unbuttoning my coat was out of the question altogether. What with the warmth imparted by my subject, and that which proceeded from the stove, I was fairly between two fires. When I had finished my speech, I was all but "done" myself, for my body contained a greater quantity of caloric than it had ever possessed before. I question whether

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Monsieur Chabert, the fire-king, was ever subjected to a more "fiery trial."

Not long after this, it began to be whispered about that I had some talents for public speaking; and my career as an intemperate man having been notorious, a little curiosity concerning my addresses was excited. I was invited to visit Milbury, and deliver an address there. I went in company with Dr. Hunting of Worcester; Mr. Van Wagner, known as the Poughkeepsie Blacksmith, was also to speak. I spoke for the first time from a pulpit, and my address, which occupied but from fifteen to twenty minutes, was listened to very attentively. How queerly I felt in that pulpit, the faces all turned toward me. The strangeness of my position made me very nervous; my mouth was dry, my knees very weak; but I got on, for I had a simple story to tell. At this time nothing was farther from my intention than becoming a public speaker; in my wildest flights I never dreamed of this. I can sincerely say, that I was urged to give these early addresses solely by a hope that good through my instrumentality might be done to the temperance cause, to which I owed my redemption.

The Washingtonian movement, as it was then called, was becoming very popular, and meetings were held constantly in school-houses and churches, halls and vestry-rooms, all over the country; meetings for experience, where perhaps three or four would occupy the time; to many of these meetings I was invited.

Prior to delivering this address at Milbury, I had purchased a new suit of clothes, the first which I had been able to get for a long period. They came home

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on the day fixed for my speaking. Now, I had been so long accustomed to my old garments that they had become, as it were, a part and parcel of myself, and seemed to belong to me and feel as natural as my skin did. My new suit was very fashionably cut, and as I put on the articles, one by one, I felt more awkwardness than, I verily believe, I ever exhibited on any similar occasion in the course of my life. The pantaloons were strapped down over feet which had long been used to freedom, and I feared to walk in my usual manner, lest they should *go* at the knee. The vest certainly set off my waist to the best advantage; but it did not seem on a first acquaintance half so comfortable as my ancient friend, although the latter had long been threadbare and *minus* a few buttons. And then, the smartly cut coat was so neatly and closely fitted to the arms and the shoulders and the back, that when it was on, I felt in a fix as well as a fit. I was fearful of anything but a mincing motion, and my arms had a cataleptic appearance. Every step I took was a matter of anxiety, lest an unlucky rip should derange my smartness. How I tried the pockets, over and over again, and stared at myself in the glass. Verily I felt more awkward for some time, in my new suit, than I did while roasting before the fire in my old one. I spoke a second time in Milbury, and afterwards in West Boylston, where I occupied the whole evening, and received the first remuneration for my work; a collection was taken up, and two dollars were handed me by the committee. I shall never forget my feelings, as I held the cents and four-penny bits in my hand. I returned home very exultant. Invitations now began to pour

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in on me from other quarters, and I had been asked several times to go to the same old school-house on Burncoat Plain, where I had before spoken; afterward to Upton and Sterling, where I spent some days, kindly entertained by Dr. Kendall, and where I stated in my autobiography I occupied the whole evening for the first time; that was a mistake, as it was at West Boylston.

The following notice appeared in the "Worcester Waterfall" of December 31, 1842:—

J. B. GOUGH.

We understand that this talented and worthy young mechanic is about to commence the business of lecturer on temperance. We wish him success; and we have no doubt that he will be eminently successful in his labors. He possesses, we believe, most of the elements of a popular speaker. He expresses his views in plain and intelligent language, without effort; and what he says comes warm from the heart. With good powers of mind, and a lively fancy, added to wit and humor, he cannot fail to please and amuse with his bright and glowing pictures of things as they exist; while he instructs the mind with sound views and principles, and warms up the heart with kind and generous feelings and sentiments.

☞ We learn that Mr. J. B. Gough of this place will lecture in the following places: Tuesday evening, at Leicester; Wednesday evening, at Upton; and on Thursday evening of next week, at Grafton.

Mr. Gough is authorized to receive subscriptions, and give receipts, for the "Waterfall," and we hope that the friends of temperance will improve this opportunity.

Ginery Twichell, Esq., was desirous that I should go with him to Barre, where a New Year's Day Celebration, or Temperance Jubilee, consisting of singing and addresses, was to be held. I attended this anniversary with him, and formed a friendship which has lasted till now, through good and evil, storm and shine. I returned to Worcester, and, finding that my applica-

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tions for lectures were increasing fast, I applied to my employers for leave of absence for a week or two. I did not wish to give up a certainty for an uncertainty, and was very anxious to retain my situation in the bindery; but was also desirous of speaking for temperance, and visited Grafton, Webster, Milbury, Berlin, Bolton, and other places in Worcester County, the names of which it is not necessary to record. As my audiences gradually increased, I acquired more confidence in speaking; I asked permission to leave my work for two weeks, on condition that I might return to the bindery at the expiration of that period. I was binding polyglot Bibles at the time, and had fifty of them cut on the ends, ready for turning up; I was told I might go, so I carefully wrapped my apron around the Bibles, and left them on the bench, went away, and never saw books or apron afterwards.

I spoke in Northboro in company with N. P. Banks, who occupied nearly an hour, when I followed him. He was then living in Waltham; he soon became interested in politics, and his career is well known to the American people, as Governor of Massachusetts, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and General.

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CHAPTER X.

Violation of the Pledge—Reformed Drunkard's Prayer—Constant Work—Ill Health—Boston—Old Companions—Bitter Reflections—Return to Worcester—Re-signing the Pledge—Extracts from Journals—Kindness of Friends—Drunkenness a Disease—Moderate Drinking—Constitution and Temperament—Instance of a Printer—A Lawyer—Another—Reasons for Giving Them—Picture of Blindfold Child.

I MUST now refer to a circumstance which occurred about five months after I signed the pledge, and which caused infinite pain to myself, and uneasiness to the friends of the cause. I allude to a fact, notorious at the time,—my violation of the pledge. This narrative purports to be a veritable record of my history, and God forbid that I should conceal or misstate any material circumstance connected with it. If the former portion of this autobiography be calculated to operate as a warning against the use of alcoholic liquors, the event which I am now about to record, may not be without its use, in convincing many who have flung away the maddening draught, they need a strength, not their own, to enable them to adhere to the vows they make. Well and wisely has it been said, by the inspired penman, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" for unassisted human strength is utterly unable to afford adequate support in the hour of weakness or temptation. We are only so far safe, when we depend on a

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mightier arm than our own for support; our very strength lies in our sense of weakness; and this was to be demonstrated in my experience.

I had known all the misery which intoxication produces, and, remembering it, could fervently offer up a prayer such as the following, which, although first breathed by other lips than mine, aptly expressed my feelings:—

"Almighty God, if it be thy will that man should suffer, whatever seemeth good in thy sight impose upon me. Let the bread of affliction be given me to eat. Take from me the friends of my confidence. Let the cold hut of poverty be my dwelling-place, and the wasting hand of disease inflict its painful torments. Let me sow in the whirlwind, and reap in the storm. Let those have me in derision who are younger than I. Let the passing away of my welfare be like the fleeting of a cloud, and the shouts of my enemies like the rushing of waters. When I anticipate good, let evil annoy me. When I look for light, let darkness come upon me. Let the terrors of death be ever before me. Do all this, but save me, merciful God, save me from the fate of a drunkard. Amen."

I loved the temperance pledge. No one *could* value it more than I; for, standing as I did, a redeemed man, enabled to hold up my head in society, I owed everything to it. Painful as I said this event of my life was in the act, and humiliating in the contemplation, I proceed to state every particular respecting it.

I was at this time delivering addresses in the towns of Charlton and Dudley, Worcester County. Laboring so indefatigably, and indeed, unceasingly, almost immediately after suddenly breaking off the use of a stimulus to which I had been accustomed for years, I became very weak in health; and, being of an extremely nervous temperament, I suffered much more than I otherwise should have done. I had an almost constant distress in my stomach, and gradually be-

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came so excited and nervously irritable, that I entirely lost my appetite, and could neither eat nor sleep. The physician at Dudley gave me tincture of Tolu, in which was ether, which affected me very strangely. The engagements that I had made at Charlton, came to a termination on Fast Day, and in order to prepare for an address the next evening, at Sutton (that town being the next on my list of appointments, numbering now more than thirty in succession), I returned to Worcester. While there, and on my way there from Charlton, I felt sensations to which I had before been a stranger. It was a most distressing feeling, but one impossible to define.

It will be remembered that, in a former page, I have given an account of an accident which I received when a boy, my head having been wounded by a spade. In the neighborhood of this old injury, I experienced considerable pain, and could not refrain from continually pressing my hands on the top of my head, to relieve the intense throbbing. A restlessness, too, accompanied these symptoms, for which I could not account, and which I could not by any effort subdue. It was noticed, with some uneasiness by my friends, that I acted and talked very strangely; but I was not at all conscious that in my appearance there was anything to excite or attract more than ordinary attention.

I boarded with Mrs. Chamberlain, as good, kind, and considerate a woman as I ever knew. She observed my illness, and strongly urged me to remain at home and go to bed. But I was in so nervous a state, that to remain still for five minutes together, was a thing utterly impossible. I could neither sit

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in one position long, or remain standing; and this restless feeling was far more distressing to myself, than can be imagined by those who have not suffered in a similar way. It appeared to me that I must be going *somewhere*, I knew not and cared not whither; but there was a certain impulsive feeling which I could not restrain, any more than an automaton can remain motionless when its machinery is wound up. I left Mrs. Chamberlain's house, much against her wish, saying I should return shortly, and intending to do so; but when I had wandered about for a little time, I heard the fifteen minute bell at the depot announce that the train was about to start for Boston, and, almost without thinking what I was about to do, I proceeded to the station, entered the cars, and, with no earthly aim or object, set out for Boston; all I felt was an irresistible inclination to move on, I cared not where. Several gentlemen in whose company I fell, noticed the extreme strangeness of my deportment and conversation, while in the cars.

On arriving at Boston, I strolled for some time about the streets, uncertain how to employ or amuse myself. Evening drew on, and it occurred to me that I might dissipate my melancholy and quiet myself down, by going to the theater; I resolved to pursue this course, and accordingly entered the playhouse. I had not been there long before I fell in with some old companions, with whom I had been intimate many years before. We talked together of old times; and at last, observing my manner, and noticing that I talked strangely and incoherently, they inquired what ailed me. I told them that I felt as if I wanted to move on, that move on I must, but cared

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not whither,—in fact, that I was very ill. After being pressed to accompany them and take some oysters, I consented, and we all repaired to an oyster room. It was during the time of taking this refreshment, that a glass of wine or brandy was offered me. Without thought, I drank it off. And then, suddenly, the terrible thought flashed across my mind, that I had violated my pledge. The horror I felt at the moment, it would be impossible for me to describe. Ruin, inevitable ruin, stared me in the face. By one rash and inconsiderate act, I had undone the work of months, betrayed the confidence reposed in me by friends, and blasted every hope for the future. To say that I felt miserable, would only give a faint idea of my state. For five months I had battled with my enemy, and defied him when he appeared armed with all his terrors; but now, when I fondly fancied him a conquered foe, and had sung in the broad face of day my pæans of victory to hundreds and thousands of listeners, he had craftily wrought my downfall. I was like some bark,

> "Which stood the storm when winds were rough,
> But in a sunny hour, fell off;
> Like ships that have gone down at sea
> When heaven was all tranquility."

My accursed appetite, too, which I deemed eradicated, I found had only slept; the single glass I had taken, roused my powerful and now successful enemy. I argued with myself that as I *had* made one false step, matters could not be made worse by taking another. So, yielding to temptation, I swallowed three or four more potations, and slept that night at the hotel.

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With the morning, reflection came; and fearful, indeed, appeared to me my situation. Without drinking again, I started in the cars for Newburyport, painfully feeling but not exhibiting any signs of having indulged in the intemperate cup on the previous evening.

At Newburyport an unlooked-for trial awaited me, —I was invited to speak for the temperance society there. I felt that I had no claim *now* to be heard, although I bitterly repented my retrograde movement; but at length I consented to speak, and did so, both on the Sunday and the following Monday. To Worcester I dreaded returning, so agonized was I in mind. It was there I came forward as a redeemed drunkard; had there often solemnly vowed that the intoxicating cup should never press my lips again; had there been received by the kind and the good with open arms, and encouraged to proceed. But, alas! how had I fallen! and with what countenance could I meet those to whose respect and sympathy I felt I had now no longer claim? I returned, in consequence of entertaining such sentiments as these, to Boston, there intending to remain until I should decide as to what my future course should be. I became faint, hungry, and sick; and my heart remained "ill at ease." Again I drank, although not to excess, and at length resolved, at all hazards, to return to Worcester; which place I reached on Saturday, where, as might be expected from my conduct previous to leaving, my friends were very much alarmed at my absence.

On my arrival home, I immediately sent for my friend, Mr. Jesse W. Goodrich; the same gentleman, it will be remembered, who kindly invited me to call on

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him the day after I signed the pledge. I also sent for Dr. Hunting, who had greatly interested himself in my welfare. When these gentlemen came to see me, I at once made them acquainted with what had transpired in Boston, and my violation of the pledge, and then expressed to them my determination to leave the town, county, and state, never more to return to it. I then re-signed the pledge, and commenced packing up my books and clothes, with the full intention of leaving Worcester the following Monday. I took my little account-book containing the list of my appointments, with letters, and, with the exception of a few scraps of newspapers, burned all that was connected with my public work, fully determined to speak no more.

My friends, who did not desert me, even in these dark hours of my existence, again rallied round me, and persuaded me to remain, in order to attend the temperance meeting on the Monday I had fixed as the day of my departure. My candid statement had, in a measure, revived their confidence in me. In accordance with their desire, I did remain, and went, at the time mentioned, to the upper town hall, where a very large audience was assembled, and appeared to feel a great interest in the proceedings. I was almost broken-hearted, and felt as if I were insane; but I humbly trust that I sincerely repented of the false step I had taken, and, cheered by the considerate kindness of my friends, I determined, God helping me, to be more than ever an uncompromising foe to alcohol.

As this portion of my history is of some importance, I shall, instead of entering into any detailed

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description of the meeting I have just spoken of, myself, quote in this place the report of the proceedings which appeared at the time in the public journals.

The following article appeared in the "Cataract and Washingtonian":—

Mr. John B. Gough, as soon as he was known to be in the hall, was called for in all directions, and received in a manner which showed the true spirit of Washingtonian sympathy, kindness, and charity to be still predominant in the bosom of this great Washingtonian fraternity. Feeble in health, and with an utterance half choked by the intensity of his feelings, he briefly alluded to, and promptly acknowledged, his late misfortune, saying that he *had*, within a few days past, deemed himself a crushed and ruined man; but that the enemies of the great cause he had attempted to advocate need not rejoice,—that he had rallied, had re-signed the pledge, and then felt, and should prove himself, a more uncompromising foe to alcohol than he had ever been before; and, after invoking, in tones that came *from*, and went *to*, the heart, the blessing of heaven upon his friends, the society, and the cause, attended by his physician and some friends, he retired from the hall, subdued even to tears by the trying ordeal through which he had been passing.

The following is extracted from a more extended report in the same journal:—

The Washingtonian Society of Westborough met at the town hall on Thursday evening, April 20, 1843. The hall was full to overflowing. The meeting was called to order by the President of the Society, and opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Harvey; after which the President introduced Mr. J. B. Gough, the well-known, eloquent, and successful advocate of temperance; who, in a very feeling and appropriate manner, stated that, within a short time he had broken his pledge, but he had signed it again, again risen up to combat King Alcohol, and that he appeared before them the uncompromising foe to alcohol in all its forms, willing to devote all the energies of his body and mind to the noble cause of temperance; and, with all humility, threw himself upon the kindness of his friends, stating it was for them to say whether or not he should proceed, and have their kindness and support; when the following resolutions were offered, and unanimously adopted, almost by acclamation:—

Resolved, That as intemperance is the cause of most of the misery

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and suffering that affect our fellow-men, drying up and poisoning the streams of domestic happiness, it is, therefore, our imperative duty to exert our united efforts against the monster, and stand shoulder to shoulder until the evil is banished from the land.

Resolved, That we highly appreciate the former services of Mr. J. B. Gough as a Washingtonian lecturer; and, notwithstanding the unhappy circumstances which have lately occurred, we do most cordially greet him in the Washingtonian spirit of kindness and sympathy, and most cheerfully do we give him our countenance and support in the glorious cause of temperance.

Mr. Gough again rose, evidently much embarrassed, and was received by the audience with *decided* marks of approbation. He stated, that to be thus received was more than he felt able to bear. Scorn and contumely he should be enabled to endure; but to kindness he had not always been accustomed, and he was completely unmanned. Recovering his self-possession, he went on, and most eloquently warned all, particularly the young men who had become Washingtonians, *to abandon their old associates*, and not place themselves *in the way of temptation*. He portrayed, in most glowing colors, the criminality of those who endeavor, whatever may be their motive, to induce any one to violate his pledge, leaving them to their own consciences and their God.

After holding the undivided attention of his audience for near an hour, he concluded with a most powerful appeal to all to come out and sign the pledge; hoping that no one would offer, as an excuse, that the speaker had violated his; but come out, and, each and all, give their support to a cause which is worthy of the best effort of our powers.

Similar resolutions were passed at Sutton.

Never shall I forget the kindness shown me at this time by my friends. It would be impossible for me to enumerate here all from whom I received the most considerate attentions,—but they are not forgotten by me, and never will be.

Although freely and fully forgiven by that society, I still felt keenly on the subject of my lapse; but my intention of leaving the town was not carried into effect; as my friends one and all urging me to remain, I felt it my duty to accede to their wishes. I

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was waited upon in Worcester by Mr. Ellsworth Childs of Westborough, with a request from the good friends of that place that I should visit them; and I felt it to be a duty to go to the different towns where I had made engagements, and to which I had been re-invited, fully and frankly to confess the circumstances which led me to break my appointments, and solicit their forgiveness,—which was willingly accorded in every case.

I trust that I now had a full sense of my own insufficiency to keep myself from sinking. Hitherto I had relied too implicitly on my own strength for support, and my utter weakness had been painfully exemplified in my violation of a sacred promise. It was a humiliating blow, but it taught me that I derived my strength from on high, and that when He withdrew it, I was utterly powerless to think of myself any good thing. Whatever my future situation in life may be, I hope ever to possess a strong sense of my utter weakness, and cherish a humble dependence on Him who is able to keep me from falling, and render my labors honorable und useful.

This account of my violation of the pledge will, I doubt not, be entirely new to many of my readers, although in my own neighborhood the fact was notorious enough at the time.

It is my earnest wish to send forth this narrative to the world in as complete and perfect a manner as practicable; omitting nothing, nor adding to anything, so that it may be as faithful a record of my life as can be presented. I have not shrunk from depicting the dark days of my life, because I wish to warn my fellow-men against the wine cup, and to strip the false

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and fading flowers from the manacles which amuse the inebriate while they cripple his energies; and in referring, as I shall have occasion to do in the remaining pages, to the time since the dark pall was lifted,—I trust, forever,—and hope's brilliant star shed on me its luster, I believe I shall not be deemed egotistical. Than this, nothing can be more foreign to my views and sentiments. My readers must take the picture as it is, remembering that I have not adopted the style of any academy or school, but endeavored to present to the mind's eye a graphic delineation of what may be often met with in our daily paths,—a painting of human nature from *the life*.

I desire to offer no apology,—neither to excuse or palliate the fault of violating my pledge at that time; but would say a word or two in behalf of those who unfortunately fail in their promise to abstain. Drunkenness is a mysterious disease, and the power of appetite on a nervous, susceptible organization is almost absolute, and there is no remedy but *total abstinence,*—*total* and *entire*. You cannot make a moderate drinker of a drunkard. If he takes one glass, it is like fire to powder; the appetite may lie dormant for years, but it is there, in nine cases out of ten, like the smouldering fires of a volcano, to be roused by one dram into fury,—to drench body and soul in the burning lava of drunkenness.

Many say: "I have no patience with a man who cannot drink in moderation; why cannot a man drink one glass, and then *stop?* surely he can if he will, and if he will not, then I condemn him without sympathy." Before you judge, you should know all the circumstances, or it is unjust judgment. *You* can

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drink moderately; he cannot,—and you despise him. Men are differently constituted. Many men, many temperaments. Let me give a personal illustration: I never could endure the sight of blood, or even to hear of it. On one occasion, in Mount Vernon Church, Dr. Kirk preached from the text, "For the life is in the blood;" and as he described the elements of blood, I became so faint and sick that it was with great difficulty I could remain in my seat. On another occasion, in Glasgow, I went to hear a physiologist discourse of the effects of alcohol on the human system, with diagrams. When I took my seat, and faced what looked to me more like a butcher's shop than anything human, I felt faint and sick, and before the lecture had proceeded far, was obliged to leave the hall. (This circumstance was sometime after adduced as evidence that I was drunk.)

Now other persons are not thus affected. Some men actually enjoy taking ether, or laughing-gas. I think I would endure almost any agony, rather than inhale ether. I once took it under the direction of Dr. Morton of Boston; the sensation to me was as if my soul was being forcibly driven out of my body, and was clinging and struggling to retain possession; the experience was awful, and I did not recover in four weeks from the effect of the administration of ether. So with drink, on some temperaments; one glass will mount to the brain instantly, weakening the power of will, affecting the self-control, stimulating the perception, while it destroys its accuracy, and the man is not the same. That one glass has caused partial insanity; and his judgment being perverted,—slightly, it may be, but sensibly,—in a degree, he is not so able to re-

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sist the temptation, and the appetite being roused, takes hold of him and drags him down in its fearful embrace. The only safety for such a man is *total* abstinence; and to a man who has been a victim, bound by the cords of this fierce desire, it will be a life-struggle, when at times the old appetite comes over him like a wave. Let him do anything but drink, let him run,—it is not cowardly to run.

I knew a man who was strongly tempted, and escaped. He was a printer, and, working near a window opposite which was the "Shades," he saw persons coming out, wiping their lips, having taken their "eleven o'clock." He began to want it, and grew nervous; the desire increased; every fiber of his system seemed to cry out for it, when he dropped his form of type; and, in his vexation at the accident, took off his apron, put on his coat, with the intention of getting a drink; when, as he said, he thought of wife and children, of former ruin and disgrace, and present prosperity and reputation, and rushed out and ran hatless through the streets till he reached home:—

"Wife, shut me up! for mercy's sake, shut me up, and don't let me out; ask no questions, but shut me up!"

She was a wise wife, and locked him in a room, and there he remained for thirty hours, before he dare venture out to his work again.

A lawyer who had been intemperate told me: "I have been obliged to forego all light literature. I can hardly read a newspaper."

"Why?"

"I have not tasted drink for two years, but if I only *read* of drinking, I want it. I have paced my office

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with hands clenched, and the sweat standing in beads on my forehead, as I battled the horrible desire to get drink, when I have read of a man drinking a glass of wine."

Another gentleman told me that he had not drank for twenty-eight years, but said he: "I have some fifty men working for me, and when I take the breath of a man who has been drinking, I want it,—yes, sometimes want it, so that I have ridden ten miles horseback to rid myself of the desire that seemed to cry through my whole system, *give! give!* when I have taken the breath of a man who has been drinking."

I could give many cases of this character, well authenticated, but forbear. My object is not to excuse my own violation of the pledge, but to excite sympathy for the unfortunate, and a spirit of patience for those that you may think are wilfully and recklessly going astray; and to enforce the truth that there is no absolute safety for any man but in total abstinence, and also to encourage the tempted and tried to seek for strength from him who is "a refuge, a very present help in time of trouble."

I remember reading of a picture in which a beautiful child was represented blindfold, walking on the edge of a fearful precipice, so sweetly and calmly confident, that you wondered, till in looking more closely, you saw a guardian angel, dimly defined, the wings lost in the mists above, that, with two slender taper fingers, one on each of the child's shoulders, was gently and safely guiding it on its path.

So, oh, my Father, may thy loving hand support me, and my prayer be ever: "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."

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CHAPTER XI.

Lectures Continued—Written Record—Number of Speeches—Remuneration—Miles Traveled—Signatures Obtained—Incidents—Visit to a Drunkard—Laughable Experience—Deacon Moses Grant at Hopkinton—Engagements for Boston—Adventure with an Officer of Justice—First Speech in Boston—Other Speeches—My Marriage—Meeting with Deacon Grant—Trip to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington—Return to Philadelphia—Return to Boston.

It is not my intention to give a diary of my work from this time, or even to attempt a connected detail of the places I have visited, or dates, from 1843. That would be tedious and unprofitable. I wish to note some of the incidents connected with my work, and shall take them, as nearly as possible, in the order of time in which they occurred. The sphere of my operations soon became extended, and I delivered lectures in Worcester, Suffolk, and Norfolk counties, and in the border towns of Vermont, New Hampshire, and in the city of Providence. I have kept, from May 14, 1843, to the present date, a correct record of every place I have visited for work; the number of miles I have traveled; the number of names obtained to the pledge at my meetings; the families or hotels where I was entertained; the sums received for service, and the expense incurred,—that is all. And I much regret that I have kept no regular journal of incidents or facts, as I must rely somewhat on memory; but principally on letters, newspaper articles,

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and my record book,—in which I have written down from time to time the main features of facts which I deemed valuable, with dates and names; and I shall reject those that are at all apocryphal, and give only those where the date is kept and the evidence reliable.

My personal experiences I give on my own veracity, avoiding the use of names and places, as I deem it judicious.

For the first year or two of my work, I labored hard. In three hundred and sixty-five days I gave three hundred and eighty-three addresses, and received from them one thousand and fifty-nine dollars, —out of which I paid all expenses; traveled six thousand eight hundred and forty miles; and obtained fifteen thousand two hundred and eighteen signatures to the pledge. It was my custom to speak an hour or more, then invite signatures, sing songs, and give short exhortations, relating anecdotes, etc. I received from seventy-five cents to six dollars for a lecture,—the latter sum being paid me in the city of Boston,—and eighty-three addresses were given gratuitously in that time. Probably the remuneration was all they were worth; but I sometimes found it hard to keep up with my necessary expenditure. I remember, at one place I had spoken on three evenings, when the committee told me they had no funds in the treasury, and did not like to take up a collection; but if I would come again, and give them three more lectures, they would pay me. I made the arrangement, and some time afterward went again. At the close of the second lecture a gentleman rose and said: "I believe the gentleman who has addressed us left this town on

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the occasion of his last visit with no remuneration for his services. I propose that a collection be now taken up for the purpose of paying him."

Another gentleman rose and said: "I dislike collections; but if we *must* have one, I propose that it be postponed till to-morrow evening, when we will come prepared."

The third evening was very rainy, and a collection was taken up, amounting to one dollar and eighty cents. A gentleman standing near the table where the money was being counted, remarked: "It is very small; I do not mind making it up out of my own pocket to two dollars;" and as he laid two ten cent pieces on the table, said, with a great deal of emphasis: "For the laborer is worthy of his hire."

I refused to take two dollars for six days' work, at an expense to me of five dollars, and left. The next morning three liquor sellers sent me a note with five dollars inclosed, as *they* thought I had worked hard enough to be paid.

On another occasion, after I had been speaking for nearly two hours, and taken my seat, bathed in perspiration, the chairman rose and proposed a vote of thanks for the lecture,—which was passed unanimously. As the audience were being dismissed, I asked if that vote of thanks "could be given me in writing? as perhaps the conductor on the train would take it for my fare." The hint was sufficient, and a collection was taken up, amounting to four dollars.

This was not meanness, but thoughtlessness; and I speak of these things, not censoriously or to find fault, but to show the early struggles of temperance advocates; and as a hint to those young men who

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are ambitious to be public speakers, and who sometimes come to me and ask how they shall attain to the position of a lecturer, that a man cannot jump at once to a position, but must climb up the hill,—sometimes slowly and painfully,—before he can earn a reputation.

All these experiences were very valuable to me, and I ought to be the last man to grumble, when the public has treated me so generously. I say this, lest I should be misunderstood in alluding to these incidents.

I might fill a book with amusing and affecting scenes that I witnessed. It was in most respects a pleasant work, and I enjoyed it exceedingly. I visited prisons, penitentiaries, houses of correction; have spoken to the deaf and dumb, the blind, and twice to the insane. I was requested by a gentleman to call on the hardest case in a certain town. I told him then,—what has been my experience since,—that, except in particular cases, such calls would do more harm than good. If the man is willing to see me, I will gladly go to him; if he will come to see me, I will gladly give him my time; but for a stranger to go uninvited and unexpected, he might be met with: "Who told you I was a drunkard? you mind your business, and I'll mind mine. When I want you I'll send for you; and you had better stay away till you are sent for." I know *I* should have said something of this kind, had any man called on me. At any rate, in certain states of mind I should have resented it. It is a very difficult matter to approach a drunkard. If his friends can arrange for an interview, well and good.

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Said the gentleman: "He is a sad brute; when drunk he is a perfect devil. He beat his daughter—a girl fourteen years of age—with a strap that shoemakers fasten the last on the knee with, so that she will carry the marks, probably, to her grave. And yet, when sober, he is kind and gentle; loves his children; is tender to his wife,—and the poor woman is sick with bilious fever, and the doctor thinks she can hardly recover. He has not been drinking for some days, and I think if you could get at him you might do him good."

I said, "I will go."

The house was shown me, and I knocked at the door. He opened it, and knew me, for he had been to one of the lectures.

"Mr. Gough, I believe."

"Yes, that's my name; would you please give me a drink of water?"

"Certainly; come in."

I went in, and sat down. He brought the water. I noticed two children playing on the floor; a door was half open, leading—as I found afterwards—to the room where the wife lay sick. I talked with him about the weather, the roads, the freshet, the contemplated railroad to the town,—striving to introduce the subject of temperance; but the man seemed determined that I should not; and when I approached the subject, would head me off. I felt perplexed, and thought of leaving, when, noticing the children, I said:

"You've two bright children there; are they yours?"

"Yes, they're mine; and they're bright enough."

"You love your children; do you not?"

"Sartain! I love my children."

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"Would you not do anything you could to benefit your children?"

He looked grave, as if there was something else coming after that, and said: "Sartain! I ought to be willing to benefit my children."

"Well," and I got up, ready to get out of the door if he should be offended, "do you not believe that if you gave up drink, the children would be better off?"

Looking curiously at me, he half chuckled out: "Waal, yes,—yes,—if I should give up the drink the children would be better off."

"You have a good wife?"

"Yes, *sir!* as good a wife as ever a man had."

"You love your wife?"

"Sartain! (a little impatiently) I love my wife; it's natural for a man to love his wife."

"Would you not do anything you could to please your wife?"

"Sartain! I ought to please her if I can."

"Do you not think, if you signed the pledge, *that* would please her?"

Springing to his feet, he cried out: "I couldn't do anything would please her like that! By thunder! if I should sign the pledge, I really believe the old woman would be up and about her business in a week, sick as she is now."

"Then," I said, "you'll do it."

"I will!"

He opened a closet, took out some ink and an old pen; I spread out the pledge; he sat down, and, laying his cheek almost on the table,—if he did not flourish with his pen he did with his tongue,—wrote his name. As he laid down the pen he said, "There!"

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The children had stopped their play when we began to speak of temperance. They knew what a drunken father was, and what the pledge would do for them; and as he signed, their eyes grew large, like saucers, and one said to the other, "Father has signed the pledge!"

Lifting up her hands, the other cried out: "Oh, my! now I'll go and tell my mother."

She ran into the room; but the mother had been listening and heard it all, and I could hear her softly say: "Luke! Luke! come in here, Luke!"

Turning to me, he said: "Come in here with me and see my wife; she'll like to see you."

I went into the room. There lay the wife, very pale,—her eyes so large! with one thin, bony hand she took mine, and with the other, the hand of her husband, and said: "Luke is as good a man as ever lived; a kind father, a good provider, a loving husband;—it is only the drink that makes the difficulty."

The man shook like a leaf, and, snatching his hand from the grasp of his wife, tore down her night-dress, and, pointing to a bad-looking bruise on the shoulder near her neck, cried out: "She says I'm good! she says I'm good! look at that! I did that three days before she was taken down sick; and she says I'm good! God Almighty forgive me for that! Am I good?" Dropping on his knees, he laid his head on the bed, and, convulsively weeping, clutched the bed-clothes.

She laid her hand on his head: "Don't, Luke; please don't cry. Don't believe him, Mr. Gough. He wouldn't have struck me if it had not been for the drink. It wasn't you, Luke dear, it was the drink. Don't cry,

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please; you've signed the pledge, and we're all right now."

When I left them, if my eyes had been dry, I should have been ashamed of myself. Two years after I saw them, and he had kept his pledge; but since that I have known nothing of them. This is one case, among hundreds, for which I thank God with all my heart to-day.

On one occasion I had made an appointment in a small town in Massachusetts, and, accompanied by a friend, I rode seven miles, and arrived at the church as the people were assembling. Not knowing any one, I approached a plain-looking man, and asked if there was to be a lecture there?

"Yaas."

"Who is the lecturer?"

"Gough."

"Can you tell me where I can find the President of the Society?"

"I spect *I* am the President."

"Ah!—my name is Gough."

"Waal, it's most time to go in."

So in we went, and I sat in a pew till he came to me, and said, "You'd better go in the desk."

"Is there any one here to offer prayer?" I asked

"No; the minister's away."

"Is there no deacon?"

"I spect I'm a deacon."

"Can't you pray?"

"No; I don't speak in meeting."

As I passed into the desk, he stood below and announced: "Mr. Gough is in the desk, and is going to lectur."

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So I "lectur'd" as well as I was able, and had no sooner taken my seat than I heard from below: "We'll now percede to take up a collection for the benefit of the lecturer."

As no one seemed inclined to move, he passed round with his hat, while the people were going out, and, dumping the contents on the table in front of the pulpit, and shaking the lining of his hat, said: "There! that's all for you, and we sha'n't take nothing out for lights."

The amount did not exceed a dollar and a half,—principally in cents; some of them the tokens that were then in vogue, and passing as current coin, stamped on one side with a jackass running away with the sub-treasury.

I said, "I don't want it,"

"Why, there's a lot of it."

"I don't want it."

"Yer don't?"

"No."

"Waal, then I'll take it."

And sweeping the coin into his hat, and holding it before him, dipped his head into it, exclaiming: "Waal, I guess I can carry it."

I said, "You've got more *cents* in your hat than usual."

"Waal, yes; I don't generally carry cents in my hat."

"But some of it is jackass cents."

"Waal, yes; I see there was some bungtowns in the heap."

And without another word he marched off, leaving me to laugh, which I did most heartily, and make the

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best of my way to our starting point; and, I assure you, my friend and I were very merry, and made the woods ring as we passed through them. The whole thing was so irresistibly ludicrous to me, that I must be excused for inserting it.

Time and hard work brought me to August 23, 1843, when, at a celebration at Hopkinton, I first met Deacon Moses Grant of Boston. He had sent me repeated invitations to visit that city, which I had declined, being perfectly well satisfied with my work in smaller places, and having a great dread of speaking in Boston. But when I met him at Hopkinton, he asked to see my book of appointments, and, immediately placing his finger on the sixteenth, twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third days of September, told me I must consider myself engaged by him for those days. Mr. Grant then very kindly told me to come to his house, and divest myself of all fear; for a good opportunity should be given me.

I fulfilled my engagements till Saturday, the sixteenth of September, and on that day reached Boston, and went at once to Mr. Grant's house, where I was kindly received,—though the Deacon was visiting his pet institution, the Farm School for boys, and would not return till evening. When I went to the room appointed for me, I found my coat was badly ripped. This was an unfortunate dilemma, for it was my only coat, and it must be mended. One of the family kindly offered to do it for me; and, while sitting in my shirt-sleeves in my chamber, a message came that a man wanted to see me. When he came to my room I found he was an officer with a writ against me for twenty dollars, owing to Mrs. Lunt, with whom some

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years before I had boarded. It was a just debt, and I was struggling hard to pay what I owed; for when I signed the pledge I was in debt some five hundred dollars, contracted in different places. Here was another dilemma:—I must either get security, pay the money, or go with the officer,—and my first speech in Boston to be given in a few hours! The officer was very kind, and waited till my coat was mended, and then accompanied me to the Washingtonian headquarters, in Court Street, where one of the officers became security, and I returned to Mr. Grant's house. Immediately on his return he made an arrangement to assume or pay the debt till I could work it out.

This *kindness* of the officer of the Washingtonian Temperance Society was thus noticed in their organ, the "New England Washingtonian," April 10, 1845, when the editors had become offended with me:—"Who was it that took him from the hands of the officer, and bailed him, and saved him from going to jail, and there lying from Saturday night till Monday morning, when Deacon Grant, Levite-like, turned his back on him, and would not assist him, because he 'did not know the young man?'"

However, all things were made straight, and I proceeded with Mr. Grant to the room under the Boston Museum, in Tremont Street. I felt rather apprehensive in view of speaking in Boston, for I had heard it spoken of as the modern Athens, and knew that, as to intelligence, it stood very high among the cities of the Union. It was of no use to look back, for I was engaged to speak, though I really felt half inclined to run away; but I determined to pluck up courage. The hall was about half filled. I had fre-

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quently faced larger audiences, but I had never experienced so much hesitation and nervous sensibility, as then. My courage, like that of "Bob Acres," seemed to be oozing out at my finger ends, and my heart palpitated with apprehension. But I managed to get through the ordeal—for such in reality it was —without my trepidation having been much observed. Since that time I have delivered three hundred and twenty-one public lectures in Boston, besides addresses to children at various times; and I have been ever treated with the greatest kindness and liberality by the Boston press and people, with very few exceptions.

On the four following days I spoke in Roxbury, and on the 21st I spoke again in Boston. On the next two evenings I spoke in Marlboro Chapel. Although I had heard much of temperance meetings being frequently held in that famous hall, I had never seen them. On the first night it was about half full, and on the next, the audience filled the building. I then left Boston, and traveled through the various towns in the vicinity, delivering addresses, until the following 3d of November, when I returned to the city, and spoke three or four times at Marlboro Chapel, and on five or six occasions at the Odeon. I felt some diffidence about speaking at the latter place, fearing it was too large for me; but, to my surprise, on Sunday night it was very full; and on the Monday evening, crowded to excess. This reception encouraged me, and I continued to give addresses in Boston, with very few exceptions, till the 2d of December, when I went to Portland, Maine, and again returned to Boston; speaking in the course of the month some-

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times for the Washingtonians, and sometimes for the Ladies' Benevolent Society,—but principally under the direction of my friend Deacon Grant, and the Boston Temperance Society,— under the judicious management of that gentleman, who then acted as its President.

My services were now in requisition at Concord, N. H., where I spoke in connection with Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States; then in New Bedford, Nashua, Gloucester, Marblehead, and Rockport; and I made a trip into the old colony of Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers landed; and visited also the towns of Newburyport, Newport, R. I., and many other places,—returning occasionally to the city, and speaking to large audiences there.

On the 23d of November, 1843, I left Boston for Boylston, for the purpose of marriage; and on the next day—the 24th—I left the house of Captain Stephen Flagg of Boylston with Miss Mary Whitcomb, who had consented to become my wife. It was early in the morning, raining heavily, that we started in a carriage hired in Worcester for the occasion. There were no bridal wreaths or gifts; no wedding ring or cards; no bridesmaids or grooms,—only we two, agreeing to walk the journey of life together. We were driven to the house of Rev. Mr. Smalley of Worcester,—a gentleman who from the first had been my friend,—and found him at breakfast. We stood up together and left his house husband and wife; proceeded at once to Boston, where Deacon Grant met us and escorted us to Roxbury, where we rented one room, and boarded with Mrs. Fuller.

When I had paid the minister five dollars, and our

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fare to Boston, I had just three dollars and a half left; but Mary was perfectly willing to risk it with me,—though in addition, I was somewhat in debt. I had a "Daily Food," with passages of Scripture for every day in the year; and the passage for November 24, 1843, was:—

"He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler."—*Psalms xci.* 4.

Truly He has covered us till now, and caused our "cup to run over with good." He has "set our table for us in the sight of all our enemies, and given us a goodly heritage!"

Mr. Grant had been quite curious in reference to my choice of a wife, and very desirous of seeing her; so, when we arrived, he bade me see to the luggage, while he accompanied Mrs. Gough to the waiting-room. I secured the trunks, and met him coming out of the waiting-room alone. Laying his hand on my shoulder, he said, "She'll do."

And nobly she has done,—my faithful, true, and loving wife,—for twenty-five years!

I spoke the same evening in Roxbury, for the Ladies' Benevolent Society,—rested on the Sabbath,—and to work with a will all through the winter. We were poor; and I wonder sometimes, how I lived through all the exposure. Often I would be placed in the best room, generally in the north-eastern part of the house; never warmed; often so cold that my flesh would sting as I touched the sheets; and, having but one suit of clothes, I have more than once found my waistcoat so stiff with the frost that it would almost stand up; while my other clothing was

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in like condition. I never could speak without heavy perspiration, and I would put these clothes on me and shiver till they had thawed and become dry; but my health continued good.

I had received applications from New York, Philadelphia, and other places; and it was decided by my friends that I should take a trip to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, in company with Deacon Grant. The anniversary of the American Temperance Union was to be held on the 9th of May; and this occasion was to be my first attempt in New York.

We left Boston on the 8th, and reached the city on the morning of the 9th, and were entertained at the Croton Hotel, on Broadway, kept by Mr. Moore. Dr. Bacon of New Haven, made the first speech; I was to follow. When I rose, the audience began to go out; but I had the opportunity of speaking to a large number, and the papers spoke encouragingly of my effort.

I proceeded, after speaking in Newark and Brooklyn, and twice more in New York, to Philadelphia. Although arrangements had been made for my speaking there, it was not deemed advisable to hold meetings, in consequence of the riots which had recently occurred. But, after speaking five nights in Baltimore, and two in Washington, I returned to Philadelphia, where I spoke in a riding-school to a very small audience; the next night in the large room of the Chinese Museum, to a smaller audience,—only about one hundred.

Mr. Leonard Jewell, one of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania State Temperance Society,

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was present, and, finding no one to receive me or to introduce me to the audience, kindly came forward, made himself known to me, and presided on the occasion. He seemed interested in my address, and suggested the idea of procuring a church for the next evening (Sunday). Accordingly, through his influence, the Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. A. Rood was pastor, was obtained. I went there accompanied by Mr. Jewell; as before, no one received me, so he kindly introduced me to the pastor. The committee not only permitted me to leave the city without remuneration, but without thanks; so that my first impressions were not very favorable; though soon afterwards I became wonderfully attached to Philadelphia, and that attachment and affection have grown in strength as the years have gone by.

While proceeding to Boston to be present at the grand Temperance Celebration on the 30th of May, I delivered an address on board the steamer Massachusetts, in company with Dr. Patton, Rev. John Marsh, and others.

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CHAPTER XII.

Temperance Celebration in Boston—Description of Trip to Western New York—Visit to the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island—Benefit at Tabernacle—Meeting in Faneuil Hall—Work at Philadelphia and other Places—Views on Moral Suasion—Review of my Experience.

THE occasion of the 30th of May was one of the most interesting that ever occurred in the capital of Massachusetts. The whole population of the city seemed, almost to a man, to have risen up and hailed the celebration of the genius of temperance. It was a brilliant day, in the most beautiful of months, and all heaven and earth seemed to conspire to do honor to a cause whose object was the promotion of the happiness of God's creatures. The sun shone from a sky of cloudless azure, and the young May flowers rejoiced in his beams; the river sparkled as it flowed along, bearing on its broad bosom majestic barques, decorated from trucks to main-chains with gay flags and streamers. Every now and then a light cloud of white smoke would float upward, and then the thunder of cannonading reverberated among the distant hills. Music sent forth its glad tones upon the air; and as one band ceased its melody, another and another would burst forth, until the whole air was vocal with sweet sounds. The city was dressed in gay attire, as we may suppose Venice was clad in her bright and palmy days. The stores were closed; for inno-

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cent pleasure ruled in the marts of commerce for a few short hours. The custom-house doors no more afforded egress and ingress to the busy sons of traffic; and at the banks were heard no silver sounds, proceeding from the money-changers. The counting-house was still; for the merchant and his clerks had closed the ledger, and determined to balance accounts with temperance, for once in the year at least. From many a warehouse window, high up, hung gaily-colored fancy goods; and in some streets, lines of banners stretched across from end to end; and hundreds of emblematic bottles were displayed, suspended from lines, bottom upward, with the corks out. From every window that commanded a view of the procession gazed hundreds of old and young, grave and gay. Those in Washington Street were crowded with ladies; and never did brighter eyes rest on a fairer scene than was presented to the view that day. It was a great day for the women; yes, for the women! They were more interested in such a demonstration than at first glance might be supposed. If ever an angel conveyed to *them* "good tidings," surely it must have been the heavenly visitant who bore temperance to their homes. Weak, delicate women may well bless a cause so pregnant with household blessings and domestic affections. How many bright eyes have grown dim, and light hearts heavy, and delicate frames bowed down to the dust! and what young hopes have been blighted, and strong affections crushed, and fair prospects blasted, during the absence of temperance from the hearth-side! Ay, that hearth itself has become a desolate place, a domestic desert, barren and unprofitable; for where the mother sang to her

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girl, and the father proudly gazed on his boy,—where husband and wife "took sweet counsel together," and sister and brother formed the social ring,—scarcely a link of the shivered chain is left to tell where happiness once had been.

Families become scattered whenever intemperance plants his burning feet on the threshhold; and that which was once—

"A little heaven below,"—

a sanctuary from the toil and turmoil of this working-day world, becomes but a cage of unclean birds,—a very Pandemonium. Home! the magic of that word is dispelled forever, and they who dwelt under the family roof-tree,—

"Who grew in beauty side by side,
Who filled one house with glee,
From each are severed far and wide,
By stream and mount and sea."

Oh! has not woman reason to bless the temperance cause?

But, to the procession; for, as no record of it, except the ephemeral reports of the newspapers, exists, I have been induced to notice it here. I had witnessed many great gatherings of various descriptions; but none ever affected me as this did. I could scarcely speak, and to describe my feelings would be impossible. Such a day I never, in my most sanguine dreams, imagined would have dawned on earth. On it came,—a dense, gaily adorned, moving multitude, all in perfect order; every eye beaming with gladness, and every lip wreathed with smiles. The Boston Brigade Band came first, pealing forth strains of triumphant music; the Washington Light

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Infantry, clad in the trappings of war, next marched to celebrate the peaceful triumphs of temperance; and then a magnificent prize banner displayed its gorgeous folds to the breeze;* after which came a four-horse barouche, with two marshals, one on either side, in which was that truly great and good man, Governor Briggs, the President of the Day, accompanied by the President of the Washingtonian Temperance Society. High as was his situation as Governor of the Bay State, never stood he in a prouder position than on that day. Oh! it was a noble thing to see one who possessed such influence exerting it in so noble a cause, and there, by his presence, encouraging the progress of a reform, the blessings resulting from which will only be known in that day when all secrets shall be revealed. A far nobler and more imposing sight was it, than fields of martial glory could ever exhibit,—fields where heroes stood and received their laurels of triumph. The Governor of Massachusetts headed an army which only pressed on to achieve bloodless victories, and proclaim—

"Peace on earth!"

Such men constitute the true nobility; universal benevolence is emblazoned on their escutcheons; the happiness of mankind, temporal and eternal, forms their motto; and the gratitude and admiration of their kind, the rich seals to their patents of nobility!

After a long and imposing procession of temperance societies, came the cold water army,—a legion of little ones. A pleasant sight it was,—that array of

* This flag was afterwards awarded by Moses Kimball, Esq., of the Museum, to the county having the largest number in the procession, according to its population.

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children as, with tiny feet, they marched along the crowded streets, looking up to the vast multitude who gazed on them, with sparkling eyes and delighted smiles. Some were there who had once known the misery of having a drunken parent; who had long been strangers to the kind word and approving smile; but who now felt all the blessed influence which temperance spreads around. And happily the little things trooped on, waving mimic banners, and shouting for very joy. Some had fathers and brothers in that long line of procession, who never saw their little darlings so happy before. Oh, it was a pleasant sight!

This cold water army had a leader, who ably,—

"Marshaled them the way that they should go."

It was Deacon Grant,—the friend of children. He had not, like many commanders of great armies, cannon at his back, and bayonets to perform his bidding. He did not issue bulletins, or general orders; but he was well supplied—as, by the way, he usually was—with tracts and pamphlets and hand-bills, in such vast and incredible numbers,—all on the subject of temperance,—that it was a mystery how he stowed them away in his many pockets. Look at him, now that he is wound up to a pitch of enthusiasm seldom equaled, and which, it would seem, never can be surpassed, waving, not a marshal's baton, but a beaver hat, the capacious interior of which has, by an ingenious device, been converted into a teetotal library; a circulating one, too,—for see how the printed sheets are flying in all directions! Hurrah! shout the children in ecstasy. All of them are delighted and pleased with Deacon Grant's care of and for them;

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and as pleased and happy as any one of his little battalion is Deacon Grant himself.

It would be an idle thing to attempt a description or enumeration of the many devices which appeared on the banners and flags displayed in the procession,—which consisted, at a moderate computation, of forty or fifty thousand persons. It was altogether a magnificent sight, and one which had never been paralleled.

I saw one man in the long line who called up emotions of thankful interest in my heart. Some time before, that person came to me at my house in Roxbury, a wretched, drunken, broken-down creature, and signed the pledge. When he had done so, the poor fellow clasped his hands, and said: "Oh, Mr. Gough! do you think I can keep it? Do you think I shall be able to perform my promise?"

I assured him that he could; and he expressed his earnest intention to adhere to his pledge. I now saw that very man, with a firm step and a flash of honest pride in his eye, bearing aloft a mottoed banner. He was a free man, and rejoiced in his emancipation. Oh! my heart thrilled with joy as I gazed, and knew and felt that hundreds such as he were joining in the festival of the day. Men who had been redeemed from a worse than Egyptian thralldom, and were restored to their homes, to their families, and to society. As banner after banner, with their various mottoes, passed by me, my feelings were strung to an almost painful degree of tension; for I remembered all the past, and could not help contrasting my present situation with what it had been.

The good city of Boston never witnessed a prouder

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array in her streets, than on that day. As the procession passed through the various thoroughfares, it was hailed with joyous acclamations; and, in many places, bouquets and garlands of flowers were showered from the windows by their fair occupants. When it arrived at the entrance to the spacious Common, the "great cold water army" filed off in parallel lines, and between them went the long train of living beings to the place of appointment.

The old Common was all alive that day; from the dome of the State House floated the stars and stripes, the gorgeous folds of the national flag appearing in full relief against a sky of dazzling azure. Banners appeared in every direction, and the deep boom of the drum resounded from all quarters. During the intervals of music there was almost a Sabbath stillness, although from sixty to seventy thousand persons were present. The most perfect order was preserved, and nothing tended to mar the peaceful proceedings of the time. The mighty mass assembled around stands which had been erected on the Common, and a prayer having been offered up, in which blessings were implored on the great cause of temperance, the united voices of the vast assemblage—a noble band of freemen—arose to heaven in a shout of—

"We're a band of freemen,
We're a band of freemen," etc.

When the voices had ceased, Governor Briggs arose and expressed in eloquent terms his high gratification at the spectacle before him; such an one, he hesitated not to say, as had never been witnessed in the world before. His Excellency spoke for more than half an hour, and his remarks elicited loud and frequent

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plaudits. The Governor was followed by other speakers, whose addresses were listened to with deep interest. It was a glorious thing to see men who stood in high places, and enjoying the confidence of the wise and good, taking conspicuous parts in such proceedings; and if angels ever rejoice over earthly scenes, surely it might have been while contemplating such a great moral spectacle. As I was much fatigued by my labors during the past few weeks, I did not take any part in the proceedings of the day, at least in the open air. Indeed, I do not think I *could* have spoken at that time; my heart was too full. An engagement, however, had been made for me to speak in the Tremont Temple in the evening, to which place an admission fee of twenty-five cents was required, for the purpose of defraying expenses. The house was filled to overflowing, as soon as the doors were opened. The Governor, myself, and several others, then delivered addresses, which closed the exercises of the day.

In June, I concluded an engagement with Rev. John Marsh, to deliver a series of thirty addresses in Western New York, at ten dollars per lecture, I paying my wife's and my own expenses,—for at that time she traveled with me constantly. On this trip, I first saw Niagara Falls, which wonder of the world I will not venture to describe; not being desirous of adding one more to the list of incapables in this respect. August I spent in Massachusetts; September, in Maine; October, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island; and commenced a series of lectures in New York and vicinity, under the direction of Rev. John Marsh, on the same terms as before. While at Brooklyn I be-

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came acquainted with Mr. George Hurlbut and Mr. George C. Ripley, two gentlemen who became my true, firm, and ever faithful friends, and of whom I cannot speak but with a thrill of deep gratitude. Mr. Hurlbut passed away, and went home in 1846. Mr. Ripley still lives, my dear and honored friend. My wife and I visited at Mr. Hurlbut's two weeks of our stay in Brooklyn, and received from him and his amiable wife many proofs of Christian kindness.

At the request of a lady, named Sanderson, I was induced to visit that dreary abode of misery and crime,—the Penitentiary, on Blackwell's Island, near New York. Mrs. Sanderson, like the celebrated Mrs. Fry of England, and Miss Dix of America, devotes much of her time to what would appear to some, the almost hopeless task of reforming the wretched beings who are consigned to this fearful place. In the language of the Superintendent of the Prison, "She does more good than fifty men." My object in going was to hold a temperance meeting. Soon after my arrival, the doors of the different cells—which are built in tiers, one over the other—were opened, and the convicts, male and female (some eight hundred in number), were led into the large chapel of the Penitentiary, and informed by the keeper of the object of the meeting. His Honor, the Mayor, James Harper, Esq., occupied the pulpit; and one or two clergymen, and some other gentlemen were present. It was a striking sight, that assemblage of men and women of all ages and descriptions. There was the hardened criminal, and the youth who had only just commenced the career of crime; women who retained little of womanhood in their swollen and bloated

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features, and young girls, on whose countenances traces of beauty yet lingered, sat side by side; *all* had committed offences against the laws, and were enduring its punishment. Such an audience I never before stood up to address; the spectacle was fearfully interesting. In noticing the service, the New York "Sun" said:—

> At the early part of the meeting, the prisoners seemed rather indifferent to what was going on; but the first sound of Mr. Gough's voice had scarcely died away, ere their hardened countenances began to relax, and, in a few moments, every eye was riveted on the speaker, with an expression of the deepest interest. As he proceeded with his touching appeals, many a rough cheek was moistened with tears, and the words, "*That's the truth,*" were often nodded about the room as plainly as if they had been spoken. The women particularly, seemed much affected; and manifested less anxiety to conceal their feelings than the men. It may not be improper to mention, too, that the optics of our worthy Chief Magistrate were, at intervals, unusually red; but this might have been owing to the rough wind he had encountered in crossing the river, or to an improper adjustment of the spectacles on his benevolent nose.

At the close of my address, His Honor requested those of the prisoners who would like to have another temperance meeting held there some Sunday, to manifest it by raising their hands. Every hand in the room apparently, was instantly shown, and one poor fellow ventured to bawl out, "Let's have one every Sunday." I was informed, that after I left the Penitentiary, several of the prisoners applied to the Superintendent, and requested permission to sign the pledge.

Principally through the suggestion and exertion of my kind and valued friends, Mr. Hurlbut and Mr. Ripley of Brooklyn, a benefit was got up for me on Christmas evening, at the Tabernacle, in Broadway, New York. The New York press took the matter in

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hand, and almost without exception did all in their power to promote the object in view. The attendance at the Tabernacle was very large, and fully answered its intended object. At its close, a series of resolutions were passed, which expressed approval of my efforts in the temperance cause, and a desire that I should again visit the city.

I again left New York for Boston; and, on the 29th of December, delivered another address at the Tremont Temple, in that city; after which I proceeded to Taunton, where a meeting was held—at which I spoke—for the benefit of Mr. Williams, editor of the Taunton "Dew-Drop," a deserving little sheet, devoted to the interests of the temperance cause.

The year was now drawing to a close, and it was arranged that a grand meeting in Faneuil Hall should be held on its last evening. I was present, and delivered an address on the interesting occasion. The old "Cradle of Liberty" contained a vast assemblage, and hundreds who were present felt that, since the dying year commenced, they had thrown off fetters which had long galled them, and were now blessed with freedom in its noblest sense. Minds which had long bowed down in blind idolatry to the monster, rum, had been emancipated from its tyrannic rule, and now saw the old year, as it passed away, bearing with it the record of their liberty. Many were there, too, who had welcomed in that year with song and wine,—who had wreathed about its young temples the garlands which dissipation loves to twine, and sent it, as it were, reeling on its pathway towards the future; but who now watched it, departing forever, laden with ardent hopes, high resolves, and—better

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than either—fulfilled purposes. During that year, what changes had taken place! When the keen blasts of January howled around yonder dwelling, in the outskirts of this populous city, a pale, wan woman might have been sitting,—

"Plying her needle and thread;"

and, as she pondered on the new year just entered upon its existence, she looked forward to its months with no hope, and reverted to the past with no pleasure. The past! what had it written on the page of memory, to cheer her? He to whom her young vows were given,—who had promised to love and cherish her,—had all but deserted her, and had buried feeling and affection in the intoxicating cup. One by one, every slender thread of comfort had snapped, and with them some fine heart-strings cracked too. Earth to her appeared but a long dreary desert, over which a miserable caravan was passing, from which, each after the other, the wretched pilgrims turned away and died, far from the refreshing fountain for which they pined. And the partner of that lone woman was away, bidding farewell to the old year, and welcoming the new, with the poisonous cup and the thoughtless toast, forgetting that every moment which floated by bore its record with it. That midnight scene might have been in the eye of the writer, who, in portraying such sorrow, says:—

"Within a chamber, dull and dim,
A pale, wan woman waits in vain
Through the long anxious hours for him,
Away. In want and wasting pain,
A babe upon her knee is pining;

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Its winning smiles all scared away;—
She almost hopes the sun's next ray
May on its calm, cold corse be shining.
Poor watcher! He comes not; she dreams,
Perchance, of her old home; and now,—
Upstarting with a livid brow,—
Clasps the babe closer to her breast,—
That dying child, yet loved the best."

But, lo! a marvelous change has been effected. One evening when she was thus watching, her husband came home in a miserable state of intoxication. She bore all his ill-humor,—ay, even his brutality,—and tended him and cared for him, as only a woman can. Morning came, and still the half-stupefied drunkard lay on his bed; but that day, salvation, in a temporal, if not in a higher and better sense, came to his house. The white-robed angel, temperance, went there an unbidden guest; kind words were spoken,—encouragement was afforded,—the *pledge* was signed,—the fetters were broken! Oh, what a change! Smiles once more beamed on the wife's brow, and the home became a home indeed.

Look at that man in the crowd, who is shouting with all his might, after the speaker has uttered some remark which makes the old "Cradle" ring again with applause; his eye is bright, his complexion is clear, his step is firm, and his hand is steady. A cheerful looking woman is leaning on his arm, and well-dressed; cleanly children are by them (the youngest is in its father's arms, crowing and bawling with the best of them). Can that be the man who heralded in the year with intemperate glee? and that the woman who sat desolate indeed in her wretched garret? and those the children who were ragged and miserable? Yes!

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and temperance wrought the change. Oh, there were many such trophies of its peaceful conquests in Faneuil Hall that night!

And I had my recollections, too, as I stood on that platform. What had I been, two years before? Why, a houseless, homeless inebriate! Penniless, friendless, and almost hopeless! Little recked I how the days, months, and years rolled on; I seized the winged moments as they passed, and plunged them into the maddening bowl. A comic song was my Christmas carol. The old year was dispatched with a Bacchanalian glee, and the new one hailed with uproarious mirth. I scarcely took "note of time," even from its loss; but by the grace of God a change had been effected, and there I stood, on the last evening of eighteen hundred and forty-four, a humble monument of His mercy, feeling, as I trust I ever shall feel, that out of my utter weakness, He had in me perfected strength to stand up and be privileged to warn others of the dangers of indulging in that which intoxicates.

Having received application and made an engagement to lecture in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Temperance Society, and the direction of Leonard Jewell, Esq., I proceeded to that city, and by Mr. Jewell's judicious arrangement was enabled to fill a very pleasant engagement. And I have continued to visit the city of "brotherly love" from that time to this, with very great satisfaction, and number as many and as true friends there as in any city in the Union. I delivered my first address on Sunday evening, the 5th of January, at the Rev. Mr. Ide's First Baptist Church, to a large audience; several placed their names on the pledge. On the

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Monday following, I spoke at the Rev. Mr. Stockton's church, but felt great difficulty in doing so, having taken a severe cold on my journey. My next address was given at the Rev. Albert Barnes' church, Washington Square, the largest in Philadelphia; it was crowded. Dr. Ely's church, in Buttonwood street, was open for me next evening; here again was a crowded congregation. My cold had now become so troublesome, that I announced I should not speak on the morrow; but, when the next evening arrived, several gentlemen so earnestly desired me to attend at Dr. Wiley's church, that I complied with their request, and, although suffering much from cold, spoke for about an hour. On the following Sunday evening, I addressed the medical students who were in Philadelphia, attending lectures at the various medical schools, at the Rev. Mr. Lord's church. In the afternoon of the day, I spoke to a large concourse of Sabbath-school children, in Mr. Barnes' church, which, as well as Mr. Lord's church in the evening, was crowded to excess.

On Monday evening, the 13th, there was an immense meeting in the saloon of the Chinese Museum. Some idea of the enthusiasm which the cause excited, may be formed from a knowledge of the fact that two thousand three hundred tickets of admission, at twenty-five cents each, were sold, and that hundreds were unable to obtain admission. I spoke at this meeting, and much good seemed to be effected. The next day, I addressed a very large audience at the Rev. Mr. Mason's Methodist Church. On Wednesday afternoon,—as many aged persons and invalids, who could not get out in the evening, had expressed a de-

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sire to hear me,—I gave an address in Dr. McDowell's church, which was crowded. That afternoon two hundred and sixty persons signed the pledge. On Thursday evening, the 16th, the upper saloon of the Chinese Museum was filled to overflowing, at twenty-five cents per ticket, half of the proceeds being given to the poor. I shall never forget the kindness with which I was treated, and the encouragement I received in Philadelphia from Rev. John Chambers, and many other true friends of the temperance cause.

After leaving Philadelphia, I visited and spoke at Newark, in Dr. Eddy's church, and then proceeded to New York. On this occasion, myself and wife visited G. C. Ripley, Esq., at Brooklyn, and enjoyed some delightful intercourse with him and his family, as well as with our kind friend, Mr. Hurlbut, at whose house I remained during a former visit.

At New York, I spoke on Sunday, the 19th, in the Rev. Mr. Smith's church, Rivington Street; on Monday, at the Rev. Mr. Mason's, in Broome Street. On Tuesday, I accompanied Mr. Hurlbut and Mr. Ripley to Jamaica, where I spoke and enjoyed a pleasant season. On the morning of the 22d, I accompanied the Rev. Mr. Marsh to the State Convention at Trenton, and spoke before the Legislature in the evening. The next day, I went to New Brunswick, and, after speaking at Dr. Richard's church, obtained eighty-five names to the pledge, and returned to Brooklyn next day.

I next visited Patterson, and spoke there on Sunday evening; two hundred names were affixed to the pledge. On my return to New York, I spoke at Dr. Skinner's church, more especially to the ladies, many

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of whom signed the pledge. On the evening of Tuesday, the 28th, I delivered an address for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum, Brooklyn; and the same evening spoke for a short time at the Broadway Tabernacle.

I afterwards delivered two farewell addresses, one at the New York Tabernacle, and the other at Brooklyn, and left for Boston on the last day of January. On Sunday evening, February 2d, I spoke at the Odeon; at the upper town hall, Worcester, on Monday, the 3d; at the State House, before the Legislature, on Wednesday, the 5th; and at Faneuil Hall on the 6th. On the 7th, I visited Concord, and gave an address at the opening of Shephard's temperance house there. On the evening of Sunday, the 9th, I spoke to a very full audience at the Tremont Temple, and bade them farewell for some months.

I spent several days in Virginia, speaking at Richmond. Returning, I continued, without intermission, my work in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. I first visited Princeton on March 26th, of this year (1845), and there met Theodore L. Cuyler, then a theological student. A friendship was formed that has lasted, without a ripple of distrust or the lightest breath of suspicion, from that day to this, and I trust will continue to all eternity. During this summer many incidents occurred, interesting to me, but not particularly so to others; and I pass them by.

As I commenced with the introduction to my original autobiography, I will here insert—before I pass to my personal experiences of the next few months—the concluding paragraphs of that work; as I there defined my position, from which I have never seen

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occasion to swerve, as time and experience have only convinced me that I held the true ground.

Before I bid the reader farewell,—and it is high time that I should do so, having been so long "harping on one string,"—I have but a few remarks to make, which I trust will be received in the spirit in which they are offered.

And, first, I would advert to a statement which has been made by certain parties, that I am no Washingtonian. Now, for what object such assertions have been industriously put forth, I am at a loss to determine; but that such is the case I have been assured. In reply to the charge,—if charge it be,—I answer, that ever since I have been the public advocate of the temperance cause, I have enforced, as strongly as I possibly could, the necessity and policy of observing the law of kindness towards the unfortunate persons who have become the victims of intemperance. I have advocated moral suasion *alone*, and in its fullest extent, too, in the case of the drunkard. But with respect to the rum-seller, who sells that which causes his fellow-man to become an inebriate; who, for the sake of acquiring wealth, places within a man's reach that which disqualifies him for exercising the reason with which his Maker endowed him, and reduces him to a grade far below the level of the beasts that perish; who *sells* him that which unfits him for discharging the duties of a man and a citizen towards his family and his country,—I say, with respect to such a man,—who, when the startling truths of the case are pressed home to his heart and conscience, still persists in poisoning the streams of society, at their very fountain-head,—that different and more stringent measures should be adopted.

In my opinion,—and I say it in all love to the rum-seller himself,—he should be prevented by the strong arm of the law from endangering, from merely mercenary motives, the peace, the prosperity, and the morals of the community at large. I will labor heart and hand with my fellow-men, in the attempt to rid our land of the monster, intemperance. Let those who advocate moral suasion alone, go only a part of the way with me in the crusade against it, if they will. As surely as effect follows cause, so certainly would drunkenness diminish and disappear altogether, if there were no drunkard-makers. My motto is, "Reform it altogether." Annihilate the traffic, and then, temptation removed, the poor inebriate would have no enemy left to vanquish, and be free indeed.

If this be—as I believe it to be—a fair exposition of the Washing-

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tonian creed, then am I a Washingtonian. But still my own conviction remains, that moral suasion alone for the rum-seller, would be as useless in the effort to remove drunkenness as it would be ridiculous to attempt to empty the ocean drop by drop. These are precisely my views to-day, and ever have been.

In my narrative I have frequently adverted to the kindness of friends; some, in my days of adversity, showed me favors which I never shall forget while my heart continues to beat. It has been my happiness and privilege to be enabled to cancel every obligation which I contracted, so far as pecuniary matters are concerned; but the debt of gratitude which I incurred in more than one instance, never can be repaid. To each and all who befriended me when there existed no earthly prospect of their kindness being requited, I shall ever feel indebted.

To the press of Boston, and of the country generally, I am under large and lasting obligations, for the kind and indulgent manner in which my name has been so often mentioned; and I cannot suffer this opportunity of thanking the members of it, to pass by unheeded.

And now, in reviewing all the ways in which the Lord hath led me, I feel, and would express, how much I owe to Him, by whose grace "I am what I am." Left alone and unprotected in a stranger land, He watched my footsteps and inclined my heart, in some degeee, to seek His face and favor; but mysterious are the dealings of His providence. I was left to myself. Temptation assailed me, and I fell,—oh, how low! Misery was my constant companion for many months; but deeply as I had sunk in the estimation of the world, One still watched my footsteps, and preserved me from ruin, when trembling on the very verge of destruction. Then was His hand outstretched to save me, and life again seemed enlightened by God's approving smile. But I depended for support upon an arm of flesh,—on a broken reed; and the Almighty, in His infinite wisdom, saw fit to humble me into the very dust. He showed me that, without strength from on high, I was unequal to the conflict; and in the school of affliction, I trust He taught me how feeble were my resolves, and how fruitless my endeavors, while I built my hopes upon aught below the skies.

In my violation of the solemn pledge I feel a humble consciousness that He who doeth all things well, saw fit to abase me, in order that every reliance on self might be scattered to the winds, and my feet placed upon the "rock of ages," so that my goings might be estab-

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lished. I had failed to acknowledge Him in all my ways, and His hand mercifully interposed to check the growth of those seeds of pride and worldly wisdom which had begun to germinate and already threatened to choke the good seed which His grace had implanted. I trust that I recognized in this trial, the dealings of a merciful Father's hand; and it is my fervent hope that, with whatever success He may be pleased to crown my labors, His may be all the glory. I would disclaim all power in and of myself, and desire earnestly the influences of His Holy Spirit, without which I feel I can do nothing.

A few words, and I have done. This book may fall into the hands of young persons and Sabbath-school children. Oh, may it serve as a warning to young men! If they would be honorable, useful, and happy, I conjure them, by all that is holy, virtuous, and even what we call respectable, to "tarry not at the wine." God forbid that they should learn experience in the bitter school in which I was a scholar, and from which I was plucked as a "brand from the burning." I have not written these pages for the mere purpose of gratifying curiosity; a higher motive has, I trust, influenced me; and oh, how happy should I be, in hearing, at some future period, that only one young man had been arrested in his fatal career. My hope is that this book will be useful. And if the blessing of God should follow a perusal of it, in but one case, I shall have reason for thankfulness that I penned it, through all eternity.

Let Sabbath-school children remember, that I, like them, once listened to the kind instructions of a teacher (whom sixteen years after I accidentally met in Brooklyn, at a friend's house). Had an opportunity then been given me of signing the temperance pledge, the misery of a drunkard's feelings would, most probably, have been spared me. Let every child *feel* that, by signing that pledge, he cannot, if he sacredly adheres to it, ever become intoxicated. I pray God, that no Sabbath scholar, who reads my narrative, will ever feel in their own persons or experience, what it has been mine to endure. I shall now lay down my pen, humbly relying for aid in my future endeavors to stem the tide of intemperance, on Him, without whom all human effort is vain, and in whose strength we may fearlessly go forth to wage an exterminating war against all that is opposed to the coming of His glorious kingdom.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Enmity to the Cause of Temperance—Accusations—Traps—Threatening Letters—A Public Slander—Extract from Journal—Apology—Old Debts—Epithets—Charge of Drinking—Statement—Church Report—My Own Convictions—Kindness of Friends.

THIS year (1845) was destined to be a severely trying and fearful one for me, and as I approach the history of the unfortunate calamity of the 5th of September, I involuntarily draw back with a shudder. In examining my scrap-book for the comments of the public press, I seem to live it all over again,—the distress, the agony of the terrible ordeal through which I passed. No apology is needed for introducing the subject here, as it is a part of my personal recollections,—and bitter they are; yet at this time, looking over the long stretch of twenty-five years, I deem it but just to myself, that some statements should be made, which I think, looking calmly at the whole matter now, bear somewhat on the mystery that surrounded that transaction, and which, probably, will never be satisfactorily cleared up in this world.

It can hardly be supposed that I should have labored in the cause of temperance, warring against appetite, interest, old established customs, and touching men's prejudices, without exciting enmity. This enmity was developed at a very early stage of my public labor. I had been accused of repeatedly break-

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ing my pledge; and when on my return from my Western tour, in 1844, I made a speech, in which I was reported to have said, that "Washingtonianism was dead, that infidelity had killed it, and that it was powerless as an engine for the promotion of temperance,"—a very severe article appeared in a temperance paper, accusing me, indirectly, of being the tool of others in attacking Washingtonianism,—the main principle of which was moral suasion, pure and entire, forbidding all recourse to law. I replied by a note, that the statement was made to me, by a gentleman, in reference to the cause in Western New York. *That* seemed to settle the matter for a time; but I was soon called to account for introducing orthodoxy in temperance lectures; soon after, a certain class of persons arrayed themselves against me, nor do I deny them the right to do so. Every man has a right to his own opinion, and an equal right to express it. The most bitter opposition I experienced at this time, was from a certain class of liquor sellers, some of whom threatened me. Traps were laid for me. I narrowly escaped being drawn into an improper place, by a letter purporting to come from a heart-broken mother, requesting me to call and see her son.

I have in my possession threatening letters; one man declared that "a ring was being prepared for my nose," and curses loud and deep were hurled at me. On one occasion I had offended a man in Norwich, by relating a fact told me by the mother of a young man he had tempted to his ruin and death; and this man followed me for several days, declaring he would have my life, if he had to wait ten years.

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There were constant reports of my drinking to intoxication; and as I look over the records, I am astonished at the epithets hurled at me,—"hypocrite," "liar," "swindler," "drunkard," and worse; these things were very hard to bear, and my accusers grew bolder, till at length a statement was publicly made by a man of position, and I determined to put a stop to this wholesale slandering, by the aid of the law; and I give an article, from the "Boston Mercantile Journal" of May 10th, 1845, which will explain the whole case. I omit name of the place and persons.

A BASE SLANDER RETRACTED.

The able and worthy temperance lecturer, John B. Gough, recently visited N., and delivered a temperance lecture there on Monday evening, which was listened to with much interest by a large audience, and produced an excellent effect. Mr. Gough quietly returned to the city on Tuesday, and must have been electrified on the following day to learn from friends in N. that a story had been generally circulated in that town seriously injuring his character as an advocate of total abstinence; and, if true, would justly deprive him of the confidence and respect of all good men. It was stated, on the authority of Mr. D. and his son, who kept a refreshment shop in the neighborhood of the depot, that Mr. Gough, on the morning ere he left N., came into his shop *and called for a glass of strong beer, and drank it there.* This statement, coming from so direct a source, was soon generally circulated, and as Mr. D. was a professedly pious man, was, of course, calculated to make the true friends of temperance feel anxious,—as, if true, it would show that Mr. Gough was unworthy of their confidence; and, if false, the lie should be contradicted before his influence could be diminished. Mr. Gough has suffered much from the arrows of detraction. No means have been left untried, on the part of his enemies, to ruin his character and destroy his usefulness; and, conscious of his innocence, he determined to prosecute the matter to the bottom. He has done this, and the result may be seen in the following apology from the individual who first gave circulation to the calumniating story:—

APOLOGY.

I, J. I. D., having propagated a report respecting Mr. John B. Gough of Boston, to the effect that he (Mr. Gough) drank strong beer at my store at N.,

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on the 6th of May instant, I desire to fully retract the same, and to apologize for the course I have taken, and to expressly state that Mr. Gough never was in my store; that I must have known it, if such had been the case, I having seen and heard Mr. Gough lecture on the previous evening. And I hereby return my thanks to Mr. Gough for his consenting to forego the legal proceedings which he had instituted against me. [Signed] J. I. D.

N———, *May* 9, 1845.

Witnesses, D. D. of N.
J. D. R. of B.

It is hardly necessary to state that Mr. D. was willing to defray the expenses of all the incipient legal proceedings which had been taken in the matter, amounting to fifty dollars. And we learn, with much satisfaction, that Mr. Gough is now determined to adopt the advice of his friends; and in all attempts to blacken his character, or accusations for having violated his pledge since he signed it, on the 1st of May, 1843, he is determined to shield himself behind the laws of the country, which will ever present an ægis against the arrows of calumny. There is no character more detestable, cowardly, or dangerous, than that of a slanderer. He is a "walking pestilence that doth infect the wind."

This seemed to still the voice of calumny for a while; but in the mean-time a report was in circulation that I refused to pay my debts in Newburyport, where I had lived some six years before. To put a stop to this, I inserted the following notice in the "Newburyport Herald:"—

NOTICE.

To all whom it may concern. Having heard that it has been stated in the town of Newburyport that various persons there have accounts against me, and as I am not aware that such is the case,—I having on various occasions made a public request that all claims against me should be sent in for settlement,—this is to give notice, that I shall be at Mr. John G. Tilton's bookstore, in Newburyport, on Wednesday, May 15th; when I shall be prepared to pay any legal demand which may be had against me, and, as I have in more than one instance paid debts *twice*, I shall require full proof of each and every claim.

Boston, May 9, 1845. JOHN B. GOUGH.

I accordingly went to Newburyport and examined every claim against me; for some of them I had re-

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ceipts, and all that I considered genuine, I paid. It must be remembered that at this time I was struggling to free myself of debt, and accomplishing it as fast as I could.

Then, attacks came on me that I was exciting sympathy by whining and canting about persecution,—in fact, though I had many and true friends, there was a class of men who were wonderfully vindictive, and spared no pains to annoy me. My friends were really more anxious than I was; though I felt these things keenly, I did not suppose they would proceed to active violence; and while many of my friends were really solicitous on my account, I dreamed of no positive danger.

A pamphlet had been published by a reverend gentleman of New York, entitled, "Echo of truth to the voice of slander," accusing me of slandering the family who brought me to this country. I think *he* might have written this under a misapprehension,—and I *know* he was misinformed,—but this pamphlet was industriously circulated, and caused me a great deal of trouble. I replied to it, and that matter soon settled down, and I have been for many years in correspondence and on friendly terms with the family whom I was alleged to have slandered.

I make no complaint of severe and adverse criticism. My style, the subject-matter of my addresses, my gestures, all my defects as a speaker,—and I know they are many,—are all legitimate subjects for criticism and comment; even my personal appearance and dress may be held up to ridicule, and no great harm done. I have been called a "humbug," a "theatrical performer," a "mountebank," a "clown," a "buf-

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foon," "ungraceful," "homely," "round-shouldered." I have been accused of having "crooked legs," of "wearing long hair," of "wearing jewelry," of having a "sensual mouth;" my lectures have been called "idiotic ravings," a "rehash of other people's thoughts," "balderdash," "insane bellowings," and other statements of like character too numerous to mention; but none of these things troubled me, beyond the temporary annoyance that any man feels at expressions of contempt; but such terms as "hypocrite," "mercenary scoundrel," "consummate villain," "base slanderer," "liar," "drunkard," "unchaste," touch the moral character.

Those especially who do not like me, have, up to the present time, constantly accused me of drinking. I have often pondered on this, and asked why is it? It cannot be because I am a public man, for other public men escape such attacks; other men strike heavy blows at old established, cherished usages, and are not vilified as I have been. The documents are before me, and they are positively frightful; and were I the consummate scoundrel I have been represented, I should contaminate the inmates of any state prison in the country. The reason why an enemy will at once, either directly or indirectly, accuse me of drinking, is that my early history is well known and will never be forgotten; early dissipation will be connected with the name of John B. Gough as long as his name is remembered. This is the price I must pay for the sins and errors of years ago: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

A long time ago I stained and blotted and marred many fair pages in the book of my life; the stains are

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there *now;* though many pages have been turned since then, yet the book is for inspection, and any man can turn to the blotted pages, and pointing to them say, "Behold his record!" And what is more bitter, more stinging, when a man has carefully striven, and is striving, to live down the past, than to know that the record is read, and can be used as a weapon for wounding his tenderest sensibilities? Remember, I do not complain of this; I only say it is so,—and would warn the young man in the outset of life: Keep the page clean, for you can neither seal the book nor remove the stains, and your sins will be remembered while you live, and your enemies gain a great advantage, at your cost and suffering. Thank God! He has promised "your sins will I remember no more against you forever." "I, even I, am He that *blotteth* out thine iniquities."

I will now give the statement, published twenty-five years ago; and after that lapse of time, I see no reason to alter or modify any expression then used. For brevity's sake I will condense the statement, retaining all the facts of the case.

STATEMENT.

MOUNT PLEASANT, ROXBURY, MASS., September 22, 1845.

Although very weak and worn with intense suffering in body and mind, yet I will delay no longer doing that which I have ever intended as soon as practicable to do; viz., to give a plain statement of facts relative to the unhappy circumstances in which I have been placed within the past few weeks. I left home on Monday, the 1st instant, in company with Deacon Grant of Boston, and Mr. Cyrus E. Morse; spoke in Westborough in the evening; went the next day to Springfield, and on the 3d, attended a convention at Blandford; spoke three times that day; spoke twice on the 4th, at Westfield; took leave of Deacon Grant and lady, and left in the morning for Spring-

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field, in company with Mr. Morse,—he to go to Boston, and I to take the cars for New York. I sent a letter to my wife by Mr. Morse, of which the following is an extract: "I hope to meet you on Monday evening. If I did not feel that the duty of finally arranging matters for the winter demanded my presence in New York, I would come home with Cyrus; but I hope to spend a pleasant and profitable Sabbath in Brooklyn. I shall think of you," etc., etc. My reason for going to New York was to make a final arrangement for part of my time, and *what* part this coming winter. I was to be in Montreal on the 11th inst. I agreed to meet my wife and a gentleman who was to accompany us to Montreal, at Albany, on Monday evening, September 8th. I arrived at New York at six or half-past six, on Friday, the 5th inst.; left my baggage with a porter on board the boat to bring after me, and walked to the Croton Hotel. I took tea; my baggage arrived; I procured a room, went into it, arranged my dress, told them there that I was going to Brooklyn, and might not return that night. I have always been made welcome at my friends in Brooklyn, and I knew that if they were not full, I should be invited to stay all night. About half-past seven or eight, I left the Croton, called at a store in Broadway, and purchased a watch-guard; went to the store of Messrs. Sexton & Miles; stayed there a few minutes. On coming out, I had not gone a dozen steps before I was accosted by a man, with, "How do you do, Mr. Gough?"

Said I: "You have the advantage of me; I am introduced to so many, that it is difficult for me sometimes to recognize them."

Said he: "My name is Williams,—Jonathan Williams. I used to work in the same shop with you in this city, a good many years ago."

I replied: "I do not remember it;" or something to that effect.

He then said: "You have got into a new business,—the 'temperance business.' Do you find it a good business?"

"Oh, yes," I told him; "I find it a very good business."

Some other conversation ensued, during which time we were walking slowly together, when he said: "I suppose you are so pious now, and have got to be so proud, that you would not drink a glass of soda with an old shopmate!"

"Oh, yes, I would drink a glass of soda with anybody; I will drink a glass with you, if you will go in here."

We were then opposite to Thompson's. There were, I should think, ten or twelve persons round the fountain, when he said: "We shall

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never get served here; I know a place where we can get better soda than we can here."

We then crossed the street, and went down Chambers Street to Chatham Street, till we came to a small shop. Having no suspicions, I did not take particular notice of what kind of a shop it was; but I saw confectionery, and a pasteboard sign with "Best Soda" on it. There are two or three of these establishments in that vicinity; owing to my weakness, I did not visit the place previous to my leaving New York, but I have no doubt that I can identify the shop among the others. This man called for soda; asked me what syrup I used; said he used raspberry,—I am pretty sure he said raspberry. I said I would take some of the same.

The syrup was poured out, and the soda poured into it from the fountain. The fountain was of a dark color. This man took my glass, and handed it to me with his hand over the top of the glass. I noticed his hand, because I thought it was not a very gentlemanly way of handing a glass; however, I thought no more, but drank it. We then went into Chambers Street again, and up to Broadway, together, when he left me. Soon after he left me I felt a warm sensation about the lungs and chest, with unusual exhilaration, and, for the first time, I began to suspect that it was not all right. This feeling increased, till I felt completely bewildered with the desire for something, I know not what. I do not know that I ever felt so strangely in my life before. I do not know how long I walked, but must have walked some distance, as I have some recollection of seeing the new white church at the upper end of Broadway. During this time, I went into a grocery store and got some brandy,—I do not know where, or whether I paid for it,—but I recollect drinking. I became, after a little while, bewildered and stupid, and had wandered, I do not know where, when I saw a woman dressed in black. I either accosted her or she accosted me,—it is immaterial which, as I was in such a state that I should not have waited to think who it was. I do not remember what I said; but she told some gentleman, who went to make inquiries, that I asked her if she could give me a night's lodging, or tell me where I could procure one, as I was without friends, etc. She took me into the house. How I got in I do not know. There was a flight of stairs; but I have no recollection of going up those stairs. I remember nothing distinctly that passed during the whole time, till I was taken away, except that I drank; but what I drank, or how much, or how often, I know nothing of. I have some idea that a man came there while I was there; be-

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cause I felt afraid of him. I have no recollection of going out at all, after I first went in on Friday evening; although it is said that I was seen on Saturday evening. I have no recollection either of going out or coming in; and if I did it, I don't know how I did it. I have no recollection of eating at all; although the woman told that I did eat, and asked a blessing; and also that I prayed. I have no remembrance of this. I do not remember purchasing a shirt, although I had a strange shirt on me when I was taken away.

The time that I spent in that place seems to me like a horrible dream,—a nightmare,—a something that I cannot describe. I have so little recollection of what transpired, that when I came out, I could not tell, for my life, how long I had been there, and was astounded when I found that I had been there so long. When Mr. Camp came into the house, I remember that I felt as if relief had come, and I said to him, "Oh, take me away from this!" I felt glad that some one had come.

He asked me how I came there. I told him a man had put something in a glass of soda which had crazed me. He asked me his name. I gave it to him as he gave it to me, as near as I can recollect. Another man came in with Mr. Camp; then Mr. Hayes came in, and took me in a carriage to Mr. Hurlbut's house, where I received the kindest care and attention during the most severe trial of bodily suffering and mental agony I ever experienced in my life. During the whole of my sickness I did not call for liquor, nor do I remember that I felt any desire or craving for it.

Who this Jonathan Williams is, I do not know. I do not remember ever working with him, and I told him so. I know not whether that is his right name. I have my suspicions that he came into the city the same night that I did, and left soon after the Friday that I was found; and that the whole thing was arranged before he accosted me. However it be, I feel that the whole matter will yet be made plain; that by some means or other, in the providence of God, the truth of my statement respecting this man will be made as clear as the sun. May God forgive him for the wrong he has done me.

With regard to the house in which I was found, it is said to be a house of ill-fame. I have understood that it was not; but be that as it may, had it been the most notorious house in the city, and I had seen one of its inmates, being in the state that I was in when I met this woman, I should have gone with her. I had no intention of going to such a house; all I wanted was rest; and I have every reason to be-

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lieve that I should have asked no questions or made no objections to any place. And now, in view of the past, I can say with Job: "For the thing which I greatly feared has come upon me; and that of which I was afraid is come unto me."

I have fallen! and, keenly feeling this, I am willing to lie prostrate in the dust, where this fall has put me. I do not presume to say that I am not to blame. I was to blame, in going with a stranger; but when he spoke of my being too proud, I do not know but I would have gone anywhere with him. But still I was to blame. I may be considered also to blame for getting that brandy,—giving way to my desires for it; but if bitter tears of repentance and earnest prayers for forgiveness for that of which I might have been guilty while under strong excitement, will avail through the mercy of Christ, I shall be forgiven.

To the temperance friends I am willing to bow; I am willing to be called the meanest of all engaged in the great cause; I am willing to bear with meekness their censure. To my brethren in the church,—I am willing that they should do with me and by me as they in their judgment may decide; submitting to them in all things, as they will. To those who may be prejudiced against me,—I blame you not for disbelieving my statement; I blame you not for all that you may say against me. By God's help, I will endeavor so to live that you will respect me, and by more earnest prayer and watchfulness so to maintain my integrity that I shall win your confidence. To those editors of papers who have mentioned my sad case with sympathy and consideration, I can say that gratitude is a little word for my feelings towards you.

In the bitter cup there are some mercy-drops: my life is spared; my reason is spared; the hearts of my friends are not shut up against me. For these mercies I trust I feel thankful; and whatever may be my future situation in life, I pray God that I may so live as to honor the profession that I have made; that I may be more humble, feel more my dependence on God, and by His grace become a more firm, consistent, uncompromising foe to strong drink in all its forms, than I ever have been before.

I might write much more; but I do not think it necessary.

I should have prepared this before, but wished to write every word myself, and sign my name. I have been, and still am, very weak and feeble.

This is the only statement that has ever been put forth in writing by me, and I leave it with the public. May God assist them to judge aright in the matter!

J. B. Gough.

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The Committee of the Mount Vernon Church, of which Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk is pastor, and where my wife and I were, and are, communicants, published the following—

REPORT.

At a regular meeting of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church, Boston, holden at their chapel on Friday evening, October 31, 1845, the examining committee, agreeably to their instructions, presented a report on the case of our brother, John B. Gough, as follows, to wit:—

The undersigned, appointed by the examining committee, September 17, 1845, to investigate the circumstances connected with the case of our brother, John B. Gough, and report the facts, so far as they could ascertain them, to the church, submit the following as the result of their inquiries:—

On the 19th of September, Brother Gough returned to his residence in Roxbury, and on the 22d, the committee had an interview with him, in which he related the circumstances of his case, as given in detail in his statement, which has been published, and which was read in the church-meeting, September 26, when, by a formal vote, the examining committee were instructed to inquire thoroughly into the case. Since the publication of this statement, more than a month ago, the committee have improved every opportunity to elicit facts which might confirm or contradict it. With this end, New York has been visited; where, commencing at the Croton Hotel, by an interview with its gentlemanly proprietor, the investigation was pursued to Thompson's, where, as is represented, they first stopped for soda; through Broadway and Chambers Street, to the shop in which it was probably drank; then, in company with Officer Hayes, to the house in Walker Street, with as full an examination into the circumstances of his connection with that dwelling, and his rescue from it, as could be made by conversation with the women who inhabit it, and the officer who conveyed him to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Hurlbut, at Brooklyn. That gentleman, who so humanely nursed and sheltered him, made a minute statement of the manner in which he was brought to his dwelling, the state he was in while there, and his condition on leaving. The physician who attended him through his sickness at Brooklyn very kindly communicated his view of the case while under his care, with the symptoms of his disease, and mode of treatment. Three or four other gentlemen, who had taken a deep interest in the matter, and been at great pains to

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ascertain the facts, were called on and conversed with. From all that could be gathered in these various ways, by an examination as thorough and impartial as could be made, the committee are constrained to believe that the published statement of Brother Gough is a frank and artless declaration of the truth. This opinion is confirmed by the interviews we have had with him and his physician during his sickness at Roxbury.

There are indeed difficulties in coming to this conclusion, and the case must yet remain in some degree of mystery. Still, the fact that an account of the affair going so much into detail should have been so extensively read and criticised for more than a month, and that none of his enemies even have been able to contradict it in a single particular, is strong presumptive evidence of its truth.

Assuming then,—as the committee are prepared to do,—the truth of this published statement, is the position of our Brother Gough, as presented therein, such a one as requires any censure from the church? A man of more prudence would have hesitated before drinking soda with a stranger; a man whose habits in early life had always been regular and temperate, might not have been stimulated to madness by such a libation; and a man of less nervous temperament might have found some lucid moments for reflection during such a week of horrid aberration of mind. But, in judging of the moral character of the conduct of another, our decision must be regulated by what we know of the physical propensities and natural temperament of his particular constitution. With such allowance, then, as Christian charity requires us to make on this score to all, we are brought to the conclusion that there has been nothing in this unhappy affair which ought to affect the standing of our Brother Gough as a member of the Church of Christ. His apparent remorse, and earnest prayer for forgiveness for that of which he might have been guilty while under strong excitement, are not inconsistent, we think, with the idea that he is free from voluntary crime in the matter. To have fallen by any means from the enviable position in which Brother Gough stood before the public previous to this occurrence, might have involved in the deepest humiliation a mind less sensitive than his. To awake, as from a nightmare, with a vague recollection of having passed through scenes which, in former days, had been connected with guilt and shame, would naturally inflict upon any tender conscience the sting of remorse.

In conclusion, the committee are of the opinion that no action of the church is demanded in relation to the matter; and they commend to

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the continued confidence and sympathy of his brethren, one whom God has heretofore honored as an instrument of doing much to withstand the progress of sin, and who now has been permitted to fall into fiery trials which, we trust, may but fit him more perfectly to serve his Master on earth or in heaven.

DANIEL SAFFORD.
JULIUS A. PALMER.

BOSTON, October 29, 1845.

The above report having been read, was, by an unanimous vote, accepted, and the clerk directed to furnish Mr. Gough with an attested copy.

A true copy,—Attest, ALBERT HOBART, *Clerk.*

This is the painful record which I should have been glad to omit, and, consulting my own feelings, would desire that the waters of oblivion should roll over the whole transaction. Not that I condemn myself for any willful wrong-doing. I can truly say, at this distance of time, that I do not consider I was guilty of any moral obliquity. I know others may have judged and will judge differently; but *I*, knowing all the facts, and suffering all the consequences, will not confess guilt such as many attributed to me. My error was want of caution in not heeding the warning of friends, and the threats of enemies, who—I can prove—boasted openly that they would trap me yet; and in accompanying a stranger, as I did. But I must acknowledge that I had no conception men could prove so devilish in their malice. The record is made permanent; there let it stand; and with it, my protest against condemnation. I therefore offer no excuses. But I must here say, that, as I look over the book containing letters I received at that time, so full of Christian tenderness and loving sympathy, my eyes fill, and my heart swells with gratitude and love to the many, the very many, of the good, the noble,

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the true, who sheltered me in that day of tempest; defended me in that day of terrible attack; gave me their sympathy, more precious than water to a thirsty soul. I cannot enumerate them; but will say that now, with twenty-five years stretching between that time and this, not one of them is forgotten; and I remember that not a cup of cold water given in His name, shall lose its reward.

And thus, filled with gratitude, I turn away from the recollection of the fierce and unmerciful onslaught made on me at that time, by those who believed of me all that was vile, and who showed me no mercy. How George Hurlbut,* George C. Ripley, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, W. H. Dikeman, my own dear pastor (Dr. Kirk of Boston), my church, and hosts of others, stood by me in the fire, and comforted me; how the press of the country, with some exceptions, either stated my case fairly, or defended me,—it would not be wise to enlarge on, or particularize.

But before I pass on, I must place on record here the unfailing devotion of one, whose faith in me never wavered, whose confidence was unshaken, whose perfect trust was never dimmed by a shadow of suspicion, and from whom I derived more comfort, strength, and encouragement, than from any other human source. How tenderly did *she* nurse me, through the long illness that succeeded my rescue! How indignant at every fresh attack on me! How she shielded me with her fearless and judicious defense, and comforted me

* It was to the house of George Hurlbut, in Brooklyn, that I was taken from Walker Street; and should I exhaust the vocabulary of the English language, I could not find words to express my gratitude to him and his noble wife, for their kind treatment of me, during the week I was with them. There are deeds of kindness beyond the power of words to describe.

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by her loving and thoughtful tenderness! She knew me, and trusted me fully, absolutely, perfectly; and from that day to this, not one syllable of doubt has passed her lips, nor a thought of distrust entered her heart. Had it not been so, I could never have fought the battle; and I can truly say that I owe much, very much, of what good I have been able to accomplish, to my true, faithful, loving wife.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Severe Illness—"Goughiana"—Speeches in Boston, Worcester, Newburyport, Dedham, New York, and Virginia—Woman Sold—Boston—Return to Virginia—Speech on Liquor Traffic—Night Serenade—A Crowd—Abolitionist—Work Continued—Brain-Fever—Recovery—News of my Father—Address to Colored People—Their Singing—Prayers—Return Home—Extract from my Father's Letter.

A LONG and tedious illness followed these events, and for weeks my life was despaired of; but with tender nursing, and the skillful treatment of Dr. Winship, by God's blessing, I recovered. During all this time, I received constant communications, though I was not permitted to see them in the worst period of my illness;—letters full of sympathy from friends,—with some threatening and scurrilous, many anonymous, and occasionally an attempt to levy black-mail. *This* was tried several times on my friends. The pretence was that they were in possession of facts that would seriously damage me with the public, if known, and for a certain sum they would be suppressed. To all these attempts, there was but one reply from my friends and myself:—we want facts; we are seeking facts; let us have facts. A man whom I had helped, and for whom I had paid money, that he might be carefully nursed during *delirium tremens*, wrote a pamphlet entitled, "Goughiana,"—a very scurrilous affair; and I have in my possession one of the letters which were written to him, to induce him to do it,

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bearing the writer's *name*. One sentence in this letter is: "You shake Gough, and old Deacon Grant with him, out of their stockings. I will see you free from all harm,—but I must not be known in the matter,—and you shall be well paid for your services."

On the 4th of December I was able to ride to Boston, to attend a meeting at which Rev. Mr. Spencer, from England, was to speak. I was called for, and made a few remarks,—the first words I had spoken in public since September 4th. On the 17th, I attended the Bristol County Convention, and spoke twice; at Worcester on the 23d; in the Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 25th and 28th; Newburyport, the 29th; and Dedham on the 30th;—thus ending the eventful and trying year of 1845. I commenced the new year by a lecture in Boston, at the Tremont Temple, on January 1st, as a farewell, previous to a Southern trip. On the 20th of January, I was appointed to speak in New York, at the Tabernacle. Opposition was expected, and slightly manifested. Hon. James Harper presided; Rev. Dr. Patten introduced me. The success of that meeting was largely attributed to the energy and judgment of W. H. Dikeman and his family. My home in New York has been for years at their house. I spoke in Brooklyn and Princeton; then passed on to Philadelphia, where I held large meetings under the auspices of the "Ladies' Temperance Union." At the first meeting, Rev. Dr. Cuyler opened with prayer, and Rev. John Chambers introduced me. During my stay in the city I held six meetings, one of which was for young men, principally medical students. The "North American" said of it: "It was one of the largest assemblages of men

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we have ever seen in the building. There were between three and four thousand."

I could fill this book with the records of kindness shown me here, and in other places; but as they would not be interesting to the general reader, I will just state I passed on through Baltimore and Washington, to Richmond, having accepted an invitation from John H. Cocke, Esq., of Fluvanna County, to spend some weeks in that State. Our head-quarters were at his house at Seven-Islands. I visited many towns in the Old Dominion, speaking almost constantly, though at times very weak, and far from being well. My principal work was in Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, and Portsmouth. It was in Norfolk I first saw a woman sold. Passing through the market, I saw a crowd surrounding a middle-aged colored woman, who stood on a barrel, the auctioneer below her. I stopped to hear: "Two hundred and thirty dollars, two-thirty; thirty, thirty, going; two-thirty, going, going,—gone!" Yes! there stood a woman, one of God's creatures, a wife and mother, with arms folded, and the tears silently rolling down her cheeks, as she quietly and meekly turned at the bidding of the gentlemen (?) who surrounded her, to show her arms, her shape, her breast, her teeth,—till the sale was accomplished, and the poor creature stepped down from her position before the crowd,—transferred from one owner to another, body, mind, and soul, for two hundred and thirty dollars. I turned to William Reid and said, "That's the most damnable sight ever seen in a Christian country." I was told, I must not say that, and was hurried away. All thanks to our God that such a scene can never be witnessed

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on our continent again forever! And let all the people say, Amen!

I passed on to Fredericksburg, to Washington, and home, under engagements to return to Virginia in June. After lecturing in Boston several times, and in other places in Massachusetts, I returned to Virginia, speaking in Fredericksburg the 20th of June; then on to Richmond, en route for Lynchburg, where I had an invitation, signed by the mayor and one hundred citizens, to deliver ten lectures there. On Sunday evening, I spoke very freely on the liquor traffic, and on Monday night about eleven o'clock, I was serenaded. The instruments were, a brass horn, a tin pan, a triangle, a piece of sheet iron, an old fiddle; and one man did the swearing for the party. Looking out of the window, I saw a group of men, and being very angry, I seized a tumbler from the table and threw it at them. Had they played a tune, however execrably, I could have borne it; but that abominable see-saw, tink-tink, drove me almost wild. I was kept awake nearly all night. In the morning I was passing down the street, when I was informed that four men had been arrested for disturbing the peace, and were having a hearing at the Court House. I went there, and found quite an excited crowd. As I was entering the Court House, a man addressed me:

"I want to see you."

I said, "You can see me."

"Come this way," he replied.

I went down through the crowd, and stood just below the curb-stone, he standing on it. Looking down at me, he asked, "What did you throw a tumbler at me for last night?"

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I said, "Did the tumbler hit you?"

"That is nothing to do with it. What did you throw that tumbler at me for?"

I asked him, "Where was you when the tumbler was thrown at you?"

"That is none of your business."

"Then it is none of your business why or whether I threw a tumbler at you."

There was by this time a large crowd gathered round me, and I began to feel a little uneasy, when one man said, "Hit him, Harris."

I must confess that as I looked up at the man who stood with clenched fist, I began to imagine how I should feel when it was dashed in my face; for I expected it, and wished myself in some better and quieter place. Then I heard: "Tie him up, and give him thirty-nine lashes." "Run him into the river up to his neck." "He's a d——d abolitionist."

I assure you, when I heard that "mad dog" cry, abolitionist, uttered against me, in the heart of a fierce crowd, in the city of Lynchburg, I was far from comfortable.

"You sha'n't speak again here," said a fellow in the crowd.

I suppose my courage was like the rat's, that will run if he can, but when driven into a corner, will fight. I certainly would have run if I could; but as that was out of the question, the next best thing was, to put as bold a face on it as I could, so I said: "I *shall* speak here again; I shall lecture in the Methodist Church at half-past seven this evening, on the subject of temperance!"

After a short time the crowd gave way, and I was

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left free to go, contrary to my expectation, without receiving a blow. I was told afterwards that I had many friends in the crowd, and if I had been struck there would have been a terrible fight. Providentially, there was no fighting, but an awful amount of swearing and threatening.

Early in the evening, several gentlemen called on me, and advised that I should go to the church, at the appointed time, and deliver my lecture. They were sorry that the term abolitionist had been connected with my name; but that I had better meet it, and they would stand by me. The church was crowded, and I was lifted in through the window. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. A. Smith, D. D., when I was introduced. There was an evident uneasiness in the audience as I rose. I first said: "I wish you to hear me patiently before you decide what to do with me. I am ready to leave your city to-night, by the twelve o'clock canal-boat, or I will stay, finish the course of lectures, and fulfill my engagement. I was invited here by a committee of your citizens, headed by the mayor, to deliver ten lectures on temperance. On Sunday night I asked for arguments on the other side, and I got them,—a brass horn, a tin pan, an old fiddle, a triangle, a piece of sheet iron, and one man apparently hired to swear for the occasion, and he did his work faithfully. These arguments were almost as good as I expected to get. I have been threatened with whipping, with being run into the river, with vitriol in my face, and I have been called an abolitionist. Now, just hear me, when I say that there is no gentleman here, whose opinion is worth having, who would not despise me heartily if I were not. You all know I am, and

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you knew it when you sent for me; but you engaged me to speak on temperance, and I came for *that* purpose. I have not spoken of your "peculiar institution" in public, whatever I may have thought of it. *You* have introduced the subject, not I; and I should receive and merit your contempt, if I swallowed my principles and told a lie to curry your favor."

This was the substance of my speech, given amid the stillness of the audience. I concluded by saying: "Now you shall decide; shall I continue my work here, or, with my wife, leave you to-night?"

I was surprised at the almost unanimous vote of the audience, that I should remain,—which I did. Col. Otey and his son, with Mr. Norvell and others, were very kind to me; and, hearing that the "loafers" from Buzzard's Roost had determined to serenade me again, Col. Otey sent his carriage, and took us to his house on the hill; and it was six weeks after, that we discovered he had remained up all night on the piazza, while his son was in a room over the front door, watching for the "loafers,"—and we were quietly and unconsciously sleeping. Had they come, we should probably have been awakened by the report of pistols, as Col. Otey was determined that they should not disturb his household with impunity. I must say, that I never experienced anywhere, more kind hospitality, or more chivalric defense, than from my friends at that time in Lynchburg; and very pleasant they made the remainder of my visit to their city. I left them, and rode twenty-five miles over a terribly rough road, to Liberty, in Bedford County, where, in three days after my arrival, I was prostrated with brain-fever,—principally caused, as the doctor

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said, "by the strain on my system in September last, with the nervous excitement and hard work of the past few weeks."

Again my life was in peril, but I was treated with the greatest kindness. Dr. Moseley took me to his own house; Mrs. Otey and Mr. Norvell came from Lynchburg to see me, and everything was done for my comfort. The report went out that I was dead, and my wife received letters of condolence; but, under the care of Dr. Moseley, who treated me like a brother, I recovered. (I was eight weeks, with my wife, in his house, and he would make no charge, either for medical attendance, or for any expenses he incurred.) The first news I received from the North was an account of the death of George Hurlbut, which gave me a severe shock.

While with Dr. Moseley, I received a letter from an Englishman, that my father was living. I had not heard from him for eight years. Though I had written, the letters had failed to reach him, and he was not aware of my address.

While in Virginia, I repeatedly addressed the colored people,—in Richmond, Norfolk, Petersburg, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, and other places. At Richmond I had twenty-five hundred in the Baptist Church. I was a little embarrassed about my address to them, and asked a gentleman,—a D. D., who sat with me,—"How shall I talk to these people?"

He said, "Just as you talked last night in Dr. Stiles' church." And I did.

There was no point I made they did not take promptly; no anecdote, that they did not enjoy. One little incident interested and moved me very much.

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I said something of heaven, and a tall negro rose and commenced a song. He had not sung two words before the audience caught it up, and two thousand voices joined with his. There was a chorus:—

"I'm bound for the land of Canaan,—
Come, go along with me;
We'll all pass over Jordan,
And sound the jubilee.
Den we shall see Jesus;—
Come, go along with me;
We're all gwine home together,
And will sound the jubilee."

I am afraid to say how many verses they sung with this chorus. It seemed to me there were over a dozen, and I had quite a rest. Just as I was resuming my speech, a tall man stood up by the pulpit, and said: "Bredren, jist look at me. Here's a nigger dat doesn't own his-self. I belong to Massa Carr, bless de Lord! Yes, bredren, Massa Carr owns me. Yes, bredren, dis poor old body belongs to Massa Carr; but my soul is de free-man of de Lord Jesus!"

The effect was electrical, and the whole audience shouted: "Amen!" "Glory!" "Bless de Lord!"

I took the opportunity of saying, "There is not a drunkard in this city can say that!"

I conversed often with the slaves, and though I saw the "institution" in its mildest aspects, I saw enough to send me back to the North more strongly anti-slavery than ever before. Thank God! *that* cloud has been driven from the horizon forever. We have passed through a red sea of blood; but have reached the shores of freedom, and slavery is among the things that were, and shall be no more. I was often

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amused at their quaint modes of expression, and interested especially in their deeply religious nature. The drollest prayer I ever heard, was from a colored man in Charlottesville. He belonged to the University of Virginia, and knew it, and meant that others should know it, too. He was appointed to open the meeting with prayer, and he knelt in such a position that he could look at me, apparently for my approval. At first I attempted to follow him, but found that to be impossible; and soon I could scarcely keep my countenance. He told the Lord: "We've come here to have a temperance meeting, and Brodder Gough is a gwine to lectur' to the colored people; and if dere's anybody cum in here pejudiss,—and I know dere is;"—then he related a conversation he had held before he came in, and prayed "Dat de Lord would show dose people dat likker isn't good," etc.,—with a side glance at me. Then he rambled off into petitions for everybody: for "De University of Virginny, whar *I* bilong; for me; for my wife; for my family; for de puffessors; for Dr. Guf—Guf—G—Dr. McGuffy,"—and, failing to pronounce the name correctly, he stopped short, and said, "Oh, pshaw!" At last he had it right, and went on naming his friends, and concluded by saying, "Dere's several more of de same sort, and de Lord knows who dey is as well as I can tell Him." All this with a great deal of earnestness and sincerity; but I must say, it was rather amusing to me, than otherwise.

I shall never forget how I was touched by the reply of a free man, when he had bought himself, to my remark that, "They had had a hard time of it."

"Yes, sir; we has; but isn't we patient?"

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His look, and the tones of his voice, made that little sentence very impressive to me.

An old colored man gave me an excellent text for a lecture, which I used: "Massa Gough, I signed de pledge eight years ago, and I find it helps my 'ligion. I've found out dis,—dat a man can't make no calculation dat will *come right*, for time or for eternity, if he drinks liquor."

And a capital text I found it.

A colored preacher said: "Bredren, I don't know whedder I shall edify you or not, for I have been eating chestnuts all the morning."

On the 4th of September I started for Lynchburg, on my way home; remained with Col. Otey three days; reached Bremo, Seven-Islands, on the 7th; visited with General Cocke till the 15th; when I left for home, via Richmond and Washington; reaching Roxbury on the 18th of September.

While in Virginia, the following article had appeared in the "Vox Populi," published at Lowell, and was extensively copied:—

> It is currently reported, and, we regret to say, generally believed, that John B. Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, has again broken his pledge. We are credibly informed that he was seen in a state of intoxication in Church Street, on Monday evening, and that he said he came to this city on Saturday. We are unable to ascertain any particulars, where he stopped, or obtained his liquor; but shall make inquiries before another publication.

Some copies of this article were sent to me in Virginia, which I have still in my possession. Now, I had not been in Lowell since August 28, 1845. I pass on without comment.

I rested at home till October 22d; then commenced

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my work in Massachusetts; then passed on to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; concluding the work for the year 1846, at Norfolk, Virginia. During the year, I received a letter from my father, an extract from which I insert. The date is, "Royal Hospital, Chelsea, September 29, 1846:"—

It is a long time since I saw or heard from you. I had, indeed, given up all hopes of ever hearing of you again. I think about three weeks since Mr. Ross called and informed me that he had seen my son in America, and that he had published a history of his life,—which I immediately procured. I am at a loss, my dear son, how to express my feelings on reading your book,—more particularly the first part of it. You must be aware that the narration of the many trials you encountered must have harrowed up the feelings of a father. Although I am not a member of the Total Abstinence Society, yet, I bless God that such a society exists; for, by its instrumentality, I am happy to say that "My *son* was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." And I do hope that, through grace, you will be enabled to perform with all fidelity, as a Christian, your duty to God and man. Oh! what unspeakable pleasure would it give to your poor old father, once more to see his son, before leaving this world of trials. I am now in my sixty-sixth year, and am in a good degree of health, and enjoy my present situation as a pensioner of the "Royal Hospital." Give my very affectionate love to your sister Mary and family, hoping they will all do well. My son, you have drawn a sorrowful picture of your dear mother's interment, in your history. I felt that part of it keenly.

Remember me to your wife, and assure her that it would be a source of the greatest comfort to see you both. May the Lord bless you, and make you happy!—is the prayer of your affectionate father,

JOHN GOUGH.

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CHAPTER XV.

Work Among the Children—Incidents—Disturbance in "Faneuil Hall"—Extracts from Journals—Dread of Audiences—Tremont Temple—Meeting in New York—Refusal to let me Pass—Flushing, L. I.—"Singed Cat"—Polite Proprietor.

THOUGH during these years the temperance movement was bitterly assailed, and its enemies quick and persistent in their opposition, yet the great cause was in a healthy state, and those were the palmy days for temperance. We had quarterly county conventions; the pledge at all our meetings freely circulated; the children gathered into cold water armies; the societies were alive and working; the temperance men were energetic and hopeful. Much of the pleasantest work was among the children; and I was always desirous of addressing them. They were among the most interesting and interested audiences I had. It was encouraging to speak to them, because they understood what was said. Many objected that "they did not comprehend these things." A speaker once told me that the greatest rebuke he ever received, was in overhearing two boys discuss an address they had heard from him:

"Well, Bill, how did you like it?"

"Didn't like it at all."

"Why not?"

"Why, because he talked so much baby-talk to us boys."

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I always found the boys and girls *did* understand it, and they were often most efficient workers for the movement. We furnished the children with pledge-cards; and it is surprising how many they induced to sign. A man was leaning, much intoxicated, against a tree; some little girls coming from school, saw him there, and at once said to each other, "What shall we do for him?" Presently, one said, "Oh, I'll tell you; let's sing him a temperance song." And so they did; collecting round him they sung:—

"Away the bowl, away the bowl;"

and so on, in beautiful tones. The poor fellow enjoyed the singing, and when they had finished the song, said, "Sing again, little girls, sing again."

"We will," said they, "if you'll sign the temperance pledge."

"No, no; we are not at a temperance meeting; there are no pledges here."

"I have a pledge," cries one; and "I have a pencil," cries another; and holding up pledge and pencil, they besought him to sign it.

"No, no; I won't sign now; sing for me."

So they sung again:—

"The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me."

"Oh! do sing again," said he, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"No, no more," said they, "unless you'll sign the pledge; sign it, and we'll sing for you."

He pleaded for the singing, but they were firm, and declared they would go away if he would not sign.

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"But," said the poor fellow, striving to find an excuse, "there's no table here; how can I write without a table?"

At this, a quiet, modest, pretty little creature came up timidly, with a finger on her lips, and said, "You can spread the pledge on the crown of your hat, and I'll hold it up for you."

Off went the hat, the child held it, and the pledge was signed; and the little ones burst out with—

"Oh! water for me, bright water for me."

I heard that man in Worcester town hall, with uplifted hands and quivering lip, say: "I thank God for the sympathy of those children. I shall thank God to all eternity, that He sent those little children as ministers of mercy to me."

Then again, the sympathy enlisted in behalf of the unfortunate children of the intemperate, was productive of great good. A school-teacher told me of a very pleasing change which took place in her school, in the conduct of her scholars towards two poor little creatures whom it was almost impossible not to pity. The children who came from a distance, would bring their dinners, and, at recess, sit down in the schoolroom, or under the trees, to eat. These poor little things often had no dinner, and would stand wistfully by the side of the others. The latter would say, "Go away! your father's a drunkard." But they were taught otherwise at the "cold water army" gatherings; and then it was gratifying to see how delicate in their attentions they were to the little unfortunates. They would steal up to the place where the two little ones were sitting; one would put down a

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piece of pie, another an apple, and then run away; and occasionally the contributions were so liberal, that the poor things had more provisions and delicacies before them at one time, than they would see at home in a month.

I have been often touched by the sorrows of the drunkard's child. Pitiful little things they are sometimes! I was once asked by a gentleman at whose house I was dining in Washington, "What was the most pitiful sight I ever saw?" After a little thought, I said: "An old child; a child with wrinkles in its face, that is not yet in its teens; a child made old by hard usage; whose brow is furrowed by the plowshare of sorrow;—*that* is one of the most pitiful sights on earth!"

We underrate the capacity of a child to suffer, as we do often their ability to understand. Many a young thing has wept scalding tears at the consciousness of being a drunkard's child. I was once driven from Hartford to a village where I was to lecture, by a man who wished to convey me there. He came with a fine pair of horses, harnesses, and vehicle quite stylish. "Ah!" said he to me, when we had fairly started on the road; "Ah! if you had seen me eight years ago, when I was carted out of Willington, you'd have thought I was a hard case; everything I possessed in the world on a one-horse cart,—wife, children, furniture,—what there was of it,—on a one-horse cart. A man lent me the team to get me out of the place; and *such* a horse! You couldn't see his head more than half the time. I knew he had a head, 'cause when I'd pull the rein he'd kind of come round,—and so slow! why, the only effect of leathering him was

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to make him go sideways, but not a bit faster. *Now* I am driving you to my native town with a span of horses. They're *mine*,—I own this team. That off-horse is a good traveler. (G'lang!—I'm in a hurry.) Why, eight years ago I was carted out, and now I'm driving *you* there, with my own team, for a temperance lecture. (Get up! g'lang!) My father lives there yet, and my old mother, that has prayed for me so many years,—(get up! g'lang!—I'm in a hurry.) It is the happiest day of my life. My wife's people live there, too. They never spoke to me for years before I signed the pledge, and I have a letter in my pocket inviting me to bring you to their house. G'lang!" he shouted, and we spun along the road at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Slacking the speed, he turned to me and said, "Do I look like a brute?" "No, certainly not," I replied. "Well, I'm not a brute; everybody said I was a brute; but I am not a brute. And yet—well, I'll tell you. I came home one day irritated with drink, ready to vent my anger on anything. My boy, about ten years old, came to the door, and as soon as he saw me he darted off. 'Dick, come here, come here!' When he came, his face was bloody and bruised, his lip cut, and one eye swollen. 'What have you been doing, Dick?' 'I've been fighting.' I had no objection to the boy's fighting; but I asked, 'What have you been fighting for?' He said, 'Don't ask me, father; I don't want to tell you.' 'Tell me what you have been fighting for?' 'I don't want to.' Full of rage, I caught him by the collar of his little jacket and roared out, '*Now*, tell me what you have been fighting for, or I will cut the life out of you.' 'Oh, father!' he cried out piteously, 'don't beat me, father,

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don't beat me.' 'Tell me what you've been fighting for, then.' 'Oh! I don't want to.' I struck him with my fist on the side of his head. 'Now, tell me what you've been fighting for.' 'Oh! father, father, don't beat me, I will tell you.' 'Well, tell me then, quick.' Wiping the blood and tears from his poor, swelled face with the back of his hand, he said: 'There was a boy out there told me my father was a poor old drunkard, and I licked him; and if he tells me that again, I'll lick him again.' Oh! Mr. Gough, what could I say? My boy, ten years of age, fighting for his father's reputation. I tell you, it had like to killed me. How I loved that boy, my noble boy,—I could almost have worshiped him. But oh, oh, the drink, the cursed drink,—my love for that was stronger than my love for my child."

Do not, then, little ones suffer? God help them! and inspire every friend of humanity to stretch out a helping hand to these despairing, wretched, but innocent victims of this horrible vice of drunkenness.

While laboring among children, I have been deeply impressed with the importance of the work; and I believe just in proportion as we neglect the right training of children in these important principles, we lose our hold on the public mind. These little ones are growing up rapidly to influence, and in a great measure to govern society. Their power for good or evil is greatly increasing year by year. Start them right,—and surely abstinence from stimulating drinks is right. "Teach them temperance," say some. What is temperance?—the moderate gratification of a natural appetite. Is the appetite for intoxicating drinks a natural appetite? No! Is not total abstinence

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safe? Is not drinking a risk? Then, help to save and secure children,—I will not say, from the evil that *must* come on them by drinking, but that which *may*. Parents are influenced by their children. Many a man has been saved by the instrumentality of his child. A very useful worker in this field in Scotland, was reformed by hearing his little child ask his mother, who was reading to her children the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, "Will father be among the goats, when Jesus comes?" Another man I knew, was reformed by his child's asking him a simple question. He had stolen the Testament the little girl had received as a gift from her Sunday-school teacher, and sold it for drink. When on her death-bed, she asked: "Father, when I go to heaven, suppose Jesus should ask me what you did with my little Testament, what shall I tell him?" He told me that was like a flash of lightning through him; and before the child died, she held his hand in hers, while he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Some of the little fellows who became members of the cold water army twenty years ago, thank God for it to-day. I grant you that some may not keep their pledge; but many do,—that we know.

A child's rebuke is sometimes effective by its artlessness and simplicity, and a man will feel more keenly reproof from a child, than he would a sermon; and these little ones often preach powerful sermons in a few words.

A barrel of liquor was being carted up a street in Boston, when, by accident, it rolled off, and the head was driven in. One of the spectators, seeing the liquor spilt, said, "Oh, what a pity!" "Oh no, sir,"

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said a little boy, "It is not a pity; it had better be on God's earth, than in God's image."

I have so many interesting facts in reference to the work among the children, that I am loth to turn away to other topics. But I long to see a deeper interest manifested in the instruction and training of them in the right path.

"I never drank a glass of liquor in my life," said a young man to me a short time since. How many young men to-day cry out in the bitterness of their wretched experience, "Would to God I could say *that!*"

In the year 1847 I continued my work, visiting towns and cities in the States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. From May 11th to June 25th, I was in Virginia, and then returned home. I moved from Roxbury to Boston, October 31, 1846. On the 23d of August, I started for the Province of New Brunswick, and remained there till October 1st; lecturing in St. Johns principally, but speaking in Fredericton and some other places. I have very pleasant remembrances of my visit to that Province. Passing through Maine, I reached home October 16th, and spoke in Tremont Temple on Sunday, 17th.

Several temperance meetings had been disturbed by a systematic course of opposition from enemies of the cause. In one instance, the meeting was broken up by the appointment of a notorious liquor seller to the chair. The Directors of the "Boston Temperance Society" asked me if I would deliver an address in Faneuil Hall, under these circumstances. I expressed my willingness to do so, and Thursday, October 21st,

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was appointed. All that day there was considerable commotion in the city,—knots of men at the corners of the streets, eagerly and excitedly discussing the probability of a row; some declaring there would be a serious riot, if we attempted to hold the meeting. As is well known, Faneuil Hall is obtained by a request of the city authorities, signed by one hundred citizens, for its use, and no charge is made except for lighting. In Boston it is recognized as the People's Hall. On arriving, we found a very large crowd, and some evidently bent on mischief. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Deacon Grant, amid a storm of hisses and applause, introduced me. I stepped forward to address the audience, but was so assailed by hisses, screams, and personal abuse, that I could do nothing but stand and look at them in perfect amazement. There were not more than two hundred engaged in this disturbance; but the whole mass of the people were in a state of excitement. Three cheers were called for Deacon Grant; then for some notorious liquor seller; then for me; then for everybody in particular. Some started the tune, "Oh! oh! the boatmen row;" and a ring was formed, and dancing commenced.

A Boston paper stated: "We learn that rum had been freely distributed during the day, with the understanding that the topers who partook of the beverage were to be at the hall at an early hour, prepared to do the dirty work of their masters, the rum-sellers;" and "that certain men had been very active during the day in beating up recruits for the occasion."

The "Boston Atlas" said: "Mr. Gough was utterly prevented from being heard, by the shouting, hissing, bawling, and stamping of—shall we tell it to the

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nation?—a real *mob*, in the cradle of American liberty! A mob composed, of course, of such only as have good reason to dread the fervid eloquence of a humble man, lately rescued from the destroyer, and now laboring, day and night, to save others! This in Boston! This in Faneuil Hall!"

Nearly every paper in the city commented severely on the outrage, and its authors. But simple disturbance did not suit the projectors of this opposition to our meeting, and they soon proceeded to active violence. A rush was made for the platform, and resisted; again they tried it, and they came pouring up like besiegers to a fort. Our friends stood on the defensive; and one or two, losing their patience, met the attack with physical force. One seized the pitcher and broke it over the head of one of the assailants. I had placed my hat on my head (it was a new one, by the way) just as another of our friends raised a chair, and, as he threw it back to give force to the blow, it came heavily against my hat, crushing it in, and entirely destroying the symmetry of my "new hat." I had spoken some weeks before to the seamen of the United States Receiving Ship Ohio, and several of the men were at Faneuil Hall that night. One man, in his blue shirt, with the stars on the collar, and his tarpaulin with "Ohio" on it, said to me, "We're from the 'Ohio,' Mr. Gough, and they sha'n't hurt you;" and several of the good fellows struck out right and left. One of the rioters came rushing towards me, and striking the table, it gave way, and down he went, table and all. A seaman caught him up by the collar of his coat and somewhere else, and threw him out into the audience. He looked very much like

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what the Irishman called a "straddle-bug." My wife was in the gallery, and as she saw this man going out into the crowd, sprawling in the air, like a frog, she thought it was me; but her fears were allayed by seeing me standing on the platform, with a "shocking bad hat." This confusion must have lasted an hour, when the police came in and restored order.

The "Boston Post" of October 22d, contained an article headed, "An unsuccessful attempt to put down Mr. John B. Gough," and stated that we were "interrupted by cries of 'organize!' 'organize!' 'Peter Brigham!' 'Peter Brigham!' etc., and a knot of persons bent on mischief forced themselves on the platform; Mr. Gough was struck over the head with a chair; Constable Ellis was thrown, or rather swept, off the platform; a pitcher was broken, and the fragments used as missiles; two of the intruders were knocked off the platform by a stout man who came to the defence of the officers of the meeting; and blows became general, until Mr. Taylor, the superintendent, turned off the gas. During the hight of the uproar, two intoxicated men were forced on the platform by their company, who seemed to regard it as a capital joke. In the meantime, notice had been sent to the City Marshal, who lost no time in repairing to the scene with a full force of police. When they reached the hall, the principal friends and opponents of the meeting were all huddled and jammed together on and about the platform. The arrival of the police was received with loud cheers, and they soon opened a lane to the platform, took possession of it, drove down all who had no right there, and restored the officers of the meeting to their places.

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The gas was turned on, Mr. Gough resumed his remarks," etc.

The "Boston Daily Mail" said: "It was confusion worse confounded; the friends of decency turned pale, and the mob hooted like so many fiends; tables and chairs flew about, and matters began to look still more threatening, when some one turned off the gas, leaving everything in almost total darkness. The friends of Mr. Gough resolutely maintained their position, till a strong posse of police—for whom a messenger had been dispatched—made their appearance," etc.

We were much relieved when Marshal Tukey marched in at the head of some eighty men, and restored order. A notice was given that another meeting would be held, one week from that night, Thursday, October 28; and on that occasion there was not the slightest disturbance, and, I believe, there never has been in Boston since at any meeting held for the promotion of temperance. It was severe, while it lasted; but, like a thunder-storm, it cleared the atmosphere.

I addressed a large audience at Tremont Temple, on Sunday evening, the 24th, filled the engagement at Faneuil Hall, and continued my work in Massachusetts till December 13th, when I went to New York, and closed the year's work in Kingston, in that State. In October I became weary of living in the city, so we removed to Boylston, and boarded at the farm-house of Capt. Stephen Flagg, in that town.

At this time, I labored in Philadelphia under the auspices of the "Ladies' Temperance Union," a well-organized association, and very successful for many

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years; Miss Sarah McCalla (with whom we made our home for many seasons), Mrs. Dr. Bryan, and the other managers, vigorously and persistently laboring for its advancement. In Boston, I was generally employed by the "Boston Temperance Society;" in New York, by the "Daughters of Temperance," and other associations,—our friend, Mr. Dikeman, hospitably entertaining us at his house.

I have often been asked, "Were you ever embarrassed before an audience?" Often the dread of an audience has well-nigh unfitted me for the evening's service; and now, after more than twenty-six years of platform-speaking, I rarely face an audience without a dryness of my lips, and a weakness in my knees. To be sure, it does not last long; but it is distressing for the time being. There have been occasions when the nervousness and depression previous to addressing an audience, have been of the most intense and distressing character. In Boston, when I had been announced for Tremont Temple, on Sunday evening, for the one hundred and sixty-first lecture in that city, it so far overcame me, that Deacon Grant, in whose family we were staying, became quite alarmed. All day it weighed heavily on my mind. I could not go to church. As the time for the meeting drew on, my wife accompanied me to the Temple. We reached the door—my heart failed me, and I turned away. My wife tried to cheer me, walked with me;—a second time we reached the door, and I again turned back. At length I mustered up courage, and, amid doubt, and trembling with fear, we pressed our way in with the crowd.

"You can't come in; the hall is full," said the

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door-keeper. "I wish you *would* keep me out," was my reply. "Ah! Mr. Gough, is that you? Make way there!" and on I went, feeling like "an ox going to the slaughter, or a fool to the correction of the stocks."

Mr. Grant was waiting for me with great anxiety, for he knew the state of my mind. "I can say nothing to-night; I haven't a thought," were the first words I said to him, as I took my seat on the platform. But it was necessary that the exercises should begin. Rev. Mr. Cushman offered prayer, and prayed most feelingly for me; but the black cloud still covered me. Then music,—I hoped *that* might inspire me; but no. For a wonder even that failed to help me. When introduced, I stood with trembling limbs and a sinking heart, and I well remember what I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have nothing to say. It is not my fault that I am before you to-night. I almost wish I could feel as a gentleman in New York told the people he felt when he addressed them,—'I am never afraid of an audience; I imagine the people are so many cabbage-heads.' I wish I could feel so." Then a thought struck me, and I said: "No, I do not wish *that*. When I look in your faces, an assemblage of rational and immortal beings, and remember how drink has debased and dragged down the loftiest and noblest minds, I cannot feel so,—I thank God I cannot feel so." And then I went on for more than an hour and a half, with no hesitation even for a word. When I sat down, Deacon Grant said, "Don't you ever frighten me so again."

That audience had no conception of my real suffering. Had not my wife so judiciously cheered and encouraged me, I think I should not have appeared

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that night. I was very pale and thin at this time, and many were the jokes on my personal appearance. One writer said I looked as if a tolerable gust of wind would blow me to any required point of the compass. My hair was very dark, and I suppose I *did* look rather cadaverous.

One night at a crowded meeting in Dr. Cone's church, Elizabeth Street, New York, I was insinuating myself as quietly as I could through the mass of people, who were standing in the aisles, when I came to a big, broad-shouldered man, who would not move an inch, but on the contrary seemed inclined to "close up." "Will you please let me pass?" "No," he replied very gruffly, "I sha'n't." "I should like to get by you, sir," I said, as mildly as I could. "I have no doubt you would" (very sternly). "But my name is Gough, and I have to lecture to-night." I thought that would be a clincher; but I might as well have tried to move an elephant with a feather. The man looked bigger and taller than ever, as he said, "Now, young man, you can't come that game on me; I have let two or three Mr. Goughs go by me already." I said, "You please let me pass, and the exercises will at once commence." Turning half round, and looking down at me, he replied: "You don't believe I'm such a fool as to suppose that such a muff of a fellow as you, could bring all these people together? Why, you look so weak, that I don't believe a quarter of them could hear you. I sha'n't let you pass me." Fortunately, a lady was seated near who knew me, and, seeing the difficulty, asked me to step over the top of the pew where she was; but the big man gave way at that, saying, as I passed him, "If you are Mr.

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Gough, begin as soon as you can, for I am tired of standing." When I reached the pulpit I looked over at him, and could not resist the temptation of making him a slight bow.

On my first visit to Flushing, L. I., I entered the church, and, as no one met me, proceeded to the pulpit, and sat down on the stairs. I noticed several looked at me as if they wondered what business I had there. Soon the directors of the meeting came in, and I was escorted to the desk. Looking down at one man whose gaze at me I thought especially queer, I noticed him staring with a good degree of wonder. When I had finished, and was coming down the pulpit stairs, he stepped up to me, and, holding out his hand, said, "You're very much like a singed cat." I drew myself up, a little offended at what I thought was a very uncomplimentary remark. When I reached home, I related the circumstance to some friends, and asked if he meant to insult me. "Oh, no; he meant you was better than you looked to be."

I was once introduced by a Scotchman, who said: "I wish to introduce Mr. Gough, who is to lecture to us on temperance; and I hope he'll prove far better than he looks to be."

I believe it is considered a great advantage for a public speaker to be dignified, stately, majestic, and pleasing in his personal appearance; but I never had those advantages. Perhaps I am a gainer in the end; for an audience may be better pleased with a speaker from whom they expect nothing, than from one whose imposing appearance would lead them to expect much. The proprietor of the lodging-house where we were entertained on our first visit to London, was

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so excessively polite, that it was embarrassing at times. He would insinuate himself into the room at breakfast time, and, bowing very gracefully, would say: "I beg your pardon—excuse me—I'm much obliged to you—thank you—but, hem!—what would you like for dinner?" These expressions he used on all occasions. The committee had presented him with tickets to the lecture at Drury Lane Theater, and on my return he met me at the door and said: "I beg your pardon, sir," etc., "but, hem!—I've been to your lecture, and—I beg your pardon—thank you—but, hem!—I've been very much disappointed, sir."

"Ah! Mr.——, I'm sorry for that."

"Oh, my!—thank you—I beg your pardon—but, hem!—to look at you, nobody would think you could speak on a stage—hem!—I beg your pardon—thank you, sir—but, hem!—when Lord Shaftesbury introduced you—you know, sir—hem!—that he is a very noble-looking gentleman, so tall, you know, and so—hem—I beg your pardon, but really—thank you, sir—when you stood up, you looked so—hem!—so very—I beg your pardon, but really I pitied you—I did indeed, now—to look at you nobody would think you could speak on the stage—hem!—I beg your pardon."

I have, in traveling, overheard some curious remarks about my personal appearance, generally by no means complimentary; but I console myself with the calculation, that, as I was considered a very pretty baby, if I live to second childhood, beauty may come to me again.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Line of Travel for the Year—Meeting at Kingston—Fall of the Platform—Notice of the Accident—Practical Jokes—My Father's arrival in this Country—Comments of the Press—Opposition of Temperance Papers—Charge of Becoming Rich—Statement of Receipts—Present Condition—Purchase of Land—Building a House.

DURING the first few weeks of 1848 I continued working in New York State, returning home February 4th; then in Connecticut till April 28th; delivering during that time, some addresses in New York and Brooklyn. After resting till May 8th, I commenced again in Connecticut, and continued in that State and Massachusetts, till July 3d, when I went to Kingston, N. Y.; spoke there on the 4th of July; from thence, home to rest till the 25th, and then on to Connecticut till September 6th; and continued through the remainder of the year in the State of New York,—with the exception of two weeks in Connecticut,—lecturing generally in the towns on the Hudson River; finishing the year in Chatham Four Corners, N. Y. While lecturning in New Haven, I put up at a hotel with very poor accommodation. Mr. John G. North called on me, with one or two gentlemen. When they came to my room, I held up what appeared very much like a doll with a large head, and asked them to guess what it was. They were puzzled, for no one would have supposed it could be my pillow. We had a laugh to-

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gether at my discomfort, and Mr. North took me to his pleasant home, where for years I was most liberally entertained on my frequent visits to New Haven.

At Kingston, N. Y., the meeting was held on the 4th of July, in a large tent. During the exercises, a portion of the seats gave way, carrying with them a part of the platform. No one was very seriously injured. A lady, I believe, had a leg fractured. A New York paper gave a notice of the accident, headed, "*John B. Gough again Fallen!*" and then followed a statement of the facts, the writer evidently intending a joke; and it was so understood. But there are some persons who do not understand a joke, until it is explained to them. Mr. Wheelock, of the Quincy House, told me that a person whom I knew well at that time, as no friend to me, came into the hotel, crying: "Ha, ha! Gough's down again! Just as I expected—down again!"

"No," said Mr. Wheelock, "I guess not; at least I hope not."

"Ah! but it is *so;* here it is in the paper; look at *that*,—'John B. Gough again Fallen!' There's no doubt about it this time."

"Let me see the paper," said Mr. Wheelock. After reading it he said to the gentleman, "Have you read the article?"

"No; I only saw the heading, and brought it right to you, because you are interested in Gough."

"Well," replied Mr. Wheelock, "you had better read it,"—and handed the paper to him.

"Ah!" said he when he had read it, "it's a pretty good joke."

Those who make jokes, should understand that

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some persons cannot appreciate a joke. They are very literal, and take everything in that sense. After my work in Buffalo, one of the city papers perpetrated a joke that caused uneasiness to some personal friends of mine for a brief space. The paper stated: "We learn that after a series of temperance lectures delivered in Buffalo, by John B. Gough, that gentleman left the city *on a regular train.*" One elderly lady friend ran in great distress from house to house, expressing her sorrow that Mr. Gough, after lecturing on temperance, should go off on a train; and declared she didn't know whom to trust after that. Her anxiety continued till some one said, "I wonder he did not go by the *express* train," and then she saw the joke, and no harm was done.

Occasionally harm *is* done, through foolishness or malice. A gentleman told me that in the street-cars in Chicago, the winter before last, he heard a man very stoutly abusing me. The cars were passing the Baptist Church on Wabash Avenue, and some one said, "Gough lectured on temperance there last night;" when this man cried out, "Gough's a hypocrite! he has been drinking at the Tremont House." "Who says so?" was the question of one or two. "The paper says so," said he triumphantly; and read out the article some silly person had inserted, to the effect that "The Fat Contributor" and "Nasby" had called on Gough, at the Tremont House, and had ordered brandy up to the room, till he protested that his reputation would suffer; the inference being, that I either drank, or consented that the brandy should be ordered, till I became fearful for my reputation. This was a joke; but it did me no good, and caused

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me some annoyance; I heard of it more than once. I know the majority took it as a joke; but there were some who did not stop to reflect, that no gentleman would call on me and order brandy to my room in a hotel;—and "The Fat Contributor" and "Nasby" are both gentlemen.

These are trifling matters to mention; but they are made, and can be made, very annoying. A sensitive man does not like these things buzzing about him. I sometimes can say with the poor fellow, almost tormented out of his wits by the mosquitoes, "There! if you must bite, *bite;* but stop your darned bugling!" A lady wrote me a severe letter from St. Louis, commencing by telling me how much she was pleased with my address on temperance in that city, but that in traveling North, she heard a very respectable person say I kept a large stock of wine in my cellar; and then she rather broadly hinted that I was a hypocrite. The "respectable person" perpetrated a very poor joke, and the lady took it in earnest,—that's all.

I crave my reader's pardon for alluding to these little things; but they produce an effect. "Oh! do not mind such trifles." That's easier said than done. I have been often seriously requested—personally, and by letter—to deny in public that I use intoxicating liquor; for it is reported that such is the fact, etc.

Now, how can a man stand up and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to assure you that I do not drink intoxicating liquors?" Just as properly might he announce, if accused of lying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you I am not a liar." These foolish, jesting words that touch a man's reputation, are so

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easy to say, though their effects are not so easily remedied. It is easy, too, to make an accusation that is hard to disprove,—to say words that sting those who never hear them, and cannot answer them.

On the 27th of October my father arrived in this country, and on the 28th came to my house. I had obtained his direction, and written to him immediately on hearing that he was living. I had repeatedly written to him during the past eight years; but he had married again, and on the death of his wife, gone into Chelsea Hospital; so my letters failed to reach him. An English gentleman in whom I had become interested, and to whom I had been of some service, when leaving this country for a visit home, asked me what he could do for me in England. I told him the only thing I could ask him to do, was to ascertain, if possible, whether my father was living, and if so, where he was. I gave him all the direction I could, to enable him to succeed in his search, and in 1846, a few months after he had left, he wrote me that my father was alive and well, and sent me his address. I felt as Joseph did, when he said, "Is the old man of whom ye spake, your father, yet alive? and they said, he is alive." I immediately wrote to him and received his reply, which I have inserted in a previous page. My "Autobiography" had been published in England by Darton & Co., of Holborn Hill, London, and my father had obtained a copy of it. As he was desirous of coming to the United States, I sent him the means to accomplish his desire; and he came, bringing with him a little son, my half-brother, about five years of age. Such a pleasant episode in my life as meeting a father I had not seen for nineteen, and

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had not heard from for nearly eight years, could not be permitted to pass without an alloy. For my part, I cannot understand the cruelty of some people. This article appeared in the papers,—not exactly correct, however: "*Mr. Gough and his Father.*—John Gough, the father of John B. Gough, has arrived in this country. He first learned that his son was in America, from being asked by a traveling agent to purchase his history."

The Boston "Chronotype" published this article, with the following comments: "His son must have been still more surprised to learn that his father was in America, for he used to tell, as one of his most pathetic tales, how he followed his father to his grave, in a sort of Potter's Field. Does not John B. Gough owe it to a curious and generous public, to explain to them how he came by his resurrection?"

This was copied very extensively, with various comments. A Hartford paper commented thus: "Probably the story of his father's death was manufactured to order, like the drugged soda-water which stole away his brains in New York. John B. Gough is a great natural orator, and a smart, effective speaker; but he is not so scrupulous about the truth as he should be. A man in his position ought not to prove himself a hypocrite in too many things."

Many of the newspapers defended me, stating that my "Autobiography" had been published, and been before the public for more than three years, and that it was my mother—not my father—who was buried in Potter's Field. Several of the newspapers, in extracts that I have before me, took the "Chronotype" to task, and said some severe things. One extract I give:

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"The story originated with the 'Chronotype' of this city, in which other interesting items pertaining to Mr. Gough, have at different times appeared; evidently by the same disingenuous individual,—*by no means the editor;*" and after stating that the story is erroneous, that Mr. Gough never uttered such words, goes on: "There are probably several other esculents of similar diminutive dimensions, in the possession of our contemporary's *protégé*, which will doubtless be presented to the gaze of an appreciating public." I beg to state that this article was not from a temperance paper.

These articles, friendly to me, brought out a furious one from the "Chronotype," and a succession of them, in which I was called a "sycophantic weedling," a "priestly vassal," a "willful liar, or consummate ass," a "religious thief," "wolfish;" and then—for no conceivable purpose but to wound where every living man feels most the cruelty of other's words (in his domestic relations)—my dead were dragged from the grave, to be pelted with the last and worst epithets that a desire to sting the living could supply.

I do not insert these things in a spirit of bitterness; but as I am furnishing my recollections, I deem it but my duty, that if the public choose to know anything about me, other than they can gather from my public labors, they are entitled to a record of the trials and battles of these years, as well as the enjoyments and prosperities. I have many pleasant things to record —very pleasant. The public generally, has treated me with the utmost kindness and liberality; the press has been generous and forbearing in its criticism; but the steady, persistent opposition of some of the tem-

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perance papers especially, has been a mystery to me. I know I did not agree with the "Washingtonians" in all their declarations and proceedings; but then, a man has a right to his opinions, if he can give good reasons for holding them, and I think I did. If I did not, it was a simple matter for criticism or debate,—not abuse; for in expressing opinions publicly, a man exposes himself to criticism; and I know I have never complained of that, provided it was fair, no matter how severe. I think—indeed, I know—that I have been benefited by criticism, and I thank every honest, fair critic. But the continual opposition and defamation are, to me, unaccountable.

One charge so often brought against me, and which was a never-failing armory from whence to draw their weapons, was, that I was "making money." Now here—as I shall soon dismiss the subject, and I desire that my friends (and foes, if I have any) shall know the facts in reference to my public life—I will render a statement, as correct as mathematics, of the sums averaged per night, for lectures, during my whole course. I give the receipts in Great Britain, for the two years I spent there, from August 1, 1853, to August 2, 1855, and from September, 1857, to August, 1860, embodying them in the statements for those years. Here are the years, and the average receipts for lectures:—

1843, average per lecture,	$2 77
1844, average per lecture,	7 29
1845, average per lecture,	14 42
1846, average per lecture,	20 52
1847, average per lecture,	21 06
1848, average per lecture,	17 28
1849, average per lecture,	19 12
1850, average per lecture,	24 36

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1851, average per lecture,	$21 80
1852, average per lecture,	21 67
1853, average per lecture,	25 33
1854, average per lecture,	48 46
1855, average per lecture,	50 14
1856, average per lecture,	63 73
1857, average per lecture,	62 90
1858, average per lecture,	47 88
1859, average per lecture,	49 32
1860, average per lecture,	60 10

Since 1860, I have lectured on other topics a portion of each year, and have received a larger average; but if the associations that employ me are satisfied, I know not why I should not be,—and outsiders have no reason to grumble. The evidence that they are content is, that I refused last year more than nine hundred applications for my services; and now (July 24, 1869) have more than six hundred applications for service the coming season. I append the average from 1860 to 1867, not having made up the account for 1868:—

1861, average per lecture,	$88 37
1862, average per lecture,	90 83
1863, average per lecture,	104 94
1864, average per lecture,	114 80
1865, average per lecture,	150 62
1866, average per lecture,	169 78
1867, average per lecture,	173 39

Out of these sums must come all my expenses (either my wife, or a traveling agent and clerk, accompanying me from 1843), all postal matters, telegrams, expresses, frequently the pay of an amanuensis, as well as the "thousand and one" expenses incident to a moving public life.

I am often reported to be rich. I have a farm and

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a comfortable home. In it are many valuable books and pictures, not a few of them gifts, besides precious testimonials of esteem and gratitude in various forms, and I have some investments. Should I fail this year, however, in ability to labor or do anything for income (and I am liable to accident or illness at any time), I could not, on the interest of these investments, retain my home as it is at present, with the care of those now dependent upon me for support and aid in various ways. The question arises, "Where has it gone?" That is a question I am not called upon to answer. I am responsible only to Him through whose goodness I have received, who knows all hearts, and who has commanded us to "honor Him with our substance."

This statement is a digression which may call for an apology, but which, in view of what has been said and done, I thought ought to be made. Here let it stand; leaving me to be glad of the hope that to the temperance cause will be given the honor of one of its advocates seeking to advance it according to his ability, and his family not "asking bread" when he is laid aside,—his work done. I have never felt it an honor to the cause that its chosen workers should be so ill-provided for in its service, that the posthumous testimonial, or the earlier subscription paper, should be the only reliance of broken health, or support of beloved ones.

On a fine May evening, I accompanied Capt. Flagg to a pasture on the hill west of his farm, and was so charmed with the beauty of the prospect that I exclaimed, "What a fine site for a house!"

"Why do you not buy this strip of twenty-five

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acres, more or less, and build a house?" was the Captain's reply.

Almost on the instant, I had agreed to take the land. On the 22d of August (my birthday) the corner-stone of my house was laid. Deacon Moses Grant, G. W. Bungay, F. W. Kellogg, and some other friends were present, and spent the day with me. It seemed a great undertaking to make a home for myself and wife. Many friends have asked why I chose a spot so far from the city,—five miles from Worcester, and two miles from anywhere else. The fact is, I had become weary of city life, and longed for the country. Being pleased with this situation, I purchased twenty-six acres, built my house, and planted trees. Since that time, I have added to it, and now, I trust with a grateful heart, sit with my friends under the shade of the trees my hand has planted.

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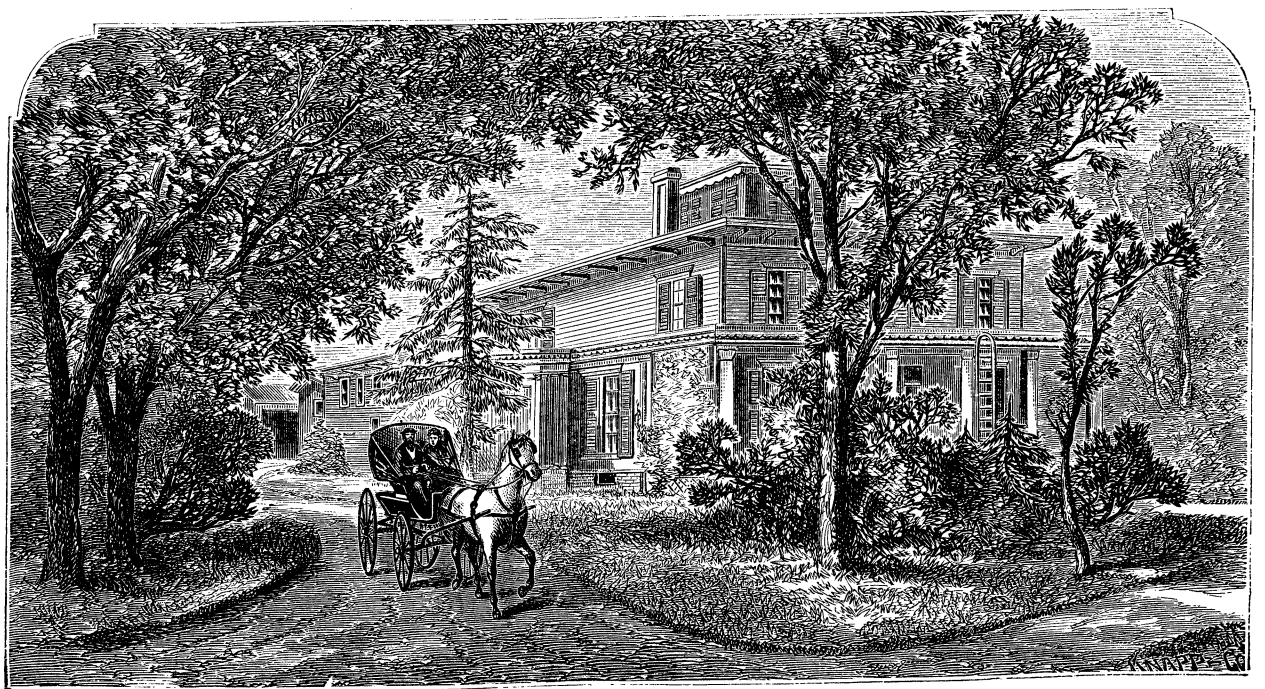

VIEW OF MR. GOUGH'S RESIDENCE.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Continued Work—Examples of the Power of Drink—Letter from an Englishman—His History—Visit to Montreal—Address to the Soldiers—Work in Detroit—Flowers from the Children—Interview with a Young Lady—Case of Reform.

DURING the next year (1849) from January 1st to July 5th, I was busily employed, with the exception of a few weeks in the summer,—the record of which, in my journal, is simply, "resting, recruiting, farming, and doing as we please." Afterwards I passed through New York State, up and down the Hudson River, and on the line of the New York Central Railroad, diverging, occasionally, to towns lying off the more traveled route. From September 10th to November 27th, I labored in Eastern New York, visiting Saratoga, Ballston, and towns in that direction; from the 6th to the 21st of December, in New York and vicinity, and then to Western New York, concluding the year's work in Geneva. Nothing remarkable occurred during the year. I worked peaceably and with great delight, although I came in contact—as I have ever, while engaged in this work—with evidences of the terrible evil of intemperance. A record of the cases brought under my notice, and with which I became personally acquainted, would be an awful revelation. I received letters from wretched, almost hopeless, victims of this vice, constantly. I could fill my book with extracts.

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I was steadily working for temperance, and necessarily became familiar with these facts; and I give the darker shades of human experience, hoping that some who read may be terrified at the fascination of drink, or appalled at the power of appetite, when once it fastens its fangs upon the victim. What will not men do, and suffer, to gratify this craving desire for stimulants?

I know a case—know the man well—who was cursed with this appetite; he was a good workman, and no fault could be found with him, except as connected with drinking. His employer was loth to lose his services, and besides, felt a personal interest in him. He agreed—after a terrible debauch, during which he was absent from the shop for more than a week—that his employer should retain all his earnings, purchasing for him necessary articles, but not permitting him to have a cent in his possession. He continued for nearly a month sober, and steady at his work, when one afternoon he became restless and uneasy, his enemy struggling for the mastery; the desire for drink grew so strong that he could not stand still; nervously moving about the shop, his mouth feverish, his tongue dry, his skin hot, with a longing past description for drink,—but how to get it? He could procure no money; he had no credit. Holding his hand to his mouth, he began to writhe as if in pain, and when asked what was the matter, complained of a raging toothache, and declared he must have a tooth extracted. His employer, pitying his suffering, gave him half a dollar, which was the usual charge for the operation. He went out, and, knowing that he would be expected to bring with him the

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extracted tooth, actually induced a man to pull his tooth for twenty-five cents. He brought back the tooth to the shop, and was drunk before night,—went to his boarding-house staggering, having purchased a quantity of new rum with his twenty-five cents.

You who take your glass, and boast you can let it alone when you choose,—can you imagine a power like this? For drink, a man will sacrifice truth, honor, health, home, friends, wife, children,—aye, his own life, and his hopes of heaven. Read this letter, written to me by a poor victim appealing from the depths of despair for help:—

Sir,—It is a poor drunkard who addresses you; a young man, but a stranger to happiness. Oh, would that I was free from this cursed vice which now hangs about me! Would that I could once more be a *man*,—but I fear it is too late! Oh, my dear sir, you know too truly the miseries of a drunkard's life! See me, if you can, and I will tell you what I cannot write. Oh, for the sake of a young and lovely wife, whom I love most dearly, would I again become a sober man, and enjoy the happiness that once was mine, but which was thrown away for the sparkling wine. *There was hell at the bottom, though!* Oh, Mr. Gough, do come and see me; you know not the misery I am in! I am a drunkard; but let me find a sympathizing friend in you, although a stranger. With much respect, I remain, dear sir, yours.

I have scores of such letters. Poor drunkard! what an accumulation of horrors seem to gather round that term, drunkard. The life of a drunkard—O heavens and earth! O angels, men, and devils! What a theme—running through cherub infancy, through wasted youth, to blasted manhood! Days of alternate reveling and cursing; a life of unrelieved misery; a death of shame and anguish. Read Charles Lamb's "Confessions of a Drunkard." How the drink destroys genius! Some one has said, "The effect of wine on

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genius is to make it sparkle and burn." Yes, to burn out; while the occasional flashes only serve to reveal still more the blackness of the ruin. The most painful and pitiful cases I have known, were those of educated men. The farther a man falls, the deeper he goes,—is as true in morals, as it is in physics. In 1845, I received the following letter from one with whose career from that time, I was intimately acquainted:

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, January 13, 1845.

I was present at your lecture last night, and desire to add one fact to your already terribly interesting list. Read it, sir. I shall be among your auditory, and after your address will see you. R.

I am an Englishman. When a child I had all the advantages that a religious education could confer. My father was the managing clerk of the establishment, of which he is at this time the head. I was clever, as they said, very clever, because I threw off verses to any seekers after such light ware. Well, I went to parties,—Christmas parties, picnic parties, Dorcas parties,—and bits of cake and glasses of wine made me look at life through a rose-colored medium. At fourteen years of age, I was apprenticed to a surgeon, and, though my father's limited means prevented his sending me to a classical school, I, by sitting up three nights out of six, for two months, managed to beat fifteen competitors in the Latin examination, which was preliminary to the general medical ordeal at the Apothecaries' Hall, London. I progressed in my profession, and was on the first step of prosperity's ladder; from that I stooped to take a few glasses, and, after staggering up two or three more, I fell, and was laughed at by those whom *I* had once contemptuously designated "snails of the profession."

I happened to have a literary taste, and, without bragging, I say, that when I wrote without the stimulus of alcohol, I never had an article of mine rejected. I take it this is no vain boasting, for "Blackwood's Magazine," "Frazer's," the "London New Monthly," and "Punch," have printed, and paid for, my productions. Had I not drank, I might have been rich from this source alone. I married my first, my only love. *She* did not think me intemperate; nor did I think so then. The habit was growing. Wedding parties, and the whirl of casual acquaintance, brought round wine. My poor wife once hinted—only

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hinted to me—that I had better not drink; but I did; and what was the consequence? I lost sixteen hundred pounds in two years, by my business, which I paid the good will for; and tried again. Again I was prospering, and raised sufficient to start a newspaper. It succeeded. I was caressed by the party I belonged to, and belong to still. I drank—sold the paper. It is living now in England, a good property, and *I* have no share in it. Children came,—one, the eldest, is a thoughtful-eyed girl, now eleven years of age; the second, golden-haired Kitty, is nine; and my boy, Willie, is seven. My wife and my little ones are living away from me,—and why? I never said an unkind word to either; never beat my wife; never threatened my little ones,—they would jump to see me now,—but I drank, and neglected them. My family and hers saw what I did not see, and in hot haste I signed a deed of separation. But in heart we are yet, I believe, one.

One bitter recollection remains: I alone am to blame for being three thousand miles away from any individual who cares for me. I was walking one day with my little Kate, in a church-yard in Bristol, England, when my child said to me, "Funerals are solemn, papa, not dismal." Would she not have considered the drunkard's funeral the most dismal spectacle in the world?

I have, sir, signed the pledge, and to you I render the thanks of one who can appreciate your devotion to a noble cause, and who knows, by bitter experience, the consequences of a friendly glass.

I sought him out, and found him in a wretched condition. I took him to New York, kept him at the Croton Hotel for two weeks, then brought him to Boston, and kept him in my own house for some months. He first attracted notice by a series of articles published in the "Boston Atlas," entitled, "Pen and Ink Sketches by a Cosmopolitan." He was soon received favorably into the select literary circles of the city. I was once invited to the house of the late Abbott Lawrence, solely because *he* was at that time a member of my family. He wrote, "Local Loiterings," for the "Boston Journal;" furnished articles for annuals and magazines. He was genial, and pos-

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sessed the faculty of making himself very agreeable. He was quick in composition. On one occasion, he was present at a lecture of mine in which I used the expression "before and behind." He then and there, on the impulse of the moment, wrote on a slip of paper, a little practical play on the words. I give an extract:—

Before and behind, before and behind;
'Twere well if we often felt inclined
To keep those two little words in mind,
  Which are pregnant with joy and sorrow;
Many a story of weal and of woe
This brace of significant syllables show,
From which we may all, as through life we go,
  Instruction and warning borrow.

For instance: just look at the bar-room screen,
Which stands the bar and the street between,
To prevent death's doings from being seen
  By the passers by on the paving.
Before it, sobriety gravely goes,
With its cheek of bloom and its lip of rose;
Behind it, drunkenness brews its woes,—
    Bodies and souls enslaving.

Then follow nine stanzas describing the drunkard's course, and concluding with:—

We may wisdom reap from the simplest thing,
If fancy will only unfold her wing;
E'en where evil lies coiled up with venomous sting,—
  And it's not very hard to find it.
So take my rhymes, and the moral they preach,—
For a simple contrast like this may teach,—
And before the screen, let me beg and beseech
  You, never to go behind it.

I have the whole, just as he wrote it in that meeting, with but two erasures or alterations.

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Early in 1846, he returned to England. While there, he sought for and found my father,—as I have before stated. We soon heard he had fallen, and was drinking. Rev. Dr. Choules, of Newport, induced him to come again to this country. I met him in New York in 1848. From that time till the day of his death, I worked to save him, as I never labored for any other victim of this vice. He wrote the "Passages from the history of a wasted life," giving in that, a portion of his own experience. But all effort was in vain. Friend after friend held out a helping hand. I offered him a refuge in my own house, which he refused. He would write me the most abusive letters when drunk, and afterwards offer apologies. He wore out the patience of his friends, and on one occasion—I think it was the last appeal to him I ever made—he said, after my pleading with him to give up drink for the sake of wife, children, and his own soul: "No, no! Why, John Gough, Dives in hell never longed for a drop of water on his cracked tongue as, with all the power I have left me, I long for drink; and I'll have it." And he did; and died in a wretched condition in Brooklyn, a year or two since.

How terrible the sufferings of these men,—knowing, as they do, that it is ruin and death to go on; and yet unable to stop. A Member of Congress said once in my presence: "Gentlemen, I would give my right hand, cut off at the wrist, if I could quit the drink; but I can't!"—and in six weeks after, destroyed his life in a most frightful manner. The beginning of such a career, is with social companions, amid the glitter, and sparkle, and poetry of conviviality; but

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in the end, it is to get *drunk.* Alone he will gulp down glass after glass of *anything* that will gratify his morbid craving. No outbreak or convivial cheer, no romance,—but a mad, furious desire to get drunk. Anything that will produce this effect, he will drink. Tell him he drinks poison,—he knows that, yet drinks on. Tell him he drinks oil of vitriol, oil of turpentine, sulphuric acid,—that the tap he is drinking at spouts corroding fire; he knows it, and drinks on,—drinks himself to death! Victims of this vice have been known to drink camphor, cologne water, spirits in which reptiles have been preserved, even camphene; in short, any liquid that will start the stagnant blood in the vessels of the diseased stomach. Young men, you are safe, forever safe from this terrible curse, if you never drink. It is a simple preventive. I say not that you will surely suffer these torments if you drink; I only tell you that you may, and the mere risk of such a fate, should prompt you to do as did the Indian, who, when offered a glass of rum, seized it, and, dashing it to the ground, said: "Ah! men call you devil; but, devil as you are, I'm your master."

In 1850, my work was in the State of New York till the first of May, when I returned home for a month's rest, and commenced on the first of June in New York, going on through Buffalo to Cleveland and Detroit; then home, from July 6th to September 6th, resting, farming, and recruiting. Starting again in Boston, September 7th, I proceeded, after a few lectures in Massachusetts, to New York, Troy, and up Lake Champlain, to Rouse's Point, and Montreal, going as far as Quebec; returning, passed through Can-

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ada to Kingston, Toronto, and Hamilton, crossing over to Buffalo, and through New York State home, on November 27th; rested till December 11th; spoke in New York on the 12th, and continued in the vicinity of the city, finishing the year at Jersey City. At Rochester I gave five lectures; in Buffalo, eighteen; Lockport, five; Penn Yan, six; Detroit, ten; Cleveland, five; Montreal, twelve; Quebec, eight; Kingston, six; Toronto, ten; and Hamilton, seven;—all in succession—that is, a continuous course of lectures in these places.

While in Montreal, Sir J. Alexander called on me, and asked if I would address the soldiers of the garrison. I was happy to do this, and accordingly I had a very fine audience of the Twentieth Regiment, with their officers, at the Gosport Street Church, where two hundred men signed the pledge, and I was then addressed by the men, through the commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Horn. Some years after, in England, I met a portion of that regiment at Devonport, and several greeted me, and informed me that they had kept their pledge. At Quebec, Lieut.-Col. Hays waited on me, to request an address to the military there, as a Highland regiment was quartered at Cape Diamond, and the Nineteenth Regiment was in garrison. There was a muster of eight hundred men to hear me. I also addressed the military at Kingston, and Toronto. I felt a deep interest in these men, as my first recollection of my father, was of seeing him with his red coat and trappings.

In Buffalo, during my course of lectures, five thousand and eighty-two persons signed the pledge. My visit there, was exceedingly pleasant. I was very

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kindly received. In Detroit, two thousand four hundred and forty-six signed the pledge. At first I was very much discouraged in Detroit. I boarded at a very poor place, and no one seemed to take an interest in me or my work. My first speech was in a vestry, to a very small audience, and the next day I had almost decided to leave, when a lady—Mrs. P. E. Curtis—called on me, and found me "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." She encouraged me, and told me the upper audience room of the church would be open that night for me, and I must remain. So I did; and never were audiences more generous and enthusiastic, than in Detroit; and to this day I anticipate my visits to that city with pleasure. On the afternoon previous to my departure, an audience of children greeted me, hundreds of whom brought bouquets, till I was nearly smothered with flowers. Cards and ribbons were attached to them. The flowers have long since faded to dust, but I have the cards and ribbons to-day. The children who assembled then, are men and women now; and it is very pleasant for me to hear, as I occasionally do from some lady or gentleman, "Mr. Gough, I was one of the children who gave you flowers at Detroit in 1850."

This year passed very pleasantly and peaceably, with only the necessary friction attending such a course of life and labor. I look back upon those days of hard work, with great satisfaction and thankfulness. I occasionally visited the homes of the intemperate, and often was instrumental in doing them some good. I know the term brute is often used in reference to the drunkard, but they are not brutes—they are men; debased, degraded, and brutalized, if you will; but

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strip from them the influences of drink, and we find them men; and, in many cases, with hearts as warm, feelings as tender, and sensibilities as keen as others possess. Dickens says of Mrs. Todgers,—"She was a hard woman, yet in her heart, away up a great many stairs, there was a door, and on that door was written 'woman.'" So, in the heart of many a drunkard, away up a great many stairs, in a remote corner, easily passed by, is a door. Tap on it gently, again and again—persevere—remember Him who knocks at the door of your hearts, waiting for an answer, till "His locks are wet with the dew,"—and be patient; tap on lovingly, gently, and the quivering lip, and the starting tear, will tell that you have been knocking at a man's heart, not a brute's. This power of drink to dam and dry up the fountain of love and affection in the heart, is one of the reasons why we should hate it. These men are worth saving. Is it not worth some effort to lift the cloud from the home, and send a ray of light into the heart and on the pathway of those who are bound to them by the ties of close relationship and affection?

I was once asked by Mr. Grant to call on two young ladies, who had desired to see me. I went to the house, was shown into a room, and received by a young lady who motioned me to a seat. As I sat there for a few moments, waiting for her to speak to me, I gave a glance round the room. There were evidences of better days "lang syne," though I shivered, for there was no fire in the grate, and the weather was cold, when the young lady said: "Mr. Gough, my sister intended to meet you with me; but she has sprained her ankle, and is unable to see you.

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My mother has been confined to her room for many weeks, and to her bed for some days. O, sir, it is hard for a daughter to speak of a father's intemperance; but what can I do? I have sent for you as a last resort. My father is good and kind, when free from drink; but when under its influence, is cruel—he actually robs us of the common necessaries of life—and I would not ask you to sit in a cold room, had we materials for a fire." I involuntarily glanced at a piano-forte that stood in a corner of the room. She noticed it, and said very quickly: "You may think that pride and poverty go together; and they do. You wonder why I do not sell my piano-forte. I cannot sell it. My father bought it for me on my birthday years ago. It is like an old friend. I learned to play on it. Mother loves to hear the tunes that remind us of days gone by—I fear forever. My father has asked me to sell it; and suppose I did? It would but procure him the means of intoxication for a time, and we should be little better for the sale. I cannot sell it. I will not part from my piano, unless my father takes it away by force."

I left them. Mr. Grant sent them provisions and wood. In a day or two I called again. The father was there. After a short conversation he said, to my surprise: "Mr. Gough, have you a pledge with you?" "I have." "I will sign it." I immediately produced it; he at once wrote his name, and stood up, a pledged man, no more to drink intoxicating liquor. I watched the young girl when he said, "I will sign." She clasped her hands; with lips apart, her eager eyes watched the pen. She seemed breathlessly anxious, till the name was recorded;—then she sprang to

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him, twined her arms, as well as she could, around his neck (she was a little creature). How she clung to his breast! Then, unclasping her hands, she said: "Oh father, I am proud of you. Mr. Gough, he has signed it; and he'll never break it. I know him; he'll never break it. No, no, my father will live a sober man. O, father! father!" The tears were raining down her cheeks, as he passed his hand caressingly over her face, when she said: "Father you spoke of selling the piano-forte. We can send for Leonard, and he will sell it to-morrow, and what it brings will pay what we owe, and we shall have something to start with again, sha'n't we, father?" Yes, the poor heart was comforted, and she would give her piano—her old friend—cheerfully. Why? Because her father would live a sober man. Oh! you who sneer at temperance, and mock at our pledge, come and look at a scene like this! And thank God! there have been, and will be many like it.

There is not a man who has labored in this field of reform, but can give you such incidents by the score —mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters, lifted from despair to hope, from anguish to joy. A lady told me her father had been a drunkard for years; had broken his wife's heart;—*she* was the only one left of the family that seemed to care for him; and she had devoted herself to him, watching him, nursing him, even going to the grog-shop to take him home. Think of it! A young daughter leading home a drunken father! She induced him to attend a lecture I gave in Philadelphia, in which I described the sorrows of the drunkard's children. He sat there, his hands convulsively twitching; then turning to her, said, in a

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choked voice, "Birdie dear, did you ever suffer like that with me?" All she could say was, "Oh, father, dear father!" "Birdie, I'll sign the pledge; I will!" "Oh, father, dear father!" At the close of the lecture, he came up and signed it. "And," said the lady, "from that day he never touched it. He lived but six years after, and died a sober man." Thank God for these green spots, these bright gleams of sunshine amid the gloom. I love to call them to mind; they rest me when weary, comfort me in trouble, and have many, many times encouraged me when I have been despondent.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Journey to Pittsburg—Work in that City—Panic in Dr. Heron's Church—Cincinnati—Dr. Fisher's Church—Wesley Chapel—Wesley College—Albums—Return Home—Visit to Halifax—Address to the Highlanders—Signs—Speech in Coburg—Tearing my Coat—Flag Presentation—Criticisms of Gestures—"The Platform does it"—Power of a Theme—Incident in Jersey City.

THE record of the year 1851 is full of incidents, but perhaps the relation will not be interesting to the reader. I delivered lectures in New York and vicinity, with the exception of one week at home, till the 23d of January, when, having received a pressing invitation from E. M. Gregory, Esq., and several other gentlemen, to visit Cincinnati, we started January 28, my wife and I, by way of Philadelphia and Baltimore, to Cumberland; there, taking the stage for Pittsburg, intending to go by boat down the Ohio to Cincinnati, expecting to reach that city on Saturday, February 1st. The roads were in a terrible condition, and we were packed nine persons in a stage. Such tumbling and jolting, cracking and crashing, I never experienced. That ride was as disagreeable in all its features as it well could be. Snow and mud in places, so deep, that we could make but little headway. We left Cumberland at eight o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday, and by Thursday noon we decided to go to Brownsville, on the Monongahela, and take the boat to Pittsburg; and

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glad enough we were to leave the jolting stage, the wretched roads, and, more than all, the swearing drivers. The awful profanity we were forced to hear was frightful. It surpassed all I had conceived before of blasphemy. The wretched fellows seemed to glory in it; and every attempt to check it, only made matters worse. Oaths and blasphemous expressions seemed to be invented, new methods of profanity were adopted especially for our benefit, and we were compelled to submit. The boat was ready with steam up; but the ice was making very fast, and progress was not rapid. However, we reached Pittsburg in the evening of Thursday, January 30. A boat was advertised to start on Friday evening for Cincinnati. On inquiry, we found she would not arrive till Sunday evening. The course we had adopted, and mutually agreed to, was never to travel on the Sabbath day, if it was possible to avoid it; so, as we were housed at the St. Charles, we decided to send a telegram to our friends, that we would leave for Cincinnati on Monday, and they must postpone any meetings they had advertised till we could reach them.

On Friday some friends of temperance discovered that we were in the city, and a deputation waited on me to ascertain if I could speak that night, if they would get up a meeting. I agreed, and delivered a lecture; spoke again on Saturday; twice on Sunday —in the afternoon at the jail, and in the evening at a Presbyterian Church. In the meantime the boat had started; but the ice had formed in the river so rapidly, that she was held fast a few miles below the city, and remained almost within sight of Pittsburg till Sunday night, when she got out of the ice, and proceeded on

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her way. We heard afterwards that the passengers, some of whom had ridiculed the idea of waiting over, because it was Sunday, were much annoyed that they had not followed our example. The meetings were so successful, that the friends telegraphed to Cincinnati, requesting permission for me to remain a week. This was granted, and at the expiration of the time, another message was sent asking for another week. This also was agreed to, and I continued two weeks in that city, delivering sixteen lectures there, and in Alleghany City, obtaining four thousand three hundred and sixty-two signatures to the pledge. I had provided myself with a large pledge book, in which names were recorded. I have three of such books now, containing nearly one hundred and fifty thousand signatures.

At one of the meetings held in Dr. Heron's church, a fearful panic took place. The church was densely crowded, and during the exercises, a loud crash was heard in the gallery; instantly there was a rush of the people under the galleries to the body of the house, and the whole mass became fearfully excited —the women screamed, the men shouted, and in the midst of the swaying and surging of the crowd, the stove was overturned, adding new terrors to the almost frantic multitude. Fortunately the fire was very low, and those in the vicinity soon prevented, by their promptness, any conflagration. But it seemed impossible to calm the excited people; some jumped from the windows, while many rushed to the doors, choking up the passage. I stood in the pulpit; and never did I witness just such a scene. One frantic lady rushed up the pulpit stairs, and throwing her arms

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round me, begged me to save her: "Oh! Mr. Gough, save me! save me!" The people in the front gallery, knowing the cause of the confusion—that some one had stepped on the big fiddle, which had been left in the singers' seats, causing the crash that had startled the people into a panic—were shouting: "It's the fiddle!" and amid the shrieks and cries, the ohs! and ahs! we could distinctly hear, "*Fiddle!*" "Fiddle!" —but had no conception what the fiddle had to do with the turmoil. Men stood on the seats, gesticulating violently, and, in their attempts to calm the people, only made matters worse. At last one man near the desk, commenced singing in a loud voice: "From Greenland's icy mountains," etc.; others joined, till quite a volume of voices drowned the din in some measure, and order was restored. But there was very little more speaking that night. All were in haste to get away. On the next morning the scene in the church was amusing; bonnets, hats, capes, skirts, veils, strips of silk, shawls, fans, dry goods in any quantity, even shoes and boots, were strewed about the floor; to say nothing of pins, buttons, jewelry, hair (not quite so much of that as there would have been in these days), combs, and various other small articles too numerous to mention. A cart was filled with the remnants, which were taken to the police office to be claimed. There was a ludicrous side to it; yet, though no one was seriously hurt, I never wish to see such a panic as I witnessed in Dr. Heron's church in Pittsburg, in February, 1851.

We left the smoky, hospitable city, with the best wishes of many friends we had made, and arrived at Cincinnati two weeks later than we had intended.

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Our visit there was a memorable one. Several times I was compelled to obtain an entrance to the church by the window. At Dr. Fisher's church, a ladder was placed against the window back of the pulpit. I hesitated, as the feat of climbing seemed dangerous. Dr. Lyman Beecher said: "I'll go first; follow me." One other gentleman followed, and, encouraged by their success, I ventured. It was almost comical to see the Doctor drive his hat more firmly on his head, as he prepared for the ascent; but, taking a firm hold, up he went, chuckling to himself all the way.

Altogether, I held twenty-seven meetings on that visit, principally in Wesley Chapel. I spoke to firemen, to children, to ladies, and visited schools. At the Wesley College I spoke, and was asked by a young lady to write the pledge in her "album." I did so; when another, and another brought albums,—till I had written in one hundred and forty-three of these books. I often, on my travels, see one of these albums with the writing in it, and it recalls very pleasantly the delightful afternoon I spent at Wesley College. On invitation, I visited the classical school of Mr. Heron, and addressed the boys. At the conclusion of my speech, the young gentlemen presented to me, through one of their number, in a neat speech, a gold pencil-case, which I prize very highly. This little episode was very pleasant to me, for a recognition by the youth, of my endeavors to serve them, has ever been exceedingly gratifying. On the occasion of addressing young men exclusively, at the close of my lecture, I invited any young man who chose to sign the pledge, to pass through the pulpit, and affix his name. More than

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three hundred young men walked up the stairs on one side, descending on the other, leaving their names on the pledge, lying on the cushions of the pulpit. How many were faithful to the promise they made, God knows. Some have kept it, and are thankful to-day that they then bade farewell forever to intoxicating drink. The total number of names obtained in Cincinnati during that visit, was seven thousand six hundred and forty-nine.

I continued in Ohio,—visiting Indianapolis, Aurora, and Madison, in Indiana,—lecturing constantly till the 12th of June, when I left Cleveland, reaching my home on the 14th, and rested till July 4th; working with an occasional respite, till the 26th; remained on the farm till August 25th, when I left on the steamer Europe for Halifax, Nova Scotia. I continued there for more than a week, delivering nine lectures. I had an opportunity of addressing the famous Forty-Second Highlanders, then stationed at Halifax. An English paper stated, three years after, that "many of the men were all the better for it."

In passing through the city, I had noticed a sign hung up in front of a low drinking house, with a daub of a picture, representing a half-intoxicated soldier in the Highland costume, a bottle in one hand and a pipe in the other; "The Jolly Highland Soldier," in red letters beneath. In the course of my address to the soldiers, I told them what I had seen, and asked them if the publican dared to exhibit the picture of a drunken lawyer, a drunken doctor, or a drunken minister, or even a "Jolly Highland Officer?" No! He associated the Highland *soldier* with drunkenness. It was an insult to them, and to the "Garb

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of old Gaul," of which they were proud. The next day the sign disappeared. A deputation of the men had waited on the proprietor, with a very emphatic request that the offending sign should be taken down. I heard of a sign that was taken down in Connecticut, because it told too much truth. The rum-seller's name was Solomon Camp, and being economical of space, he directed the painter to inscribe, "S. Camp's Tavern." The artist omitted the space and dot, and it appeared, "Scamp's Tavern." All have heard of the "Seven last Plagues for sale here." A peculiar name for a grog-shop is, "The Silent." Another, "The Bite Tavern;" another, "The Shades." One I saw was the "Spider;" and on the blinds was painted an enormous web, with unfortunate flies entangled in the meshes.

We left Halifax, by the steamer America on the 3d of September, arriving home on the 4th. I went again to Canada on the 20th, remaining there, and lecturing through the Province,—delivering seven more speeches in Montreal,—till November 5th, when I returned to New England, concluding the year's work at Birmingham, Connecticut.

The journal of 1852, differs little from the others, being simply the record of work. In Connecticut till March 18. Afterwards to Canada, till June 26. Then home for a rest till September 14. Again spending a month in Canada, and from November 11, to the close of the year, lecturing in Massachusetts and Connecticut; finishing the year's work in New Haven.

In Colburg, Canada, I met with rather a comical accident. Speaking with great energy, I made a violent gesture with both hands, and tore my coat in the

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back, from the skirt to the collar. When I heard the rip, and felt the thing go, I said, without thought, "There! I've torn my coat." The chairman of the meeting, who was the Mayor of the city, quickly replied, "I see you have." The audience laughed; but I was in a quandary. I could make no gesture; I could only flap my fins like a fish; if I attempted to stretch out my hands, the abomination came forward so absurdly, that I dared not attempt a motion, and so concluded my address under some embarrassment. The next morning the mayor, with two other gentlemen, called on me and introduced a tailor, who took my measure, and before I left the city, a committee of gentlemen waited on me, and made a formal presentation of a new coat, with a neat speech. I was expected to reply; and those who have been placed in a similar position will agree with me, that it is a very awkward one. When called on to make an acknowledgment to a presentation speech, you feel half ashamed to take the gift; you feel grateful for the kindness; you hardly know how to express yourself; fearful of saying too much or too little. So, when the presentation was made, I said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for your gift to me; and now, as this is the result of my accident, permit me to say, I almost wish I had torn my trowsers too;"—not a very strong expression of gratitude, nor very polite; but the gentlemen took it in good part, and we were very merry together for an hour. Public speakers are liable to these embarrassments.

I was once requested by the committee of a temperance society at a few minutes' notice, to receive, on their behalf, a flag presented to them by the

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ladies. The exercises were held in a grove, and a pole had been erected, that the flag might be displayed immediately on its presentation; a band of music was in readiness to strike up, "Our Flag is There!" *All* arrangements were completed; a young lady, bright looking, prettily dressed, and ornamented for the occasion, was appointed to present the flag in a speech, which she had committed to memory. Unfortunately no one had been appointed to hold the flag during the presentation, and as she ascended the platform and took her place, previous to her speech, the great roll of bunting was placed in her arms. It evidently confused her, as she could hardly see me, where I stood opposite her, ready to receive it,—the huge bundle almost hiding her face. The audience were in expectation, when the poor young lady commenced: "Sir,"—a pause. I bowed. Again, "Sir,"—I bowed the second time. Then, with a half sob, she said softly, "Sir,"—to which I replied, "Madam." The poor girl looked in every direction, as if for help, but none came. She had forgotten every word of her carefully prepared speech, and, with tears in her eyes —her hands and arms being full, she could use no handkerchief—again stammered out, "Sir,"—to which, with a bow, I replied, "Madam." Some began to titter, and the young lady, seeing that the whole affair was becoming ludicrous, sobbed out, "Sir,—here—here—here's the flag!" and, rolling the immense mass of red, white, and blue bunting into my arms,—as Dundreary would say,—"wushed from the scene." What could I say, and what was I to do with the thing? To escape from the dilemma as speedily as possible, I said: "Yes, this is the flag, and there

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let it wave," and tumbled the bunting from the platform. It was immediately affixed to the halliards and run up to the head of the staff. The band struck up, the banner floated, and all passed off pleasantly.

I am reminded by the incident of tearing my coat, that I have been criticised severely for the ungracefulness and violence of my gestures. I do not wish to deprecate criticism; I know I am ungraceful and awkward. I once heard a boy say to his companion, as they came out from the lecture-room where I had been speaking: "Jimmy, did you see him go it with his feet?" I never studied the graces of action or gesture; probably I should be more graceful if I had. We often acquire unfortunate habits that are hard to break. A German in Philadelphia told his employer that he was "going to hear dat Mr. Gough, vat dey say dalks mit his goat dails." I am aware that I do occasionally shake my coat tails. How I acquired the habit I do not know; but I condemn the motion as much as any one can, and would be grateful to any person who would strike me on my knuckles with a stick whenever I "dalk mit my goat dails." I think I could not make a speech with my hands tied. I have never tried it; but I will not make excuses for my gestures. I am often amused by the committee, after erecting a platform perhaps twenty feet by fifteen, asking me "if I should have room enough?" or whether the President would be in my way, if he remained in the chair. I remember a lecturer who was not so fortunate as to draw large audiences, complaining that they did not give him room enough. "Only let me have a platform as big as you give Gough, and I will make as good a speech, and draw

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as many people. It is nothing in Gough,—it is the platform does it."

I find people do not generally prefer to sit on the stand while I am speaking; perhaps desiring to "see him go it with his feet;" or fearful of being kicked off;—and it is dangerous to get too close to me when I am "going it." Dr. Beman once, when I was speaking in his church, stepped very softly behind me to arrange a refractory gas-burner, just as I threw back my fist, and he received a "stinger" in his face. When I felt his hard teeth and soft lips against my knuckles, as my hand came in contact with them so violently, a chill ran through me; but when I apologized afterwards, the good Doctor said, with a smile: "Remember, sir, you are the first man that ever struck me with impunity." I have found blood on my hand more than once, and occasionally a black bruise, and I certainly could not tell how it was done; but guessed that, while I was "going it," I must have struck my hand somewhere. I have said—and I believe—that when a man is thoroughly absorbed in his theme,—when his subject fills him,—he will so far forget all, and everything, in his intense desire to make his audience feel as he wishes them to feel, that physical suffering will be not only endured and triumphed over, but he may become unconscious of pain, in the overwhelming power of his subject on himself. I *know* that on the subject of temperance I feel what I say. I *know* it. I *must* feel on this theme deeply. No lapse of time can weaken the intensity of my feeling. Burned into my memory, are the years of suffering and degradation, and I do feel deeply, and must ever, on this great question.

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Sometimes, when speaking on temperance, I seem to be absolutely engaged in a battle, the enemy before me,—not as a man of straw, but the real, living horror; and in the wrestling with that, face to face, hand to hand again,—like the blind war-horse when hearing the trumpet's charge,—rush on, fearing and caring for nothing, but that I may deal heavy blows, and send the fiend away crippled and howling. This may seem rhapsody and romance; but it is true. I have forgotten audience and circumstances, sickness and pain, under the power of this reality. In Jersey City, while addressing young men, I felt something of this power over me. I was in a pulpit. On either side of the desk was a marble scroll, with sharp edges, I struck my clenched fist with great force on the sharp edge of that marble; for a moment I saw stars; strange colors danced before my eyes; but I continued speaking more than an hour after the blow. When I concluded I dropped on the seat, and the minister threw a glass of water on my face, startled by my paleness. My hand was frightfully swollen and very much discolored; and before morning every nerve from my fingers to my hip, throbbed with pain. I had injured the bone of my hand so that for some time I could not write without suffering, and my hand is tender in that spot to-day;—yet while speaking, except occasionally a pang reminding me that I was hurt, I forget it. I narrate this in illustration of the fact that there are times when a speaker, by the overwhelming power of his subject on himself, rises above even physical suffering.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Invitation to Great Britain—Mr. Kellogg's Visit—Acceptance of my Propositions—Farewell Meetings—Dr. Beecher's Blessing—Departure—Arrival at Liverpool—Welcome to England—Work Prepared—Arrival in London—Pleasant Impressions—Reception—The Street Band—Sight Seeing—Punch and Judy—Exeter Hall—First Speech.

THE next year, 1853, was an important one to me, as a new and interesting field of labor was then opened to me in Great Britain. I had received repeated invitations from the Scottish Temperance League, and the British Temperance Association, to visit my native country, to deliver a series of lectures on temperance. All these applications I declined. I had no desire to leave my work in this country, and was fearful that my style of speaking would not meet with favor there. In the spring, Mr. F. W. Kellogg, late Member of Congress for Michigan—now, I believe, Senator from Mobile, Ala.,—returned from England, where he had spent a year, delighted with his reception in that country, and commissioned, as he said, not to leave me till I had consented to go. He came to my house, and informed me that until I gave him my promise to go to England, under the auspices of the London Temperance League, he should be a permanent boarder. I at first told him it would be impossible; my engagements did not admit of it; that it was a thing not to be thought of at present;

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that probably a day would come when all difficulties would be removed, and I could go, but not now. Mr. Kellogg was not to be discouraged, and renewed the attack, and we—he, my wife, and I—argued the subject for hours. At length—more to get rid of the importunity, than with any expectation that the League would accede to my terms—I made a proposition, that as I generally had ten or twelve weeks in the summer for rest, I would spend them in England, on condition that the London Temperance League should defray our expenses to England and back—allowing us one week for Paris, and one week for my native village,—with all expenses while there; and I would give four weeks' service to the League. I told Mr. Kellogg "*that* was a settler, and I should not hear from the League again." He and I both wrote at once, and to my surprise, I received a letter promptly from the League, acceding to my terms, only stipulating for six weeks instead of four. I had, accordingly, nothing left me but to go. The time appointed for our departure was the 20th of July, expecting to return home by the last of October, to resume my work here; and proposing, if I failed—which I fully expected—to return in the ship that should take us out. I continued my work in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, till the 4th of July, when I made my last speech previous to my departure,—with the exception of a farewell address to my friends and neighbors, in a grove near my residence, at which the venerable Dr. Beecher, who was at that time my guest, was present,—and prepared for the voyage. I was striving hard to pay for my home, and as I had determined to return at once, should my speaking

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fail to be received with approval, I borrowed two hundred and fifty dollars, that I might have sufficient funds to be independent of the League.

On the 19th of July, we left home for Boston, being invited by Mr. Grant to spend the last evening at his house. Several true, tried friends met us there. The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, who had for years been my friend, and almost fatherly in his friendship towards me, came with his wife to give us their loving, parting words. I said to him: "Doctor, I have paid my passage to England, and feel as if I could pay just that price over again, if I were detained—if something would occur to keep me back." He asked why I was afraid to go. I said: "The English and Scotch people require argument; I cannot argue, for I want logic; I am no logician, I have no education. I can only tell them just what I believe to be the truth in my own way, and I fear I shall not succeed,—but I'll tell you what I've done. I have money in my possession, (I had to borrow it,) and as soon as I make my first speech, if it is not well received, I shall come back again." He said: "John, my son, don't fear; I have prayed for you,—if the Lord go not up with you, to send you not over, and I mean to pray for you while you are gone. Go, and in God's name, talk to the people, and if it is His will that you do anything for His cause, leave it with Him. Go, and the blessing of an old man go with you." As I grasped his hand, I said, "I will go." He gave me a letter, in case it should be of any service. I also received an affectionate letter from my pastor, Dr. Kirk, and on the 20th of July, 1853, my wife and I sailed in the steamer America for old Eng-

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land. The voyage passed as other voyages do, and I will not add to the long list of chronicles of an Atlantic voyage. My wife suffered severely from seasickness. I escaped altogether.

We arrived at Liverpool on the evening of Saturday, July 30th, too late to go ashore that night. On Sunday morning, bright and beautiful, while the church bells were chiming for service, the customs officers passed our luggage, and we stepped into the tender. We had noticed two or three gentlemen curiously eyeing the group of passengers gathered on the saloon deck, and as we stepped into the tug, one of these gentlemen came to us and said: "Mr. Gough?" "Yes, sir." "Welcome to England." This was Smith Harrison, Esq., who from that time, proved himself our true friend, and was frequently our generous host. A bundle of letters was handed me, and it seemed odd that I should receive so many letters immediately on my arrival. They also gave me at once a schedule of the appointments made for me. I was to speak in London on Tuesday, August 2d, and the three following days—the first in Exeter Hall, next in Whittington Club Room, again in Exeter Hall, and Friday in the Club Room. They had then placed me for Chard, one hundred and eighty-five miles from London, on Saturday, and had made a continuous list of appointments stretching on through the month, for every day except Sunday;—so there was work before me. Our luggage was soon conveyed on shore, and Mr. Harrison escorted us to the house of Charles Wilson, Esq., five miles from Liverpool, where we were to remain till Monday, and then proceed to London. What a ride that was! How it brought back to me so viv-

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idly old boyish associations,—the roads, the hedges, the English accent,—all was new, and yet familiar. What a chamber of peace we entered in that hospitable "Friend's" house. On looking out of the window, I saw a thrush on the lawn, and shouted with all a boy's glee, "Mary, there's a thrush!" The sweetness, the quietness, the fragrance of that delightful day at the Elms,—especially in contrast with the disagreeables usually experienced on a sea voyage, combined with the generous, unobtrusive hospitality of our new friends,—made then, and left ever after, pleasant impressions.

On Monday we left by express for London, the Committee there being telegraphed the time of our starting, and the number of our carriage. I shall not describe our journey. Those who in their manhood, visit again the scenes of early life, will understand my delight, and those who have looked upon the loveliness of English scenery for the first time, will understand the enjoyment of my wife. After passing the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, it was all beautiful. Rich, green foliage; the hedge-rows, so new to the eye of an American; clumps of trees, artistically planted; the perfection of agriculture; the magnificent mansions of the landed proprietors; the cottage homes of the laborers; here and there a half-ruined castle, or the picturesque remains of some fine old Abbey; presents a panorama conveying to the mind an impression of the loveliness of English scenery, that will never pass away. Soon after four o'clock, P. M., as the train arrived at the Euston Square station, we saw a group of gentlemen watching. Then they pointed toward us, and all ran by the side of our

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carriage till we stopped; the porters opened the doors, and our hands were warmly grasped,—first by G. C. Campbell, then by William Tweedie, and the rest, with hearty welcome.

It had been arranged that we should at once proceed to the house of George Cruikshank, the celebrated artist, where a large number of the friends had assembled to greet us. Here I saw many whose names were familiar to me from their connection with the great reforms,—Lawrence Heyworth, John Cassell, and others. It was quite a reception; I had my first experience of the formal English method of doing these things, and I made a sad mistake in my ignorance. The company, after refreshments, were seated round the large parlor; there was a little whispering, when, unfortunately for me, just as Lawrence Heyworth rose and said: "Mr. Gough"—in the street before the house, a band of music struck up a lively tune. I immediately ran to the window, and began to ask questions. "What band is that?" "A street band," was the reply, given very coolly. "They play very well, for a street band." "It is tolerable music," said the gentleman I had addressed. "How are they paid?" I then asked. "By voluntary contribution; but if you please, Mr. Gough, we are waiting for you." I turned, and to my consternation saw Mr. Heyworth standing just as he had risen, to give me a speech of welcome—and I had interrupted the proceedings to talk about a street band. I recovered from my confusion, hastily begged pardon, and the exercises continued. I replied to the speech, and in such a way that the hopes of the committee were considerably dampened, and I knew well that there was a

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feeling of disappointment. But what could they expect?

Mr. T. Smith, residing in Hoxton, had made arrangements to entertain us; and at a late hour we arrived at his house. The next morning we were out early; and, wishing to visit the office of the League, 337 Strand, we took an omnibus. I determined to see all I could, and mounted to the top. The first place I noticed particularly, was "Bunhill Fields." Leaning over to the window of the vehicle, I cried out, "Mary, there's Bunhill Fields, where Bunyan was buried!" Then we passed the Bank, the Mansion House, St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill, Temple Bar, to the Strand. Some of the committee placed themselves at our disposal, and off we went sight-seeing. I was like a boy let loose from school. The very sparrows—London sparrows—had their attraction. Soon we came to a "Punch and Judy." "Oh, here's Punch—wait—here's Punch!" Our friends considered it beneath their dignity to be amused by Punch; but I was determined to enjoy all I could. Often I had loitered on an errand, attracted by the fascinations of Punch, when a boy, and had been punished for it. Now, man as I was, I could not resist, nor did I wish to, the inclination to see my old friend perform his antics,—just the same—hardly a variation that I could detect—for twenty-four years.

I think we must have tired our escort. I know that I was nearly exhausted before the time of preparation for the lecture; but I had thought of that less, probably, than any of my friends. At last, the hour arrived, and we went to Exeter Hall. The committee room was crowded. I saw there the venerable

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Dr. Campbell, the champion of the Non-conformists, and many other prominent men. James Silk Buckingham was to preside. I suggested some change in the programme, as they had appointed a choir of five hundred to sing "See, the conquering hero comes!" and I felt as little like a hero, as a man well could. On ascending the platform I was received with a song of welcome, and cheers. Such cheering I never heard before; it almost took my breath away; and, looking over the audience, I saw an immense crowd of men and women, evidently on the tiptoe of expectation. While Mr. Buckingham was making the introductory speech, I reasoned with myself: "Here are three thousand men and women, wrought up to excitement, and surely doomed to disappointment. They expect a flight of sky-rockets, and I cannot provide them. No man could address an audience like this successfully, while in such a state of excitement. Something must be done;—when I was introduced, I began to speak very tamely, knowing, that unless they were let down, no living man could speak up to their enthusiasm for an hour and a half; so I continued, till I saw the light of enthusiasm fading away into disappointment. Then I heard one on the platform audibly groan, "Ah!—h—h!" another said,—loud enough to be heard,—"That'll never do for London." Then I commenced in real earnest; laid hold of my theme, and did the best I could. I was told afterwards that none but those on the platform, and directly round me, experienced any distressing sensation,—but *they* did.

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CHAPTER XX.

Account of Reception and Speech from a Published Work—Invitation—Preparations—Results—Extract from the Banner—"The Bane and the Antigoat"—"Variety the Spice of Life."

NEARLY a year after, an account of my reception and speech was published in a small work, embodying an extract from the London Weekly News, by J. Ewing Ritchie. I have hesitated about inserting this, as it is complimentary, and I may be charged with egotism; but there has been enough in these pages,—and there will be more,—of another kind of notice, to neutralize this. I wish to give Dr. Campbell's opinion as expressed in the "Banner" of the next day. I give the extract from the book published in London, apologizing for its length:

We have said that the Committee of the London Temperance League were the means of bringing Mr. Gough over to this country. It will not be out of place here if we attempt to chronicle the strenuous and unremitting efforts they made to ensure Mr. Gough's success. The remarkable results which had, for several years, followed the exertions of Mr. Gough as a temperance advocate in the United States, induced that committee to endeavor to have his valuable services extended to this country. As we have already said, Mr. Kellogg was the agent employed to induce Mr. Gough to comply with their request. As soon as it became known to the committee that that was the case, the committee left no stone unturned, and in season and out of season, were most indefatigable in making the British public familiar with the life and labors of Mr. Gough. They felt their responsibility was great; that they had gone to some considerable expense; that if Mr. Gough's

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visit was a failure, they would have to bear the blame; and they wisely resolved, that, as far as they individually were concerned, the very reverse should be the case. They determined to use every exertion to make Mr. Gough's visit memorable in the annals of the temperance cause. For this purpose, a large number of copies of Mr. Gough's Autobiography, published as one of the Ipswich tracts, were procured, and introduced to the notice of those attending the various May meetings in London. At the request of the committee, Mr. John Taylor kindly undertook to deliver, free of all expense, several lectures on "The Life and Mission of John B. Gough," by which means his coming visit was well advertised throughout the temperance ranks. A circular, including the Life of Mr. Gough, was also addressed to the various ministers of religion in London and its vicinity. These circulars were kindly attended to, and in many cases the visit of Mr. Gough was announced from the pulpit. Circulars of a similar tendency were also sent to most of the large employers of labor in the metropolis. Attention was also paid to the literary profession,—every distinguished member of which received a special invitation; as did also the entire public press. To the provincial journals, as well as to those of the metropolis, Mr. Gough's Autobiography was sent, together with an abstract of his labors, which, in many cases, was inserted. An extensive system of advertising was also resorted to; and thus almost every newspaper was induced to spread the knowledge of the intended demonstration in every circle, whether high or low, rich or poor. Exeter Hall, and the large room of the Whittington Club, were engaged, and confident with joy and hope did the committee await the result.

At length, July 31, 1853, came, and Mr. and Mrs. Gough arrived at Liverpool, where they were warmly received by Smith Harrison, Esq., a Liverpool merchant, and other gentlemen connected with that town. The electric telegraph conveyed the anxiously-expected intelligence to London. At an early hour on Monday, August 1st, the Committee of the League, with other friends, assembled at the terminus of the North-western Railway. At a little past four, the train from Liverpool arrived, and Mr. Gough was received with a brotherly welcome by his fellow-countrymen and fellow-laborers, who accompanied him to the house of George Cruikshank, Esq., where the *elite* of the temperance body had been invited, and had assembled to welcome the long-anticipated guest. On the following day, August 2d, the first great meeting was held in Exeter Hall. It was a day on which much depended,—which the committee looked forward to with mingled hopes

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and fears,—and anxiously regarded by thousands in all parts of the land. It was the day which was to justify the committee, and to establish the reputation of Mr. Gough on English soil. As early as four o'clock, P. M., persons were waiting to obtain admission to the hall, though the time announced for opening the doors was six, and the proceedings did not commence till eight; and no sooner were the doors opened, than every part commanding a view of the speaker was immediately filled. Never did that magnificent hall—that hall so famed for oratory, the effects of which have been felt in the uttermost parts of the earth; so famed for its assemblies, which have comprised the noblest spirits of the age,—never, we repeat, did that magnificent hall present a nobler sight; the benches crowded with living souls showed how deep was the interest created by the speaker and his theme; whilst the banners of different nations, placed in various parts of the hall, showed how universal in its application was the temperance cause. On the platform, the national flags of England and America waved harmoniously together,—as it is to be hoped they may do to the end of time. "It was a noble sight," an American said; "to see it would well repay a journey across the Atlantic." The united choirs of the temperance singing societies of the metropolis, and the Shapcott band occupied the center of the vast platform in front of the great organ,—the use of which was kindly granted by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The excitement reached its height when Mr. Gough came on the platform, leaning on the arm of the President of the League, J. S. Buckingham, Esq., attended by the leaders of the temperance cause, gathered from every corner of the land. Description of the scene is impossible; language fails. The enthusiasm was unbounded; many wept for joy. At length it calmed down, and after a brief but appropriate address from the chairman, Mr. Gough for the first time spoke to an audience in his native land. He had left our shores a boy; he had come back to them a man. He had left unnoticed and unknown; he had returned with a world-wide fame. He had gone out poor; he came back rich with the blessings of those he had saved from intemperance and sin. He had sunk into the lowest depths of despair, and he had repented and gathered strength, and was now rewarded with the approval of conscience, and in his heart the peace of God. It was a night of trial to him; yet he was equal to the task. Great as had been the expectations created, Mr. Gough surpassed them all. The vast multitude he swayed as with an enchanter's wand. As he willed, it was moved to laughter or melted into tears.

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All doubt vanished; it was felt that he had made good his reputation here,—that all that had been promised, he had redeemed. We reprint an article which appeared in the "Weekly News" at the time, from the pen of Mr. J. Ewing Ritchie, giving an account of Mr. Gough's visit,—as a proof of the effect produced on an impartial observer:—

Excuse us, kind sir, if this week we have no scenes in the House to record,—nothing to tell of Parliamentary business and dullness. A week of monotonous routine offers little for our pen, and is as wearisome a task for us to write as it must be for you to read. Excuse us, then, if we take you elsewhere—to one of those popular parliaments which are so common in our midst,—the influence of which for good and bad no legislation can overlook,—to which often the assembly in Palace Yard is compelled to bow. On your right-hand side as you pass along the Strand, you see a lofty door, evidently leading to some immense building within. It is called Exeter Hall, for it stands where, in old times, stood Exeter 'Change, and still has its live lions, which are very numerous, especially in the months of May and June. You enter the door, and ascend a long and ample staircase, which conducts you to the finest public room in the metropolis. What popular passions have I not seen here! What contradictory utterances have I not heard here! High Church, Low Church, Methodism, Dissent, have all appealed from that platform to those benches crowded with living souls. From that platform, accompanying that organ, seven hundred voices join often in Handel's majestic strains. Underneath me are the officers of the various societies whose aims are among the noblest that can be proposed to man. Westminster Hall is a fine hall; but this in which I am is eight feet wider than that,—one hundred and thirty-one feet long, seventy-six feet wide, and forty-five feet high,—and will contain with comfort more than three thousand persons. On the night of which I now write, it was well filled by an audience, such as a few years back could not have been collected for love or money, but which now can be got together with the greatest ease, not merely in London, but in Manchester, in Birmingham, in Liverpool, in all our great seats of industry, of intelligence, and life;—I mean an audience of men and women who have come to see intemperance to be the great curse of this, our age and land, and who have resolved to abstain themselves from all intoxicating drink, and to encourage others to do so as well. Evidently something great was expected. The western gallery was covered with tastefully decorated cloth, on which was inscribed, in emblazoned silver letters thirty inches deep, "The London Temperance League,"

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with an elaborate painted border, composed of garlands of flowers. The royal gallery, and the smaller one opposite, were covered with scarlet cloth, on which were arranged rose-colored panels, with the words, "London Temperance League" in silver letters. The front of the platform and the reporters' box were also decorated in a similar manner. At the end of the royal gallery was fixed a large royal standard, the folds of which hung gracefully over the heads of the audience. Under the royal standard was placed the union-jack. At the end of the opposite gallery proudly waved the banner of the great Republic of the West. The platform was decorated with flags bearing inscriptions of various kinds. Like the stars in the heavens, or the sands on the sea-shore, they were innumerable. In front of the organ were arranged the choir of the temperance societies, and on the floor of the platform were placed the Shapcott family, with their sax-horns.

Why was all this preparation made? For what purpose that living multitude of warm hearts? The answer is soon given. Some twenty-four years back, a poor lad, without money or learning, almost without friends, was shipped off to America, to try his fortune in the New World. Arrived there, the lad became a man, lived by the sweat of his brow, learned to drink, to be a boon companion,—and fell, as most fall,—for there is that in the flowing bowl, and in the wine when it is red, which few can withstand. Friends left him; he became an outcast and a wanderer; he sank lower and lower; he walked in rags; he loathed life; his frame became emaciated with disease; there was none to pity or to save. It seemed for that man, there was nothing left but to lie down and die. However, while there's life there's hope. That man in his degradation and despair was reached; he signed the temperance pledge; he became an advocate of the temperance cause. His words were words of power; they touched men's hearts, they fired men's souls. He led the life of an apostle,—wherever he went the drunkard was reclaimed. Zeal was excited; the spell of the sparkling cup was gone; humanity was saved;—and now he had returned for awhile to his native land, to advocate the cause which had been a salvation to his own soul and life; and these men and women, these hopeful youths, these tender-hearted maidens, had come to give him welcome. Already every eye in that vast assembly is turned to the quarter whence it is expected the hero of the night will appear. At length the appointed hour arrives. A band of temperance reformers move towards the platform, with the flags of Britain and America waving—as we

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trust they may long do—harmoniously together. We see familiar faces,—Cruikshank, Buckingham, Cassell,—but there is one form we know not; it is that of a stranger; it is that of Gough. A few words from Mr. Buckingham, who presides, and the stranger comes forward,—but he is no stranger,—for the British greeting, that almost deafens his ears, while it opens his heart, makes him feel himself at once at home.

Well, popular enthusiasm has toned down; the audience has re-seated itself; a song of welcome has been sung; and there stands up a man of middle-size and middle-age. Lord Bacon deemed himself ancient when he was thirty-one; we moderns, in our excessive self-love, delude each other into the belief that we are middle-aged when we are anywhere between forty and sixty. In reality, a middle-aged man should be somewhere about thirty-five; and such we take to be Mr. Gough's age. He is dressed in sober black; his hair is dark, and so is his face; but there is a muscular vigor in his frame, for which we were not prepared. We should judge Gough has a large share of the true *elixir vitæ*—animal spirits. His voice is one of great power and pathos, and he speaks without an effort. The first sentence, as it falls gently and easily from his lips, tells us that Gough has that true oratorical power which neither money, nor industry, nor persevering study can ever win. Like the poet, the orator must be born. You may take a man six feet high, he shall be good-looking, have a good voice, and speak English with a correct pronunciation; you shall write for that man a splendid speech, you shall have him taught elocution by Mr. Webster—and yet you shall no more make that man an orator than, to use a homely phrase, you can "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Gough is an orator born. Pope tells us he "lisped in numbers," and in his boyhood Gough must have had the true tones of the orator on his tongue. There was no effort—no fluster—all was easy and natural. He was speaking for the first time to a public meeting in his native land—speaking to thousands, who had come with the highest expectations, who expected much and required much—speaking by means of the press to the whole British public. Under such circumstances, occasional nervousness would have been pardonable; but, from the first, Gough was perfectly self-possessed. There are some men who have prodigious advantages on account of appearance alone. We think it was Fox who said, it was impossible for any one to *be* as wise as Thurlow *looked*. The great Lord Chatham was particularly favored by nature in this respect. In our own time, in the case of Lord Denman, we have seen how much can be done by means of a portly presence and a stately air.

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Gough has nothing of this. He is just as plain a personage as George Dawson of Birmingham would be, if he were to cut his hair and shave off his mustache. But though we have named George Dawson, Gough does not speak like him, or any other living man. Gough is no servile copy, but a real original. We have no one in England we can compare him to. He seems to speak by inspiration—as the apostles spoke, who were commanded not to think beforehand what they should say. The spoken word seems to come naturally—as air bubbles up from the bottom of the well. In what he said there was nothing new—there could be nothing new—the tale he told was old as the hills; yet as he spoke an immense audience grew hushed and still, and hearts were melted, and tears glistened in female eyes, and that great human mass became knit together by a common spell. Disraeli says, "Sir Robert Peel played upon the House of Commons as an old fiddle." Gough did the same at Exeter Hall. At his bidding, stern, strong men, as well as sensitive women, wept or laughed,—they swelled with indignation or desire. Of the various chords of human passion, he was master. At times he became roused, and we thought how—

> "In his ire Olympian Pericles
> Thundered and lightened, and all Hellas shook."

At other times, in his delineation of American manners, he proved himself almost an equal of Silsbee. Off the stage we have nowhere seen a better mimic than Gough; and this must give him great power, especially in circles where the stage is much a *terra incognita*, as Utopia, or the Island of Laputa itself. We have always thought that a fine figure of Byron, where he tells us that he laid his hand upon the ocean's mane. Something of the same kind might be said to be applicable to Mr. Gough;—he seemed to ride upon the audience,—to have mastered it completely to his will. He seemed to bestride it, as we could imagine Alexander bestriding Bucephalus.

Gough spoke for nearly two hours. Evidently the audience could have listened, had he gone on till midnight. We often hear that the age of oratory has gone by, that the press supersedes the tongue, that the appeal must henceforth be made to the reader in his study, not to the hearer in the crowded hall. There is much truth in that; nevertheless, the true orator will always please his audience, and true oratory will never die. The world will always respond to it, the human heart will always leap up to it. The finest efforts of the orator have been amongst civilized audiences. It was a cultivated audience before which Demosthenes pleaded; and to whom, standing on Mars' Hill,

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Paul preached of an unknown God. The true orator, like the true poet, speaks to all. He gathers around him earth's proudest as well as poorest intellects. Notwithstanding, then, the march of mind, oratory may win her triumphs still. So long as the heart is true to its old instinct, so long as it can pity, or love, or hate, or fear, it will be moved by the orator, if he can but pity, or love, or hate, or fear, himself. This is the true secret. It is this that has made Gough the giant that he is. Without that he might be polished, learned,—master of all human lore; but he would be feeble and impotent as—

> "The lorn lyre that ne'er hath spoken
> Since the sad day its master chord was broken."

It was the same when Mr. Gough visited Scotland. It was said he would do for England, but not for the coldly critical audiences of the modern Athens. There, however, as here, Mr. Gough found the way to all hearts, roused a similar enthusiasm, and achieved a similar success. It was calculated that by the close of the year, Mr. Gough had addressed no fewer than one hundred and four thousand six hundred persons, and that not fewer than three thousand had taken the pledge in consequence of his addresses. In his first visit to London alone he had spoken to thirty thousand.

Perhaps one of the most memorable meetings in connection with Mr. Gough in England, was that held in St. Martin's Hall on the evening of December 28, 1853, when children to the number of one thousand, belonging to the Bands of Hope, were present, and when, at the request of the committee, the Earl of Shaftesbury presided. At the conclusion of Mr. Gough's address, in acknowledging a vote of thanks, his lordship said: "I do not think thanks are due to me for sitting here and listening to the most eloquent, touching, convincing, and effective address I have ever heard, or was ever delivered on any other platform, and I am sure you will join with me in thanking Mr. Gough—which I heartily do—for his efforts; and I thank God, who has brought him to this country, as I trust, to do a great work; and I am sure you will promise, with me, to do as the children in America have done,—help him to the best of our ability. The longer I live, the more I am convinced that intemperance is the cause of a very large amount of national evils, both at home and abroad; and, unless it is obstructed in its onward march, it will in this country, as in Australia, prove ruinous to society. I feel also convinced that the future destinies of this great country are in the hands of such as those who form the majority of the present interesting meeting; and it will be by their instrumentality that

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those evils over which we mourn will be ultimately removed. I again say, that the future destinies of this land, my young friends, are in your hands; and I would therefore exhort you to continue combating with those evils which have been so eloquently placed before you this evening by our friend, Mr. Gough. We must have by and by a new generation of men and women; and I may say, that such men as Mr. Gough—and I may also name Mr. Smithies, the editor of that excellent little paper addressed to the Bands of Hope—are doing much towards bringing about the state of things which will transpire when those of us who have passed the meridian of life shall have ceased our labors to better the condition of society."

From London, Mr. Gough has found his way into all our crowded homes of busy life. He has traveled over almost all England and Scotland. The chief towns of each county he has repeatedly visited, and wherever he has gone, he has received but one kind of welcome, and his visits have led to but one result. It has been felt that Mr. Gough has opened a way for the propagation of temperance principles in circles where those principles had been viewed with indifference, contempt, or disdain. Among his auditory have been such ladies as the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Argyle; amongst his chairmen such noble men as the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord Robert Grosvenor. Many members of our Senate, many of our most popular divines, many of our ablest writers, have listened to his addresses; and thus the influences of temperance principles have been extended far and wide. As regards the temperance cause itself—equally gratifying has been the result. Mr. Gough's advent has revived the energy of the temperance ranks. The good old cause is again dear; the old love is again felt; the old cry is again heard; the old fire is again seen; the old banner again floats in triumph, and complete success seems near at hand!

To Mr. Gough himself his tour in his native land must have afforded peculiar pleasure. Some of the incidents connected with it must have been peculiarly grateful to a mind sensitive as his own. For instance, on the anniversary of his birthday, August 22, 1854, a meeting was got up by the Temperance Association of the romantic little village in which Mr. Gough was born. It was a memorable day for Sandgate. In the afternoon addresses were delivered by Messrs. Geary, McCurry, Campbell, White, and Tweedie, of the Committee of the London Temperance League, to the children of Sandgate and the immediate neighborhood who had assembled for that purpose in great numbers; and at the close, each child received from Mr. Gough a copy of his address to the Bands

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of Hope in St. Martin's Hall. In the evening a public meeting was held in the National School-room, which had been kindly lent for that purpose by the clergyman of the parish, and at which that able artist and zealous teetotaler, George Cruikshank, Esq., presided. To a meeting crowded in every part, Mr. Gough delivered one of his most effective addresses. The occasion was affecting. It was his birthday. Thirty-seven years before, he was a babe; the cottage in which he was born was yet standing; those who knew his beloved mother; those who knew *him* as a poor soldier's boy,—were around him. He had traveled far from his early home; he had dwelt amidst the men and cities of the far distant West; he had wandered in the ways of sin—far from peace and happiness and God; he had been steeped to the very lips in poverty, and misery, and degradation, and shame,—and yet he had been saved, as a brand from the burning; he had been led back to the narrow way, from which he had so long strayed—and saved himself. He had been enabled to devote to the salvation of others a zeal that never tired, an eloquence that never wearied, a tongue that never grew cold or dull. At the age of twelve he had gone forth from that village home;—another twelve years, and he had signed the temperance pledge;—another twelve, and he was back in his village home again:—and here he was, with beauty and fashion and wealth around; filling bright eyes with tears,—softening manly hearts,—teaching the drunkard to burst his chains; or showing the young how alone they could be safe. No wonder that the scene was one that will not soon be forgotten by those who were there; or that on Mr. Gough himself the effect was great; or that even in his strange career he could find no incident more startling or strange.

And yet, such passages are numerous in Mr. Gough's history. The writer will not soon forget almost a similar one, which happened in Drury Lane, in Dec., 1854. Old Drury was filled with as choice an audience as ever gathered within its capacious walls; for Mr. Gough was to give an address, and the Earl of Shaftesbury was to take the chair. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Gough kept up the attention of his audience to the very last; that whether he were grave or gay—whether he told the old sad story, or called up smiles in all faces—his efforts were equally powerful. So much so, indeed, that the Earl of Shaftesbury, in replying to thanks for his conduct in the chair, perhaps pronounced the most flattering, yet truthful eulogiums that have ever greeted Mr. Gough. The noble Earl referred, in language perfectly unpremeditated, yet graceful and expressive, to the delight he had received

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in being permitted to listen to such addresses as those of Mr. Gough. He declared that it was utterly impossible to overrate the value of Mr. Gough's labors;—that they were above all praise; and that he deemed the preservation of Mr. Gough's health, and his continuance in his advocacy of the temperance principles, as essential to the welfare—not of England or America alone, but of the whole civilized world. Such an allusion to himself in such a place, and from such a man—one of the very flower of our aristocracy—was too much for Mr. Gough: the past all came back to him again; all its pain and agony and despair. He thought of what he had been in that fearful time; and then he thought of what he was!—of the peace and sunshine of the present; and again he rose to utter feelings which he could not repress—to say how bitter had been his path—what light and hope beamed on it now, and to record his entire consecration to the cause that had done so much for him. We need not add that the scene highly affected all present. "What a sublime man it is!" said Soyer, the great *gastronome*, to the writer, as they came out of the theater together. The writer felt that this was, perhaps, the highest compliment ever paid to Mr. Gough. Soyer enthusiastic at a teetotal lecture, was a sight, certainly, we never expected to see.

And now, in taking leave of our subject, we cannot but express our hope that Mr. Gough's feeble strength may be renewed, that his residence among us may be continued, and that for many a coming year he may preach temperance, and what follows in its train, in his native land.

The following is an extract from a long article, that appeared in the "British Banner," from the pen of Rev. Dr. Campbell:—

The expectation was obviously very great; and, if we mistake not, a feeling somewhat allied to disappointment ran through the hall on Mr. Gough's being introduced side by side with the chairman, whose commanding and dignified presence only tended to make matters worse. There was certainly nothing that gave promise of what was to follow. There stands before the audience, a man of the most unpretending air, apparently about thirty-two, or thirty-three years of age, five feet eight inches in height, with a dark and sallow complexion; very plainly dressed; his whole mien bespeaking a person who had still to learn that he was somebody. Escaping his own notice, he has nothing to excite that of others. He might travel from Stoke Newington to Pimlico, without attracting a passing glance from even the keenest of the fifty

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thousand persons he might meet in the way. He might be mixed up with an assembly, large or small, without even the most curious—so long as he was silent—being induced to ask "who is that?" By a shrewd stranger at the first glance, he would probably be pronounced a Methodist preacher—say of the primitive class. The cerebral development completely deceives you; phrenology was never more completely at fault—not even in the case of the late far-famed Dr. Andrew Thompson, of Edinburgh, whose giant power lay concealed under the guise of a mere rough, resolute, common-place citizen—or, perchance, a sturdy farmer, who would relish a glass, and a row on market day, without the slightest appearance of a logic which was never surpassed, and of an eloquence which subdued all before it. The voice of Mr. Gough, too, unites to carry on the deception. At the outset it is merely strong and deep; but it gives no sign of the inherent flexibility and astonishing resources, both of power and of pathos. It is in perfect keeping with the entire outer man; which, at ease, seems to draw itself up to the smallest possible dimensions; but, when fired, becomes erect, expanding in magnitude and stature, so as to present another, and entirely new man. Mr. Gough is a well-adjusted mixture of the poet, orator, and dramatist,—in fact, an English Gavazzi. Gough is, in all respects,—in stature, voice, and force of manner,—on a scale considerably lower than the great Italian orator. Gavazzi is more grand, more tragic, more thoroughly Italian; but much less adapted to an English auditory. In their natural attributes, however, they have much in common. If Gavazzi possesses more power, Gough has more pathos. This is the main difference,—the chief; and here the difference is in favor of Gough. Gough excels Gavazzi in pathos, far more than Gavazzi excels Gough in power. Then, Gough is more moderate in his theatrical displays. He paints much more, and acts much less; while, as to force and general effects, he is, of course, on high vantage ground, speaking his native tongue, and among his fellow countrymen. He is, in this respect, in England, what Gavazzi would be in Italy. Both find—and find to an equal extent—their account in their histrionic manner. . . . . Last night the address was a succession of pictures, delivered in a manner the most natural; and hence, at one time, feeling was in the ascendant, and at another, power. His gift of mimicry seemed great. This perilous, though valuable faculty, however, was but sparingly exercised. It is only as the lightning, in a single flash, illuminating all, and gone,—making way for the rolling peal and the falling torrent. Throughout the whole of last night he addressed him-

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self to the fancy and to the heart. We cannot doubt, however, that Mr. Gough is, in a very high degree, capable of dealing with principles, and grappling with an adversary by way of argument; but he adopted a different,—and, as we think, a much wiser course for a first appearance. The mode of address is one of which mankind will never tire till human nature becomes divested of its inherent properties. He recited a series of strikingly pertinent facts, all of which he set in beautiful pictures. Nothing could exceed the unity of the impression; while nothing could be more multifarious than the means employed to effect it. It was a species of mortar-firing, in which old nails, broken bottles, chips of iron, and bits of metal, together with balls of lead,—anything, everything partaking of the nature of a missile,—were available. The compound mass was showered forth with resistless might and powerful execution. The great idea, which was uppermost all the evening, was,—the evils of drinking; and, under a deep conviction of that truth, every man must have left the assembly. The conclusion to which we have come, then, is that the merits of Mr. Gough have by no means been over-rated. . . . . Oratorically considered, he is never at fault. While the vocable pronunciation, with scarcely an exception, is perfect, the elocutionary element is every way worthy of it. He is wholly free, on one hand, from heavy monotony; and, on the other, from ranting declamation, properly so-called. There is no mouthing, no stilted shouting. His whole speaking was eminently true; there is nothing false, either in tone or inflection; and the same remark applies to emphasis. All is truth; the result is undeviating pleasure, and irresistible impression. His air is that of a man who never thought five minutes on the subject of public speaking, but who surrenders himself to the guidance of his genius, while he ofttimes snatches a grace beyond the reach of art. In Mr. Gough, however, there are far higher considerations than those of eloquence. We cannot close without adverting to the highest attribute of his speaking: it is pervaded by a spirit of religion. Not a word escapes him which is objectionable on that score. Other things being equal, this never fails to lift a speaker far above his fellows.

And now, having ventured to insert in my book, and by it, to perpetuate these favorable opinions; fearing that I might become puffed up, unless I had some check, I will here insert another extract, giving

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what an old lady called "the bane and the antigoat." William Wells Brown, a colored man, and an escaped slave, published a book entitled: "Three Years in Europe; or places I have seen, and people I have met." Eight months after my arrival in England, a handbill made its appearance, and was posted on the walls in North Shields, at the time I was appointed to lecture there, containing the following extract from William Wells Brown's book:—

"But the most noted man in the movement at the present time, and the one best known to the British public, is John B. Gough. This gentleman was at one time an actor on the stage, and subsequently became an inebriate of the most degraded kind. He was, however, reclaimed through the great Washingtonian movement that swept over the United States a few years since. In stature, Mr. Gough is tall and slim, with black hair, which he usually wears too long. As an orator, he is considered among the first in the United States. Having once been an actor, he throws all his dramatic powers into his addresses. He has a facility of telling strange and marvelous stories, which can scarcely be surpassed; and what makes them still more interesting, he always happens to be an eye-witness. While speaking, he acts the drunkard, and does it in a style which could not be equalled on the boards of the Lyceum or Adelphi. No man has obtained more signatures to the temperance pledge than he. After all, it is a question whether he has ever been of any permanent service to this reform or not. Mr. Gough has more than once fallen from his position as a teetotaler; more than once he has broken his pledge, and when found by his friends, was in houses of a questionable character. However, some are of opinion that these defects have been of use to him; for when he has made his appearance after one of these debaucheries, the people appear to sympathize more with him; and some thought he spoke better. If we believe that a person could enjoy good health with water on the brain, we would be of opinion that Mr. Gough's cranium contained a greater quantity than that of any other living man. When speaking before an audience, he can weep when he pleases; and the tears shed on these occasions are none of your make-believe kind—none of your small drops trickling down the cheeks, one at a time;—but they come in

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great showers, so as to sprinkle upon the paper which he holds in his hand. Of course, he is not alone in shedding tears in his meetings,—many of his hearers usually join him; especially the ladies—as these showers are intended for them. However, no one can sit for an hour, and hear John B. Gough, without coming to the conclusion that he is nothing more than a theatrical mountebank."

I was so surprised, and startled at this, knowing something of Mr. Brown, and forming a high opinion of him, that I almost indignantly denied that he was the author of such an ungenerous article, on one who had never harmed him, and persisted in my disbelief, till a friend sent me the volume, with the following written on the fly-leaf:—

"M—— 25, 3d Mo.

My Dear Friend,—Accept this volume as a token of my deep sympathy for the pain caused by the unfounded libel on thy character contained therein, and of my sorrow for the infatuation that prompted the author to insert it. Thine sincerely, T. R. T.

Tastes differ, and I suppose there cannot be found on this earth, the man who can please everybody; and it is well that it should be so, for "variety is the spice of life," and varieties of opinion, give occasion for quite an amount of spice in their expression. We must take the bitter with the sweet, and be thankful.

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CHAPTER XXI.

Route to Scotland—Edinburgh—Fete at Surrey Gardens—Visit to Sandgate—Old Friends—Old Associations—My Home—The Old Nail—Speech at Folkestone—Mrs. Beattie—Reverence Paid to Rank—My Father's Clergyman—Return to London—London Fog—Christmas at George Campbell's.

We were now fairly engaged in constant work. I delivered lectures in the principal towns on the route to Scotland, and on the 24th of August, we left Newcastle on Tyne, for Galashiels, near Melrose and Abbotsford, where, for the first time, I addressed a Scottish audience. After the lecture, we ate salmon caught in the Tweed, and heard Burns' songs sung in the pure Scotch dialect. We went on to Glasgow, and were met by Archibald Livingston, Esq., who conducted us to our lodgings; had an immense crowd at the city hall; and, on Saturday, went down the Clyde to spend the Sabbath at Kilmun, with Mr. Livingston and his family. We proceeded the next week through Paisley and Barrhead to Edinburgh.

I am entering a little more into detail than I intended; but I wish to record, somewhat minutely, my first appearance, and labor in Great Britain. The people were very kind to us, and overwhelmed us with their hospitable attentions. I became very much attached to Edinburgh—"Auld Reekie," as the Edinburghians love to call their beloved city. The guide-books give a better description of this mag-

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nificent and picturesque metropolis of Scotland than I can; and though we were interested deeply in the Castle Hill, Arthur's Seat, the Canongate, Holyrood, and all the historical associations clustering round the city, we were more interested in the personal friendships formed, the warm hearts that gave us welcome to their hospitable homes. "Auld Reekie" will ever be associated in our minds with Dr. Guthrie, Prof. Miller, Thomas Knox, Ebenezer Murray, Rev. W. Reid, and other true, warm friends,—even more than with the glorious rock of Dun-Eden, or the couchant lion of Arthur's Seat. As I turn over my scrap-books, containing notices, more than would fill ten volumes like this,—good, bad, and indifferent,—of my work, I am strongly tempted to make a few more extracts from the journals of such cities as Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and the like; and I shall probably yield to the temptation, at the risk of having wrong motives imputed to me. My first lecture was given in Edinburgh on September 1st. The chairman of the meeting was Duncan McLaren, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and the "Scottish Press" devoted a large space to a criticism, and report. The "Edinburgh News," the "Constitutional," and other papers, contained very full accounts. From Edinburgh we proceeded to Liverpool, and spent a week with Mr. Harrison; from thence to London, to attend a temperance fete at Surrey Gardens on the 12th. The "London Illustrated News" presented its readers with a graphic engraving of the procession, and thus spoke of it:—

"By half past eleven—the hour fixed for starting—there were many thousands of persons assembled, the parties being conveyed in vehicles

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of every character and description, from the aristocratic four-in-hand barouche, and the four-wheeled phaeton, down to the more humble pleasure van and cart,—the vans decorated with banners and evergreens. The number of vehicles amounted to several hundred. The ladies wore favors of various colors; but that prevailing, was white, with a virgin white artificial rose; and judging from the number in requisition, the artificial flower-makers must have reaped a profitable harvest. The gentlemen were decorated with a rose. The procession was formed at twelve o'clock, and started, headed by immense numbers of children with flags, followed by the adult members of the various societies, with their banners and bands of music; the rear being brought up by open carriages, containing the principal officers and advocates of the movement; the last carriage, drawn by four horses, and postilion, containing Mr. and Mrs. Gough, and the President and Vice-President of the League, the Hon. East India Company's band preceding them."

At the Surrey Gardens, I spoke to an audience of over seventeen thousand—the largest I have ever addressed. The weather was fine, and the day passed pleasantly. I spoke in Liverpool, September 15th and 16th; Leicester, 19th and 20th; Birmingham, 21st; Manchester, 22d; Ramsgate, 26th; Folkestone, 29th. There terminated my first engagement with the League. Soon after I commenced my work for them, they had strenuously urged me to remain, at any rate, for one year. I wrote home to cancel, or postpone my engagements; which proposition was acceded to, and I agreed to deliver two hundred addresses—they offering me ten guineas per lecture, and all expenses; to commence with four lectures in London; the first on Monday, October 3d.

I spent five days in my native village, from September 28th to October 3d, as the League had appointed September 29th for Folkestone. We went from Ramsgate to Folkestone by rail, taking an omnibus at the station there, for Sandgate, a mile and a

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half distant. I sat on the seat with the driver, and at once addressed him, "Whose omnibus is this?"

"Mr. Valyer's."

"Stephen or Tom?"

"This is Tom Valyer's 'bus."

"What's your name?"

"Jim Stockwell; and I used to go to school at your mother's."

"Do you know me?"

"I suppose you are John Gough; we heered you was a-coming."

We chatted of old times, and old people, till we arrived at the "New Inn,"—it was the "New Inn" when I was a boy,—where we took rooms. I was too uneasy to remain there, so I strolled out alone, to look at the place;—the same long, straight street, the same names on the shop-fronts,—Jemmy Bugg, the cobbler; George, the barber; Reynolds, the baker; Saunders, the shoe-maker; the Fleur-de-Lis, kept by Flisher, as of old; Draynor, the fish-monger. I might have left but a week ago, for all the change in the main street. "There's the castle!" How my heart leaped! Our house is just round the corner; but there is change here; what is it? Ah! I see now,—the village green, where the fairs were held, is gone, and there is a large National school in front of "our house;" not so picturesque, but more practical; yet I should have liked to see again, the green where I had so often played "cutters," or, "all the birds in the air."

But the house—yes, there it is—the same, the very same. The boulders my father had laid so evenly in front,—the same lead-colored paint,—no change; it

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did not look older, only smaller. I slowly walked by it, my heart full, and passed round by the Inn, once kept by Mr. Beattie,—the "Martello Tower,"—in the tap-room of which I had often "spoken a piece." Another name is on the sign—then the Beatties are gone! I wandered about till drawn back to the house. As I turned the corner, and came in sight of it, I saw a group of women near the door. Then I heard, "There he is! that's him!" and they came toward me. "Why Johnny, don't you know *me?*" "It is Mrs. Beattie." "Bless his heart—he remembers me!" And the dear old lady threw her arms about me, regardless of the proprieties,—which did not disturb me in the least. I shook hands with and recognized several; but dear Mrs. Beattie, who sent me the gingerbread and milk on board ship, twenty-four years ago, held my hand in hers, patting it, and crooning as if I were again "Johnny Gough." "Bless his heart—he's got his dear mother's mouth!—but come into the house." I inquired the name of the person living there, and was told; and that she expected me, and had "tidied up a bit," in view of my visit. On entering the room, I stood for a few minutes looking round it; tears were in the eyes of the good women; at last I said, "That cupboard door used to be blue." "Yes," said the woman, "my boy thought he'd try his hand at graining; but it is blue underneath the brown;" and actually took a knife and scraped off a portion of the "graining," to show me the blue. "Where's the trap-door for the coal-hole?" "Here! under this rug." "Let me go down in the cellar; I want to see the closet where my mother 'stirred me up'" There was the closet; I

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went into it, and would have been mightily pleased to receive the most vigorous "stirring up" that boy ever experienced, could my dear mother be there to "stir me." As I came up the stairs, I said, "There's the nail where I used to hang my cap and bag." "Yes," said the woman, "and that's the same nail." "How's that?" I asked. "Why, when your poor dear mother left the house, she said: 'There's John's old cap and bag, that he hung up before he went away, and I have never taken them down;' and I said: 'Well, Mrs. Gough, I'll keep the nail there as long as it'll stay,'—and that's the same nail; but your mother took away the cap and bag."

As we came out, Mrs. Beattie said: "All the Sandgaters are going to Folkestone, to hear you speak; and *I* am going, too; and I shall walk." "No"—I said—"that you shall not; you shall ride with me." I left them, promising to see them again, and went back through the dear, familiar street, to the hotel. During the day I climbed the hill, went into the meadow called the "slip"—where my sister and I had gathered daisies and primroses—over to Shorncliffe Barracks, where I once went, a little toddling thing, to see my father, when his regiment lay there,—and I drank in delight all day, in the old familiar scenes. The next day, I strolled about, full of thoughts, pleasant and painful, and, in the evening, rode to Folkestone, to deliver an address in the Harveian Institute. One small circumstance occurred, before I came on the platform, indicative of the contempt felt, and expressed by certain classes, toward temperance. On the table was a goblet of water, with a tumbler placed over it,—a would-be fine gentleman stepped

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forward, and taking off the tumbler, lifted the goblet, and placing it to his nostrils, gave a strong sniff, as if he suspected its contents. This was done with an air of patronizing contempt, and the audience—a portion of it at any rate—was delighted with the poor joke. My wife, who saw it, said it made her fingers tingle with indignation. The meeting passed off, and I think at its close, any person would have been hissed rather than applauded, for such an attempt at wit. The audience, most of them, came from curiosity to hear the "Sandgate boy" speak, and they listened with apparent interest.

On Friday, we were invited to take tea at Miss Purday's, who kept the library and reading-room, she, with her sister, having succeeded the old gentleman, who died some years before. When I was a boy, I was often employed to clean shoes and knives by Mr. and the Misses Purday, and now I was invited there to tea! I was never in their parlor but once before, and then it was when desirous of obtaining a situation. I met a gentleman who wished to engage a boy to do odd jobs about the kitchen,—and I well remember how I wore my "Sunday things," and what an impression I had of the glory of that parlor. I asked Miss Purday about Mrs. Beattie, and ascertained she was very poor; her husband had failed in business, the railroad had ruined the "posting," and he depended very much on the profits from the hiring of "post-horses"—he was now suffering from the effects of a paralytic attack, and they were much reduced in circumstances. Miss Purday said she had asked the old lady to come in the evening and see me there. She came, and a very pleasant evening we spent.

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talking over old times. When she went out, I followed her to the hall, and, putting five sovereigns in her hand, asked her to take them from me, for I was in her debt. "Goodness me! what for?" "Don't you know?—for a bottle of milk and some gingerbread you sent me twenty-four years ago." I will not write all she said to me; but I ascertained she was in debt for coal, rent, groceries, and the like; so I requested Miss Purday to collect the bills, which she did, amounting to £28 sterling. These I paid; and from that time to her death in 1864, I sent her, through Mr. Tweedie, of London, £10 every Christmas-day, in part payment for the milk and gingerbread.

These few days in my native village were a perpetual feast to me. I have forgotten to state that my father had followed me to England, and was with us in Sandgate. I expect I offended the old gentleman by a want of proper respect for the son of his old master. As we were walking down the street together, he said, "John, here comes Mr. Denny, the son of my master." As we came up to him my father lifted his hat, and said, "Mr. Denny, this is my son, John Gough, from America." Looking at something beyond me, the young man said, carelessly, "How do Gough?" To which I replied, just as carelessly, "How do, Denny?" and walked on. My poor father was quite shocked; and perhaps I did not do quite right; but at any rate I was fully as civil to him as he was to me. When I was a boy there was a great reverence paid to rank and station. The aristocracy, gentry, and clergy, expected the "common people" to take off their hats when meeting them; but this has died out very much, together with other obsolete cus-

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toms, "more honored in the breach than in the observance," in my opinion. I well remember, in that very street, thirty years before, my little sister and I were crossing just as a curricle was passing, when the driver wantonly and cruelly brought the lash of his whip across the white shoulders and neck of my sister. She screamed with the pain, and we both ran crying home. My father was very angry, and asked, "Where is the man who struck her?" We told him he was in one of Mr. Reynold's gigs. Taking us children with him, he went at once to Mr. Reynolds, who kept livery horses, and a pastry-cook's shop, and there we found the little dumpy animal—I think I see him now!—stuffing himself with cheese-cakes. My father, approaching him, as we told him that was the man, said, "Look here, you, sir—why did you strike this child with your whip?" The little wretch lifted his eye-glass, and, impudently staring at my father from head to foot, turned to Mr. Reynolds—who stood smoothing down his hair, as if to prevent its standing with fright at my father's temerity—and drawled out, "Who the devil is this fellow?" "Fellow?" said my father, clenching his fist, "I'll fellow you; come out of the shop and I'll show you who's the fellow." Mr. Reynolds hastily came to him, and said, in a low tone, "Mr. Gough, that's Lord so-and-so." Why did my father drop his clenched hands and quietly walk out of the shop with his two children? Because he recognized the title as belonging to one who had influence at the "Horse Guards;" and rather than run the risk of losing his hard-earned pension, he did as you and I probably would have done,—bore the insult, that he might secure bread for

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his children; and bread was hard for him to get in those days. Remember, this was nearly forty-five years ago; now, and even when I was there sixteen years since, no soldier would risk his pension by *knocking down* any lord who had insulted him. I found many changes; though few among the people who were our neighbors when I was a boy.

My father's landlord was a parson,—not a very fine specimen of a clergyman, and one that would not be tolerated for a day at the present time. I have heard him use very profane language. He would set boys to fight, or run races. On one occasion, in urging one boy to go faster, he said: "Run, you little devil, —run, or I'll—," the rest I will not write. He was rector in one parish, and curate in another. He held his rectorate some miles from his curacy, and would ride over on certain occasions to officiate. One Sunday his congregation amounted to six persons, besides the clerk and sexton,—or whatever they call him. He then made them a proposition,—that he would either officiate, or give them a shilling each, for beer to drink his health at the public house, urging them to accept the shilling, as it was worth more than anything they would hear from him. This man was unfrocked not long after. This was more than forty years ago.

In all my contact with clergymen in England, I was treated with the utmost courtesy; and I believe there is not a more devoted class of men in the world than can be found among the clergymen of the Established Church. For the promotion of the temporal and spiritual welfare of their charge, for persevering, self-denying efforts to inculcate true religion, for hard

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work among their people, in season and out of season, for the Master, they are not excelled by clergymen of any denomination in any country.

On Monday, October 3d, we left Sandgate for London, to commence my work for the League, under the new arrangement, and gave four addresses there,—two in Exeter Hall, one in Sion Chapel, the other in Music Hall, Store Street. From London to Chatham, Canterbury, and Ashford. While there, I rode five miles to Braybourne, and visited my mother's birthplace; then to Brighton, Bath, and other places—such as Gloucester, Cheltenham, Norwich, etc.; again to London, November 18th, for four more lectures—three in Exeter Hall, the other in Store Street. My first experience of the celebrated London fog was on the evening of November 22d, in Exeter Hall, where in twenty minutes from its first appearance, I could scarcely see the people in the gallery. I have tried to describe it, but failed to convey any idea of its true and odious nature, to those who have never experienced it. And yet, I enjoyed some features of it; the bewilderment,—when, within a street or two of your residence, you are completely lost and confused,—has something of a comical side to it, and we occasionally see the temperaments of men developed in the different conduct of different individuals under the same circumstances. One man stumbles against another: "Ah! I beg your pardon, ha! ha! very thick to-night." Another couple meet: "Now then, now then, that's the third time I've been run into." A third couple come in contact, and perhaps it is: "Confound you, where are you driving to—*can't you see?*" But Londoners become used to their fog—

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men can get used to anything. A man in New Hampshire had become so used to matrimony, that on the occasion of marrying his fourth wife, when the minister requested the couple to stand up he said: "I've usually sat."

We left London to visit the Provinces,—as all England out of the metropolis is called—returning December 24th. We visited Sheffield, and while there, called, in company with Daniel Doncaster, who was our host, on the venerable James Montgomery. He received us very cordially, and we spent an hour with him in delightful conversation; on leaving, he shook hands with us heartily, and expressed his deep interest in America, and her prosperity. He very kindly gave me four original verses on different sheets, as autographs, one of which, with John Bright's, I sent to the Sanitary Fair, at Albany, during the war. I have two remaining, which I prize very highly.

We kept our first Christmas at George C. Campbell's, with a large party of friends. I spoke in Exeter Hall on the 27th and 29th; in St. Martin's Hall on the 28th; and left for Scotland, arriving in Edinburgh on Friday the 30th; and delivered an address on the last day of the year, in Queen Street Hall. So ended the year 1853—long to be remembered by me with delight and thankfulness.

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CHAPTER XXII.

Places of Interest—Brymbo Hall—John Bright—The Soldier and his Wife—Second Visit to Sandgate—Newstead Abbey—Vandalism—Farewell Addresses—Departure for America—Review of Work—Arguments for Drinking—Scriptural Arguments—Murray's Lectures.

THE next year, 1854, I was employed constantly in the principal cities and towns in England and Scotland; visiting, as occasion offered, the objects of interest,—castles, abbeys, ruins, gentlemen's seats, and the places made memorable by the famous men who had inhabited them,—all of which are fully described in the journals of the tourist. Scotland was full of interest to us. When in Edinburgh I procured "Chambers' Chronicles" of that city, and would read awhile and then start off to visit the places mentioned. Cardinal Beaton's house in the Cowgate, at the foot of Blackfriars' Wynd; John Knox's house in the High Street; the old palace of the Dukes of Gordon in the Canongate; sometimes to Holyrood; and again through the Canongate down the West Bow, to the famous spot where so many of the true, and the brave, "Glorified God in the Grassmarket;" or the old church-yard where the Covenanters signed their famous document; then away to Arthur's Seat, where Jennie Deans met her lover; or perhaps take a run out to Craigmillar Castle, to muse of Mary and her fortunes. In fact, Scotland was full of historical

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associations, and no one should visit that portion of Great Britain unless well posted in her history. A favorite walk of mine, was from Holyrood, up the Canongate, through the High Street and Lawn Market, to Castle Hill, by the Duke of Argyle's residence, and St. Giles' Church, where Jenny Geddes threw the stool at the head of the minister.

We remained in Scotland from January 1st to March 6th, when we left for Carlisle, Newcastle, and Sunderland, to Darlington, where we spent a few days at "Polam House," with the Misses Proctor, and visited "Raby Castle," the seat of the Duke of Cleveland; then to Hull, where we first met Rev. Newman Hall; on through Lancashire, to Liverpool; then to Chester and Wrexham. We had received an invitation from W. H. Darby, Esq., of Brymbo Hall, to spend a few days at his residence with some friends, —among them John Bright. We were at Brymbo Hall five days. I spoke at Wrexham April 12th and 13th, returning to Mr. Darby's each evening after the lecture, most of the party accompanying me. Mr. Bright presided at one of the lectures. I had met him previously at Rochdale, where he had taken the chair at a meeting I held there. We enjoyed our visit exceedingly. Good Friday fell on the 14th of April that year, and the day was devoted to an excursion among the mountains, and afterwards a dinner given to Mr. Darby's workmen, employed in his large furnaces. Mr. Bright spoke to them, and I said a few words afterwards. We attended Quaker service in the large drawing-room on Sunday, and left by way of Southport, Liverpool and Blackburn, to London. While at Brymbo Hall, I asked Mr. Bright

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if he would write a few lines in a commonplace book I had with me, in which many of my friends had written. He complied, and wrote the following. I insert it, as I consider it well worth preserving:—

> The History of the United States is the history of a great nation which, with a daring equal to that of the navigator who first discovered her shores, traverses the political ocean, guided by the wrecks of systems that have failed, and by the principles which monarchs and statesmen have scornfully rejected. The American Commonwealth is not a copy, it is a great original,—it treads a path all but untrodden by every other State, and makes discoveries which heretofore historians in their brightest pages have not recorded. JOHN BRIGHT.
>
> *On a visit to Brymbo Hall, Denbighshire, 4th mo., 16th, 1854.*

We reached London on Saturday, April 22, where I remained three weeks, and delivered twelve addresses, six of them in Exeter Hall, and left on the 13th, to attend the anniversary of the Scottish Temperance League—one of the best organizations for the promotion of temperance in the world. On the Sabbath previous, sermons on that theme were preached in most of the churches. On Monday was the grand soirée, at which tea, cake, services of fruit, with music and speaking, were provided; on Tuesday morning, a public breakfast, connected with which is the annual business meeting of the members;—and most interesting these meetings were. After two lectures in Glasgow, we returned to England, spending some time in Wales, Cornwall, and Devonshire. As I was passing to the Institute at Devonport, I saw standing near the entrance a soldier with the two XX's on his cap, and a nice-looking woman on his arm. As I came up he looked at me very wistfully, and, noticing his cap and the number of his regiment, I asked him: "Was you not stationed in Montreal when I was

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there?" "Yes, sir—and I signed the pledge, and have kept it." His wife then said: "Yes, that he has, sir!" I then asked: "Are you going into the Hall?" "We can't get in, sir. I obtained leave of absence, and came with my missus; but they tell us it is full, and we are very sorry." I said: "Wait a minute; and I went to the door-keeper. "Can you not let this man and his wife pass into the hall?" "No, sir; my orders are to admit no more, as there was great complaint at the overcrowding, last time you was here." "But," I said, "this man is a soldier, who has leave of absence for to-night, and has come with his wife; I hope you will let him in." But the door-keeper was firm; he had his orders, and could do nothing in the matter; so I speedily found the committee, and stated the case. They were not to be moved; the man and his wife could not be admitted. I pleaded that there were only two of them;—they would not take up much room. The reply was, that if they let these in, they must admit others, who were shut out. At last I said, as I was determined the soldier should be admitted: "I very much wish this man to go in with his wife, and you must let them pass, or I will not go in myself; so if you keep them out, you keep me out." "Oh! sir, if you put it on that ground, I suppose they must go in." And go in they did.

We passed through Cornwall, down to Penzance, then back through Chard, to Southampton, where we took the boat for the Channel Islands, and spent a week at St. Heliers, in the Island of Jersey; returned through Manchester to London, (where I delivered thirteen lectures), and attended a monster fête at Surrey Gardens; then left for Sandgate on the

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16th, intending to spend a week in my native village. My birthday was on the 22d, and a party of gentlemen had agreed to come down from London at that time, and make a gala day of it, arranging for a lecture from me that evening, in the school-house opposite the old house where I was born. I spent the time in exploring the vicinity, and visiting my old haunts; walked to Folkestone by the same path along the cliffs I had so often walked when a boy; tried to find the old school—but that was gone; wandered about the beach; then took rides to Saltwood Castle, and other points of interest; and enjoyed this second visit to Sandgate exceedingly. On Sunday, I attended the little Methodist Chapel, where I pulled off Billy Bennett's wig thirty years before. On Tuesday, my friends came down from London by the first train, and we spent the day among the scenes of my early life. I escorted them to the house, and almost took the old lady who lived there by storm, as George Cruikshank, William Tweedie, G. C. Campbell, J. Ewing Ritchie, Thomas I. White, and several others entered the little room. As we all stood together, I gave them many reminiscences of the old days;—told them of my mother and her struggles; showed them where she sat when she came from Dover, so weary, having sold nothing. Yes, she sat there;—I can see her now,—her bonnet dusty, her shoes broken, her poor weary head resting on her toil-worn hands, and the tears coursing down her cheeks; and after telling them how, when I gave her the money I had received for reading, she let me take the half-penny for myself, I said, "Come, gentlemen, I will show you where I spent that money." So over we went to Mrs. Rey-

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nolds, and I said: "Mrs. Reynolds, these gentlemen are from London, and I have been telling them about my mother. Do you remember when I got five shillings for reading, and mother gave me a half-penny, and I came over here to spend it?" "Yes," said the good old lady, "yes, I remember that; and how you came over here, as if you were going to buy up the shop, and said—'Now Mrs. Reynolds, I want a farden's worth of crups and a farden back.'" *

In the evening, the meeting was held, and I shall never forget it. There were the boys who had played with me, and had been my mother's scholars, now men, and their children with them; the old people that had been kind to me; some of the gentry, with the clergy of the place. How fast I thought and how rapidly I spoke, and how, at times, I was almost broken down by the intensity of my emotions, I cannot chronicle. I have, perhaps, occupied too much space with the records of my home visits, and in speaking of my mother, and some may be impatient. A newspaper writer said, in an article on me: "We should like John B. Gough better if he would not talk about his mother. Why does he not talk about his aunt, for a change?" I can give a good reason for that,—I never had an aunt. If I had, and she had been to me what my mother was, I should, most likely, say a great many things about my aunt.

On the 24th we started again, and visited Birmingham, where we were the guests of Joseph Sturge, one of God's noblemen. His record is written on many hearts, and in Heaven. That glorious face looks

* When we went back to the house, George Cruikshank made a rapid, but very truthful sketch of the old place, which is inserted on page 49.

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down on me now from the walls of my library. We made an excursion with him to Warwick Castle, Guy's Cliff, and Kenilworth. What a sunny day that was! We thoroughly enjoyed every hour. Then we passed to Sherwood Hall, near Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, and were entertained by Wm. Wilson, who, with his interesting family, became my true friends; visited Newstead Abbey, and the forest where Robin Hood roamed. On the occasion of this jaunt, the ladies proposed a walk. "Where shall we go?" "Would you like to visit Newstead Abbey?" "Yes, indeed, I should be much pleased to see Byron's residence. How far is it?" "Only seven miles," was the reply. "But," I said "you surely will not walk that distance?" "Assuredly we shall; but we will order the basket-carriage for *you*." There was some difficulty, at that time, in obtaining entrance to the Abbey and grounds, and had not Mr. Wilson sent a message to the proprietor, with whom he was acquainted, we should not have been admitted; especially as we were Americans. The reason of this was explained by the head gardener, who conducted us through the gardens. Standing by the tree where Byron had carved the words "Byron—Augusta" on the last day he spent there, he said: "A party of five—two gentlemen and three ladies—came to see the place. I escorted them. They were full of admiration for the tree, and the carving,—especially the ladies. After we had left, and were looking at the fish-pond, I missed one of the ladies from the party, and inquired where she was. A gentleman said, 'She will be here in a minute.' Something in his manner convinced me that all was not right, and I immediately went

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back to the tree, and—would you believe it, sir?—there was the lady with a knife she had obtained from one of the gentlemen, trying to cut out the bark his lordship had carved. You can see the marks of the knife now. I went back to them, and told them to leave the premises at once. When I informed the colonel, he was in a terrible rage, and swore he would set the dogs on them if they ever came again; and since then, he does not like to admit any Americans to the Abbey. It was a very cruel thing, sir;—don't you think it was?"

I told him I thought it was a wanton and wicked outrage. But I must not chronicle every home we found, and every friend we made. That would fill more pages than this book contains,—and I pass on.

I commenced a series of addresses in Scotland, the first in Glasgow, September 26, continuing on till December 8th, when we ran up to London, for ten lectures, and Christmas at George Campbell's, returning on the 30th of December for the great New Year's festival at Edinburgh. The remaining seven months we spent in Great Britain, were fully employed: in Scotland till March 1st; then up to London, passing through Hull and Leeds, delivering nine lectures in the metropolis; back again through Birmingham, to Scotland, speaking there from April 5th to May 25th; again to London, for seven addresses; after that, in Lancashire till July 19th, when we returned to London for the farewell addresses there, and in the vicinity. A devotional meeting of great interest was held in the Poultry Chapel, and the last address was delivered in London, July 30th. I spoke in Manchester, August 1st, Liverpool, August 2d, and

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on Saturday, the 4th, we sailed by the steamer America for home. A large number of friends accompanied us to the ship, and amid cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, with some moisture in the eyes, we bade adieu to Great Britain, where we had spent two years, and set faces westward, for the dear home in our beloved republic. The two years of work, though hard, had been exceedingly pleasant. I met with no personal opposition;—there were strong objections expressed to my temperance principles, and many of the arguments against total abstinence were new to me. I hardly expected to find the Saviour's command, "Drink ye all of it," quoted in support of drinking; but a highly respectable paper, in a well-written article opposing total abstinence, said: "The principle of total abstinence is fundamentally wrong. It is disclaimed by Scripture. The first miracle of our Saviour was to convert water into wine. His solemn farewell to the men who were to go and teach all nations, was signalized by his drinking of the fruit of the vine, and his injunction, 'Drink ye all of it.'" Occasionally, after I had delivered lectures, a sermon would be preached to expose the errors of total abstinence, and its tendency to infidelity. I was constantly met with Scripture arguments, and, not being learned, found that I became confused about "*tirosh*," and "yayin," and other terms I knew not the meaning of, and left such arguments for those who could learnedly meet them, and advocating the principle, as far as I understood it to be, according to the dictates of common sense, and sound judgment,—never claiming that the Bible enjoined total abstinence as a positive Christian duty, in direct terms. Remember,

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I do not know but it does, to those who can read the Bible in the original tongue; but taking ground as far as I understand it, and can hold against all the learning in the universe, that the Bible permitted total abstinence,—that by the Bible it was lawful to abstain,—then declared, that as a Christian man, with my view of the claims of Christianity upon me, I was bound by my allegiance to God, by my faith in Christ, and by the vows I had taken in His presence and before the people, to give up a lawful gratification, if by my giving up that which is lawful for me, I could stand between my weaker brother, and the tempter, —that which might overwhelm him,—and so, by stooping to the weakness of my brother, fulfill the law of Christ;—the giving it up, then, became a positive Christian duty.

This may not be very logical; but I am not logical. I cannot possibly be logical, when so many men wiser than I am, declare that I am not. I never pretended to logic; I hardly know what it means. I have an idea that logic may be used to prove strange things. When I was a boy, I heard that a young student, visiting his home during vacation, was asked by his father to give him a specimen of logic. "Well," said he, "I can prove by logic that this eel pie is a pigeon." "How so?" "Why, an eel pie is a Jack pie, a Jack pie is a John pie, and a John pie is a pie-John." "Good," said his father. "Now for that I will make you a present of a chestnut horse to-morrow." On the morrow, with a bridle over his arm, the young logician accompanied his father to the field, when they stopped under the shade of a tree. "There is your horse; bridle him." "But I see no horse." "Certainly, there

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is a horse—a chestnut horse." "Where?" "There!" And the old gentleman, touching a horse chestnut with his foot, said: "If a John pie is a pie-John, a horse chestnut must be a chestnut horse;—it is a poor rule that will not work both ways."

I found some difficulty in meeting Scriptural arguments in favor of the use of wine. A gentleman once invited me to lunch, and the conversation turned on total abstinence; when he argued that wine was spoken of with approval, only excess in its use condemned, in the Scriptures. I said, hastily: "But there are different kinds of wine spoken of in the Bible." "How do you know?" "I know there are." "How do you know?" I was puzzled; for I could not tell when it was "tirosh," or some other term in the original; and the gentleman seemed good-naturedly amused at my perplexity, and laughingly said: "Never make a proposition you can't prove. Remember, I do not doubt your statement; but prove it." At last I said: "I know nothing about it, except that it must be so; for the wine spoken of as a 'mocker,' cannot be the same kind as the Saviour made; and the wine that is to be drank new in the kingdom, cannot be the wine of the wrath of God." "That will do," said my host; "now you have proved it, and we will go on with the argument."

In many places, astonishment was expressed that we drank no wine, even where we were entertained. We were once guests of a gentleman who afterward became our warm friend. On our arrival, the train being late, dinner was over; but said he: "We will get you some lunch at once." I asked for a glass of water. "Oh! I will give you something better than

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water." I said "I should prefer water." "But a glass of wine would be better for you after your journey." I told him that I never drank it. "Not drink wine!" he exclaimed. "You do not mean to tell me you never drink *wine?* I infer you are opposed to gin, and other spirits; but you cannot be afraid of a glass of good wine or ale." I said: "I am not particularly afraid of it; but I never drink it on any occasion." "Well,—is not Mrs. Gough wiser than you are, and will she not take a glass of wine?" This courtesy was also declined, the subject was dropped, and we had water, but I think the gentleman looked upon us as curiosities. He often entertained us after that; but we never saw wine on his table or were asked to take it. There seemed to be a strange obtuseness and inconsistency in reference to this question. At the table of one gentleman, who gave a dinner party on the occasion of entertaining us, there were wine and ale in abundance. All drank freely, but Mrs. Gough and I. On our way to the lecture, I said to him: "I fear you may be offended with me to-night, and judge that I violate the laws of hospitality, in what I shall say, for I intend to speak freely of the custom honored to-day at your table." He said, laughingly: "Oh! no; I shall not be offended; I am anxious to hear what you have to say; and do not spare me at all." After the lecture we returned to his house, and, as was the custom, supper was spread, with wine and ale, as at dinner. The host, playing with the glass he had just emptied, said: "Mr. Gough, you have an autograph book, I believe, in which your friends occasionally write words of encouragement to you in your work. I

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should be pleased to write something there." The book was brought, and he wrote: "My dear Mr. Gough, my children will yet bless the day in which they met the man, who so nobly denounced the customs that are filling our beloved land with woe," and signed it. A clergyman who drank with the others at supper, said: "I will write a few words, if you will permit me,"—and he wrote: "May God bless you, my beloved brother, and give you strength to hew in pieces the Agag of drunkenness."

I was sometimes placed in an embarrassing position. One gentleman who entertained us at his house, invited a large party to dinner. When the cloth was being removed, he said: "Gentlemen, I—I hardly know how to explain, but I—you—that is—hem!—well, you will get no wine. I ordered the butler to decant no wine to-day, as a compliment to our guest, Mr. Gough." All looked at me, and some rather discontentedly. I was a little confused and mortified, feeling that they might be vexed or angry; so I said: "I am very sorry that you deprived these gentlemen of their accustomed beverage, and what they expect, on my account. Please allow me to say, that if it is *right* to place wine on your table, do it without regard to any man's prejudices or whims. If it is right, and you have no doubt whatever about it, put the wine on your table, and keep it there. If it is wrong, never place it there; and if you have the slightest doubt whether it is right or wrong, put the wine away till you have settled that question; and give the doubt the benefit. There should be no apology for wine if it is right to use it; and I believe if none used or gave wine, who had the slightest doubt in reference

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to the right of doing so, there would be far less wine presented, and drank, than there is." The arguments and quotations were not always fair. One person brought to me the passage in Deuteronomy, where the children of Israel were told to obtain what their souls lusted after,—"Sheep, oxen, wine, and strong drink,"—as God's command that the people should use, not only wine, but whisky. I at once turned to and read the words, "If a man have a rebellious son he shall bring him to the elders of the people, who shall take him without the city, and stone him with stones till he die." Then I asked: "Do you consider this to be a positive injunction, that if your son is disobedient you shall take him to the magistrates, and they shall stone him to death?" "Ah!" said he, "that was under the old dispensation." I said, "Your quotation was from the Old Testament;" and he was angry, so we gave up the argument.

The objections brought against total abstinence, more especially from Christians, were new and startling to me. I had supposed the old arguments of thirty or forty years ago, met so triumphantly in this country, were buried under such a weight of evidence there could be no hope of their resurrection. I have a volume of lectures, delivered by Rev. Robert Murray, Presbyterian minister in connection with the Church of Scotland, delivered in Canada in 1839, and dedicated to "the managers, elders, and members of the Presbyterian congregation in Oakville, Canada," from which I make extracts. After citing the total abstainers to the bar of God, to hear the sentence pronounced against them,—"I was hungry, and ye

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gave me no meat, thirsty, and ye gave me no drink," etc., he says:—

Are you not astonished, when you hear any man who professes to be a minister of Christ, urging upon ministers, and Christians in general, to banish alcoholic liquors from the churches of the living God, and to write *entire abstinence* in capitals over the door of every Christian church? Can you conscientiously receive such a man as a minister of Christ? No, my friends. Christ foresaw that the time would come, when such men would creep into the church, and that such doctrine would be maintained by them, and therefore, lest His own example in using alcoholic liquor, the force of the miracle which He wrought to produce alcoholic liquor, and the commandment which He gave His disciples, to use alcoholic liquor, if it was offered to them, should all prove ineffectual to guard you against this error, He ordains the use of this very liquor as one of the symbols in the celebration of the most solemn ordinance of the church.

And again:—

The use of wine and strong drink is decidedly sanctioned by the Word of God. (Zachariah ix. 17.) After looking forward in the vision of the Lord to the ages of the church, was led by the spirit of God, to hail with holy rapture, the introduction of that very drink which the total abstainers represent as hurtful. "How great is His goodness, how great is His beauty! Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids." Many of you have witnessed this prophecy fulfilled to the very letter. Have you never seen the young men making themselves cheerful with malt liquor, while the young maids were producing the same effect by the blood of the grape? The prophet hailed this event as a special manifestation of the great goodness of God, and for this very reason, that when the kingdom of Christ was extended from the rivers to the ends of the earth, many countries disqualified from yielding wine to cheer his people, would then be supplied with a drink from corn, possessing the same stimulating qualities. The prophecy teaches us that the corn would yield even a more stimulating drink than wine, inasmuch as young men generally require a more powerful stimulus than maids do, to produce the same degree of hilarity. Thus, this passage teaches us to regard ardent spirits as a manifestation of the great goodness of God to the children of men.

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I might make many more extracts; let these suffice. I acknowledge that I found no one advancing such absurd and blasphemous arguments as these, for ardent spirits; yet among a class of Christians and Christian ministers, I found their stronghold for maintaining the drinking customs, were the Holy Scriptures.

Then, on the other hand, some of the true, warm friends of the cause were offended with me because I did not at once denounce the drinking of intoxicating liquors to be positively sinful under any circumstances, and any amount of ignorance. I said, "Under certain contingencies a man might drink without sin; and I believed there were men, better than I, who drank; and though I could not drink without sin, I would not judge my brother." Their argument was, that a sin is a sin; it is either a sin, or not a sin; and a sin in one place, and under one circumstance, is a sin in any place and under any circumstances. I used this illustration: Suppose I come home from a lecture very weary, and I take off my coat, and with one foot in a slipper, and a boot on the other, and my hair about my face, I sprawl out on three or four chairs, my head on one, my body on another, and my feet each on a chair—is that sinful? It may be very ungraceful; but I do not commit sin by sprawling in my own room at twelve o'clock at night. But suppose I go into a grog-shop, where men are drinking, and place myself in such a position on four chairs—what then? A looker-on may exclaim: "Hello! there's some one taking his comfort. Who is it?" "That's John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer." "Whew! Ho! ho!" Am I not guilty of sin? Why?

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Because my influence for good over those who see me, is impaired, or destroyed; and I maintain that any man who continues a practice, which in itself may not be sinful, yet impairs his influence for good over others, whether he be a minister or layman—according to my poor judgment—commits a sin in continuing such a practice. I have been drawn farther than I intended; but I was constantly meeting such objections there, and will not bore the reader longer on this topic.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

British Organizations—The Term, "Orator"—Votes of Thanks—Introductions—The Scotch Lassies—The Handkerchief—The Broken Carriage Window—The Scotch Breakfast—A Run for the Train—Hospitalities—English Comfort.

THE organizations in Great Britain are established in my opinion, on a more permanent basis than in this country. No one who attends their annual meetings, their festivals, their weekly assemblies, their meetings for business,—would fail to be impressed by their earnestness, and, I may say, their pertinacity in carrying out the objects for which they are organized. The Scottish Temperance League, the London Temperance League, and the British Association,—societies with which I am most familiar,—have their staff of lecturers constantly employed, appointments being made for them at head-quarters, viz.: the offices of these associations. Their Board of Managers, and Standing Committees, are thorough working men, who not only sympathize with temperance, but make it a special business to attend to the interests of the movement. I have been edified by the earnestness manifested at their business meetings, when I was privileged to attend them, and the carefulness with which they deal with the minute detail, as well as the broader operations of their societies,—the patience with which they master difficulties, and their self-

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denying efforts to achieve the greatest good most effectually. There is, to be sure, some formality in the proceedings,—especially in their public meetings,—strange to us in America, and to some, annoying; yet even this has its advantage;—they make the business a serious and earnest one, and the very formality of their proceedings, in a certain sense, gives them a greater stability, than if their arrangements were all carried on at loose ends.

Here I may be permitted to state, that I always disliked and protested against the use of the terms "orator" and "orations," as applied to me, and my speeches. My addresses were never "orations," and I make no pretensions as an orator. I know I do not possess the qualifications necessary to constitute an orator, in the general understanding of that term; and as I have been charged with presumption in accepting the title, I wish to say that I never was reconciled to the use of these terms, so constantly applied to me and my speeches, while there.

Before I had worked with them many days, I became perfectly satisfied with all their formalities, excepting the "votes of thanks." I never could become entirely reconciled to them; yet where so much was admirable and excellent, I managed to overcome my dislike in a great measure. Occasionally there was an absurd side to this peculiarity, when some one who had no other qualification for a public address, than his title, or social position, would rise after my lecture to propose a vote of thanks. I have ached in every nerve of my body, when, feeling anxious that some good might result from my work, earnestly desiring that the pledge should be circulated, or per-

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sons invited to come forward and sign it,—perhaps hoping that I had aroused some to feel as I longed to have them feel,—some worthy gentleman would rise, and after a few preliminary hems, say:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I—ah—rise to make—in point of fact, to make a proposition,—and—hem! I am quite sure that the proposition I rise to make—will—I am quite sure—will—in fact—be—received by this large—and, I may say, this most respectable assembly—I say will be received, in a manner that shall—that shall—hem! be gratifying, most gratifying to the gentleman on whose behalf I rise to make the proposition,—that the thanks of—hem! this large, and I believe I have before stated, most respectable assembly, be presented to the gentleman, who has, in point of fact, just taken his seat. We have all listened, I am quite sure that *I* have listened to a—to—a"— And then would follow a statement of his views. "I cannot say that I agree with the gentleman who has just taken his seat, though I must be permitted to say"— Then a eulogy. "But I am not a—not a teetotaler. I think that—in point of fact, that a glass of good wine, taken in moderation—in moderation—is—has—that is—I would say, that intoxication is disgusting, positively disgusting, and so far I am happy to—that is, to agree with the gentleman who has so,—I may say so"— Then another eulogy. "But I may be permitted to say"— And so on for fifteen minutes.

Then another gentleman is appointed to second it with a speech. Then it would be put, and carried; and the proposer, in another speech, convey to me the thanks of the audience. I am expected to ac-

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knowledge it;—and the only advantage in this arrangement is, that I can reply to the gentleman, and say the last words in defense of my position. After that, there would be votes of thanks to the chairman, with the same formalities. I have always protested against the introduction of chairmen at temperance meetings, who were not fully in sympathy with the work.

I had some curious introductions. Once the chairman said: "I rise to introduce Mr. Gough, famous in both hemispheres for his sublime, as well as for his ridiculous."

Another chairman, who aspirated his H's, and put them hon when they hought to be hoff, and took them hoff when they hought to be hon,—wishing to compliment me, and remembering that Samson slew a thousand with a jaw-bone, and sometime after, being thirsty, obtained, by a miracle, water from the dry bone, with which he was refreshed,—said: "Ladies and gentlemen, hi wish to hintroduce the horator of the hevening. He comes from the hother side of the Hatlantic; he is to speak on the subject of temperance—a very dry subject—but when we ear hour transatlantic horator discourse on the subject of temperance, we may imagine the miracle again performed by which the prophet was refreshed with the water proceeding from the jaw-bone of a Hass!" O, dear! if he had only stopped at jaw-bone, I should not have minded it; but that awful "H" almost extinguished me for the time being.

Friends often presided at my lectures, and on one occasion, a gentleman belonging to this society, was invited to take the chair. He was one of the most

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refined and cultivated men I ever met. We were often his guests, and were charmed with him; highly educated, a perfect gentleman, entirely self-possessed. He was in the committee-room, when the chairman of the committee asked him if he would be kind enough, before he introduced me, to call on the Rev. W. R. ——, rector of C—— Church, Chelsea, to offer prayer. Now, it was entirely contrary to his views, to give any man a title, or to ask any man to pray. He smiled, and bowed assent. I wondered how he would manage,—when he rose, and said, in his sweet, clear voice: "If W. R. feels moved to pray, this audience will be silent." It was admirably done. The audience *was* silent, the prayer *was* offered, for the Reverend gentleman *did* feel moved to pray; and afterwards I was introduced.

I really long to record the many personal acts of kindness, and expressions of sympathy I received from hundreds of friends in Great Britain. Their names would fill a volume. They are treasured in my heart,—none of them are forgotten. Though I may never see them more, or be able to tell them personally, how much I owe to their kindness, yet the remembrances, as they come to me in the quiet of my home, are refreshing to-day. As a general thing, the people seemed to be interested in my work. I was often accosted in the street, by those who had attended my meetings, and there was a heartiness in their greeting that was very pleasant. It seemed something like a sense of proprietorship in me, with none of the patronage that is offensive.

One day, when strolling in Edinburgh, I saw a group of young girls, standing in front of their

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school in the Canongate, looking towards me on the opposite side of the street. Soon they crossed, and walked near me, and on either side of me. One of them said, very modestly and prettily: "Mr. Gough, hae ye ony objection to us lassies walking wi' ye?"

I said at once: "Oh! no, indeed, I have not."

"We've heerd ye speak at Music Hall, and we're a' teetotalers."

We chatted together, crossing the North Bridge, over into Princes Street, when I stopped at the entrance to the Waverly Hotel,—where we were entertained by Robert Cranston, the worthy proprietor,—and one of the "lassies" said, "Ye'll be stopping at the Waverly?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Will ye hae ony objections to shaking hands wi' us lassies?"

As I shook hands with them, I heard in that sweet, low, Scotch tone: "Ye'll be soon ganging awa frae Edinburgh, and we'll *weary* for ye to come back again. Gude-bye to ye!"

I met with very generous expressions of interest in me and my work, and I have very precious remembrances from many warm friends. A poor woman called at our lodgings, while I was out, and after waiting nearly an hour to see me, said to my wife,—"I'm poor,—I would give him a thousand pounds if I had it; but will you give this handkerchief to him from me, and tell him to use it if he will, and when he wipes the sweat from his face while speaking, tell him to remember he has wiped away a great many tears while he has been in Edinburgh."

I have that handkerchief to-day, kept as one of my

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treasures, worth more than silver and gold. The cases of reform, and the gratitude of wives, children, and relatives are very precious; and the searching for materials for this book brings them vividly before me.

I was appointed to lecture in a town six miles from the railway by which I came from my last engagement, and a man drove me in a fly—a one-horse hack—from the station to the town. I noticed that he sat leaning forward in an awkward manner, with his face close to the glass of the window. Soon he folded a handkerchief, and tied it round his neck. I asked him if he was cold.

"No, sir."

Then he placed the handkerchief round his face. I asked him if he had the toothache.

"No, sir," was the reply.

Still he sat leaning forward. At last I said: "Will you please tell me why you sit leaning forward that way, with a handkerchief round your neck, if you are not cold, and have no toothache?"

He said very quietly, "The window of the carriage is broke, and the wind is cold, and I am trying to keep it from you."

I said, in surprise, "You are not putting your face to that broken pane to keep the wind from me, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Why do you do that?"

"God bless you, sir, I owe everything I have in the world to you."

"But I never saw you before."

"No, sir; but I have seen you. I was a ballad-

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singer once. I used to go round with a half-starved baby in my arms for charity, and a draggled wife at my heels, half the time with her eyes blackened; and I went to hear you in Edinburgh, and you told me I was a *man;* and when I went out of that house, I said, 'By the help of God I'll *be* a man!' and now I've a happy wife, and a comfortable home—God bless you, sir! I would stick my head in any hole under the heavens, if it would do you any good."

After the lecture, this man asked me if I would take breakfast with him the next morning. As I was compelled to leave at seven, I agreed to be there at six. I went—and *such* a breakfast! It appeared to me as though the "gude wife" must have been up all night, to provide it;—potatoes, in abundance; fresh scones, or Scotch cakes, broiled fish, bacon, eggs, bread, butter, jam, coffee, milk in bowls, buttermilk, cheese, oatmeal porridge,—all spread on a snow-white table. The "gude man" just sitting on the edge of his chair, while the "gude wife" quietly pressed their profuse hospitality on me; and four "wee things" stood about the room, their round eyes fastened on me, till the mother would say, "Dinna ye speer at the jontleman."

"Aye," said the man, "let the bairns look, an' they wull."

I made a hearty meal, and we heard the whistle. I was to go by a train on a road that came near the village, in an opposite direction from that by which I had arrived. The man sprung up and said: "Hey mon! ye'll miss the train. Here, Sandy, Sandy—" and in came a young man who had been waiting outside the room. So Sandy shouldered my valise, and

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we ran, he and I together, poor Sandy puffing behind us, with sundry "Ohs!" and "Heys!" and "It's no vera licht, the valise!" till we reached the station just in time; and I left them with hearty "good bye's" and "God bless you's."

I enjoyed an excellent opportunity of seeing the people in their homes, as well as in the public assemblies, as we were generally entertained by friends. I can never forget the cordial hospitalities we received. At Gloucester, we were the guests of dear Samuel Bowley, our true friend, and his wife—who has since gone home. I always thought her, with her gray hair, and sweet face, one of the most lovely women I ever met. Their portraits hang before me now. Rev. John Angell James; the Sturges'; Robert Charlton; our dear friends George and Bateman Brown, with their wives; Potto Brown, the father, in whose house we found the perfection of genuine English hospitality; Joseph Tucker of Pavenham Bury, the English magistrate, and gentleman; our dear friends in Leicester, Edward Ellis and his wife; William Wilson and his family, at Sherwood Hall; but I must not particularize, when they are so numerous. None are forgotten. An English home is the synonym for comfort. They thoroughly understand the meaning of that word, *Comfort.*

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Lecture Before The Young Men's Christian Association—Comments of the Press—Address to the Edinburgh Students—Soiree in Tanfield Hall—Address to Ladies—Public Dinner and Banquet—The Lever Clock—Silver Pitcher—Rice Pudding.

THE personal experiences in my work,—interviews with the intemperate or their friends—cases of reform brought directly under my notice,—were numerous. Some fine demonstrations of interest in the cause I advocated, were very gratifying. To record these, when involving so much of personal approbation, might seem impertinent and conceited, were it not that all these manifestations of interest were not for a man, but for a cause, and any public attention I received, was attributable to the great reform with which it was my honor to be identified; and for all the favor with which I, as its advocate, was received, I feel deeply grateful,—and in all humility, shall make more permanent, in these recollections, demonstrations that seemed worthy of notice, by some of the best and most reliable journals in the country. The "Young Men's Christian Association" of London, (one of the most important in the world,) had for years sustained a course of lectures, in Exeter Hall, during the winter months. Men of the first intellect in the kingdom, were ranked among their speakers, and to my surprise, and the great gratification of the

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temperance friends, I was invited to deliver one of their course in 1853–4. As these lectures were to be published, and such men as Hugh Miller, Rev. Dr. Hugh McNeil, Rev. A. P. Stanley, Dr. R. S. Candlish, and other men of power and position, were in the course, I hesitated to accept the invitation. The committee were desirous that I should occupy the evening of Tuesday, November 22d. Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K. C. B., being the lecturer for November 15th, and the Rev. Robert Bickersteth to follow on November 29th. To be sandwiched between two such men, startled me into a determination to decline the great honor; but the friends of temperance, anxious that such an opportunity to speak on the subject should not be lost, very strenuously urged me to accept the invitation—which I did. Then the theme was proposed to the committee, and there were strong objections to the term "temperance." They wished me to speak to the young men, and I could not agree to do so on any other subject; so the compromise was made, that under the title "habit," I should say all I wished on "temperance." So on the 22d of November I delivered one of the course of lectures before that association. "The British Banner" contained an article filling seven columns of that large paper, critical and descriptive, and about as many containing a report of the lecture. I give a short extract:—

Last evening Exeter Hall presented a deeply interesting spectacle. It was greatly crowded with an audience such as London alone, of all the capitals of Europe, could supply. Never before—we may safely affirm—did Mr. Gough address an audience that might, in all points, be compared with it. Never did he make his appeal to such a mass of cultivated and Christian minds—minds thoroughly competent to deal with the subject,

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and to form a proper estimate of the speaker. From what he said at the outset, and still more at the close, he seemed to form a just estimate of his position. The conjunction of such a man with such an assembly, was an object of unusual interest to the moral philosopher. To say it was beautiful in a very high degree, is saying little;—it was transcendently grand. To witness the effect of one spirit operating through such a lengthened period, upon the aggregate mass of spirits, was a felicity which belongs to "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." The effect of genuine talent, naturally and vigorously exercised, and under the influence of Christian principles, was never more remarkably exemplified. Asking nothing he obtained everything. Making no invasion, but coming simply as a friend, he was suffered by common consent to make a complete conquest of the united heart of the mighty throng. The assembly had neither the time nor the disposition to discharge the functions of criticism. They had before them a man rich in the gifts of nature, who commenced his operations by divesting himself of all pretensions to praise, or consideration on the score of scholastic culture, or literary acquirement. They heard the disclaimer, but thought no more about it; and at once laying their hearts open to the full power of the subduing influence that resides within him, they fell under the charms of his inspiration. Logic and criticism were both sent a-packing; they were deemed an impertinence on such an occasion. The speaker presented to the assembly a heart; and in return nothing but hearts were presented to the speaker. The success was complete; the triumph was perfect. In thus speaking, however, we must not be misunderstood; we do not receive Mr. Gough on one ground, and try him upon another. Nothing were easier than to find fault—to take exception—to carp—and to censure; and nothing more preposterous and reprehensible. He who can stop to criticise such a man, has but small claims to either judgment or charity.

In Edinburgh, in compliance with a requisition signed by more than three hundred students of the University, I delivered an address to them in Brighton Street Church, January 20th,—of which the "Scottish Press," January 24, contained the following notice :—

MR. GOUGH AND THE EDINBURGH STUDENTS.

Last Friday evening, in compliance with a requisition signed by upwards of three hundred students attending the University of Edinburgh,

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this renowned advocate of the temperance cause addressed a crowded audience in Brighton Street Church. There were upwards of two thousand present, most of them young men, and fully half, students of the University and New College, for whose accommodation special arrangements had been made with the "Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society," under whose auspices Mr. Gough is at present lecturing. The Rev. Dr. Guthrie presided on the occasion. The meeting having been opened with prayer by Principal Cunningham, the chairman, in a few felicitous remarks introduced the lecturer, commending him and the cause which he so powerfully advocates, to the earnest attention of the audience. The address which followed was well fitted to make a deep and permanent impression on the minds of all who heard it. It was characterized by all that fervid eloquence, and marvelous power of illustration; that enlarged human sympathy and deep-toned piety, which have gained for Mr. Gough such a wide-spread and honorable reputation. The arguments and illustrations which he employed were specially directed to the circumstances of those who formed the greater part of the audience. That they carried conviction to the minds of many, was proved, not only by the enthusiastic applause with which they were received, but by the numbers who pressed forward at the close, to enroll their names on the side of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

On the motion of Mr. Wormald, President of the "University Abstainer's Society," the thanks of the meeting were voted by acclamation to Mr. Gough, for the ready response he had given to the invitation addressed to him; and to the "Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society," for their arrangements for the students; and on the motion of Mr. C. Douglas, Secretary of the "New College Society," a similar vote of thanks was given to Dr. Guthrie, for his kindness in presiding as chairman. This meeting, embracing probably the largest assemblage of students ever held in Scotland, and countenanced by the presence of several of our most influential clergymen and laymen—is one among many indications of the change of public sentiment that is taking place in reference to the whole question of total abstinence. We are happy to be able to add, that since the meeting, numerous accessions have been made to the abstainers' societies, both at the University and New College.

On Tuesday, January 31st, a soirée was given in Tanfield Hall, which was fully and favorably noticed

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by nearly every paper in the city. I append a short extract from the "Edinburgh News."

SOIREE IN HONOR OF MR. GOUGH.

This magnificent spectacle was one as striking in appearance, and more suggestive in its results, than any which the Hall of Tanfield has contained since the memorable day of the Disruption. We saw them both; and while it would be presumptuous folly to deny the influence of the latter on the destinies of our country and the world, it is folly no less presumptuous, to neglect or underrate either the cause or the multitude who crowded to inconvenience the largest building Edinburgh or its vicinity can muster, on the most drenching night of this drenching and tempestuous season. To describe the scene—gay, brilliant, and earnest as it was—is simply impossible. We might depict the appearance of the platform, and picture the musicians on the one side, discoursing sweet music, surrounded by a forest of happy, hearty spirits; or we might describe the two striking characteristics of the vast gathering, the amount of beauty bursting into womanhood, and of young energy which told of entering on, or embarking in life's earnest business, which crowded every nook and corner of the spacious building; or we might describe the various speakers and their speeches;—but all this would convey no idea of a meeting which, for earnest enthusiasm and moral power upon the minds of mere spectators, has seldom indeed been equalled, and never surpassed, for the last twenty years in Edinburgh. Aristocrats and artizans, millionaires and mechanics, had mingled their plaudits in testimony of Mr. Gough's extraordinary power; and when on Tuesday evening the swell of their united admiration rose to flood tide, the ovation seemed overpowering, if not dangerous to human strength and wisdom. But the secret of Mr. Gough's strength lies in his deep religious earnestness—a power which proves the surest helm in prosperity's most dangerous sea; and of the value of "faith's guiding star," few men seem more conscious than he, whom those thousands of our citizens had met to honor. Considering the vast multitude present, the arrangements were highly creditable; but whatever these might have been, the audience came evidently determined to be pleased—a feeling which, of itself, helped in no small measure to the comfortable working out of those arrangements which appeared to have been made with great judgment, as well as with laborious care. After the hall was filled, and before the chair was taken, the Castle Band played several of the most esteemed selections

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from modern operas, and gave the audience a specimen of vocalization, in the singing of "Hail, Smiling Morn," with instrumental accompaniments—which highly gratified the audience. Before tea, the Rev. Dr. Henry Grey "asked a blessing," and, consumption duly ended, the multitude rose to return thanks in an appropriate hymn of praise. The President of the Society, Mr. Marr, shortly and neatly opened the speaking business of the evening, and, as the audience indicated, it would have been well, had the other speakers followed his judicious example. Lord Panmure said the other day, that nothing proved so hurtful to men's constitutions as undelivered speeches—and these may be very hard of digestion; but whether the delivery of an oration, after an audience has once, twice, or thrice given symptoms of their being surfeited, be not more permanently damaging, is a problem at least equally hard to solve. The speech of Mr. Reid was vigorous and pointed, and, being the first, was heard with willingness, and received with approbation; but the other speakers were not equal to themselves, and the audience felt as if these gentlemen wanted to make up in length what they lacked in point and power. But the patience of the people would have been exhausted, whatever the quality of the previous speeches. They wanted Mr. Gough; and after the last sweetly sung song had ended, the moral hero rose, and the heaving surge of humanity which rose, *en masse*, to welcome him, seemed as if lashed into a very tempest of enthusiasm. The scene was wonderful, and its effects electric—compelling even those who had never heard his voice, to cheer from sympathetic admiration. The speech which he delivered, magnificent as it was in many of its points, was nothing more than a fair specimen of his usual style; and, instead of dwelling on what is reported at length elsewhere, we will rather venture on an estimate of Mr. Gough's general or peculiar powers.

On the afternoon of Saturday, February 11, I addressed, by invitation, an audience of ladies at the city hall, Glasgow, of which the "Christian News" said:—

We did not know that any sons of Adam were to be admitted on Saturday last to hear Mr. Gough's address to the daughters of Eve; so we were sitting at five minutes to twelve at our quiet fireside, when a breathless messenger arrived, to say that we had been omitted in the platform invitations, and that our presence was urgently desired. So, leaving books, and papers, and Sabbath preparations to shift for themselves, as they best might, we scrambled in a great hurry for our hat

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and boots, and hiding our faded frontispiece beneath the folds of an enwrapping top coat, and mounting a white cravat, we literally ran to the scene. The effect of that meeting,—who can tell? We have been impressed with this fact in Mr. Gough's case, that his desire to do good is uppermost, and his regard for his own fame altogether secondary and subordinate. With many of our orators and public men, *self* is foremost. Not so with Mr. Gough. His great aim is the good of man and the glory of God; and herein lies his great power. He would not work so hard, even to sheer exhaustion,—he would not so risk his reputation as an orator, when his bodily strength is so inadequate to the highest efforts,—if this were not the case.

We have been glad to hear, that wherever Mr. Gough has lectured, great numbers have enlisted in the temperance army; and of these, many who were opposed to our cause before. Besides, many of his converts are very influential. He can say, with the early preachers of the gospel,—"Of honorable men and of honorable women not a few." When lately in the North, we met a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, who had been a fellow-student with us at the University. Observing that he spoke favorably of the temperance cause, we asked him if he had taken the pledge. He said he had done so after hearing Gough's first lecture in Edinburgh, and so did Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, naming two other ministers whom we knew. We adduce this evidence, which unexpectedly came before us, in proof of the assertion that he is *moving this country*. We had never seen such a meeting; and what impressed us much was this, that Mr. Gough said, before closing, that *he* never had seen such a meeting. This was the second compliment Mr. Gough paid the city of Glasgow, viewed as a field of temperance effort. Here first in Britain had he heard prayer offered before his lecture, and here was gathered the largest assembly of ladies he had ever witnessed, and had ever addressed. Surely, Glasgow will occupy a most prominent place in his remembrance and his records. With manifest emotion he told us that in addressing such an assembly, his career had reached its culminating point,—he had gained the acme of his ambition. We are sorry that, not being able to make our way to the platform, we cannot describe the scene presented, as a whole; but certainly, as far as our eye could reach, the sight was most imposing, and the effect produced very grand. The audience consisted of all classes, from the wife of the hard-toiled operative, to the jewelled lady of the merchant prince. Mr. Gough has succeeded in bringing out to temperance meetings, ministers who never appeared before, and repre-

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sentatives of our city aristocracy, who would have thought it quite beneath them to attend such a gathering. He has made the cause somewhat fashionable, and this is a great matter.

Mr. Arnot seemed at a loss to know how the ladies would return thanks to the hero of the day. They improvised it well. A snow-storm began; noiselessly the flakes fell. Puffing would have been vulgar. They waved their white handkerchiefs. It was very thrilling. Those tear-stained handkerchiefs seemed the signals of temperance victory,—the pure banners of the triumphant temperance army, destined to wipe away many a tear from weeping eyes. Let Mr. Gough often recall the thrill produced by that *silent acclamation*, and feel as if these trophies were still waving round his head, whether on Albion's or Columbia's shores. [Another writer said in the daily paper, that the waving of handkerchiefs reminded him of the rising of the gulls from Ailsa Crag at the firing of a gun.]

On Tuesday, February 14th, I was entertained at a public dinner, at the "Abercorn Assembly Rooms," Paisley, where nearly one hundred gentlemen sat down, among whom were the Magistrates and Town Council. James Winning occupied the chair, and Baillie Brown and Councillor McKean discharged the duties of croupiers. Speeches were made, and reported in the Paisley and Glasgow press. As I was about to leave Scotland for a time, the ladies of the "Glasgow Temperance Visiting Association" gave what the "North British Daily Mail" termed "a splendid banquet in honor of John B. Gough." Archibald Livingston, Esq., presided, and speeches were made by Rev. Alexander Wallace, Rev. William Reid, and others.

At the conclusion of Mr. Reid's address, [I quote from the "Mail,"] after a grand symphony on the organ, Mr. Mitchell, with a slight and touching preface, in the name of the committee of the "Ladies Temperance Visiting Association," presented Mr. Gough with a beautiful silver tea-set, elegantly inlaid with gold, bearing an inscription expressive of the kind wishes of the association in behalf of his lady and himself. Mr. Gough replied, and followed up by a speech of nearly

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an hour's length. Services of fruit were plentifully distributed throughout the evening, and the proceedings, which were of the most delightful character, after three cheers for the ladies, terminated at a quarter past eleven, when the vast company separated, to the strains of the National Anthems. The place was densely crowded in every part, hundreds being unable to obtain tickets of admission.

I forgot to state that I addressed a large audience of children at the City Hall, on Saturday, the 25th. On March 1st, I went down to Greenock, and delivered a lecture in the "West Blackhall Chapel." On entering the committee-room, I noticed on the table, a very beautiful skeleton lever clock, such as I had never seen before. Approaching it, I said, "Oh! what a beauty." I hardly knew at first what it was, and began to examine it. Some of the gentlemen looked embarrassed, as I made inquiries, and soon I detected my name on an engraved piece of silver hanging in front of it; when flashed on my mind the fact, that it was intended for me. I turned away confused, and it was immediately covered with a cloth. I heard afterward that it was intended for a surprise, to be presented to me on the platform after the lecture; and they had inadvertently left it exposed, and I saw it. I was very sorry, too, for during my speech, the thought of that clock, and the coming presentation, which I dreaded, would force itself into my mind. I was bothered, and, until I had become absorbed in my theme, embarrassed by it;—but the presentation came off;—a very beautiful speech was made by George Turner, Esq., to which I replied awkwardly, and with some blundering; and the beautiful clock, with its silver face, rosewood stand, and glass shade, was mine,—and it now adorns the mantel of my dining-room at Hillside.

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Before I left Edinburgh, the committee of the "Total Abstinence Society" presented me with a superb silver pitcher. This was purchased of the silversmith; it was originally intended for a claret jug, with an ugly little Bacchus perched on the lid. But a finely chased pine-apple was inserted in its place, and the fat little heathen deity removed. That pitcher is devoted to cold water, and no claret will ever defile it while it remains in my possession—which it will to the day of my death.

I spoke at Kilmarnock on the next evening, and left Scotland for some months. We were entertained very kindly at Glasgow, by Archibald Livingston, on several occasions; but towards the close of my labors there, we took lodging at the temperance house kept by Alexander Graham, who afterwards became a most bitter enemy of mine, for no reason that I can imagine except that I once invited Mr. Livingston to dine with me, and when the rice pudding was served, Mr. Livingston found a large cockroach in his portion; he laid it out on the cloth, and I called the waiter and asked him to inquire of the proprietor whether such things were served up in rice puddings generally at his hotel; that's all I can remember of reason for his bitter animosity to me.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Speech at Leslie—Prof. Miller—Throat Remedies—Scene at Sadlers Wells Theatre—Address to Oxford Students—Ludicrous Scene—"Fair Play"—Fete at Hartwell House—Fireworks—Influence of Drink—Extracts from Letters—Other Cases—Poor Ned.

DURING all this time, my health was good, with the exception of continual colds; and as a preventive, I permitted my beard to grow, and the beard has so encroached, and my dislike to shaving so increased, that I have not used a razor on my face for nearly three years. It was a work of time, to come to it; but I shall probably continue as I am, and discard the shaving apparatus entirely.

In speaking at Leslie, in a large new factory building, before the machinery was brought in, I so overdid, under the pressure of a heavy cold, that I could not speak loud the next morning, and was compelled to postpone my engagements, and return to Edinburgh, when I sent for Prof. Miller—who was, by the way, my dear and honored friend. After an examination, his prescription was, that I should not attempt to speak above a low whisper till he gave me permission. I went whispering for five days. Every morning he would come in and chat with me; and many a hearty laugh I had at his rich, genuine wit and humor; but on the fifth morning he came in and said: "Now I take off the embargo from ye; speak

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out, man; what are ye whispering for?" and I found my voice as clear as a bell.

If I might be permitted to offer advice, after twenty-six years' experience in public speaking, I would say to all who are thus engaged, avoid all nostrums for the throat. They may give temporary relief in certain cases, such as hoarseness, or stimulating the throat to moisture when feverish. I have tried them occasionally, and found a momentary relief; but I sincerely believe they are injurious, when used continually. I have heard speakers say they are never without something of the kind;—the mischief lies just there,—after using them freely for a time, they become a necessity, even when they are doing a permanent injury. If the voice becomes hoarse, and the throat dry and husky, try cold water gargling; or dash cold water on the throat, and back of the ears, three or four times in the day, and after speaking; and if that does not relieve, do as I did—rest till the voice recovers its tone; and if the throat is not diseased, the remedy will not fail. I would say that a piece of pure liquorice about as large as a small pea, or even a less quantity, taken into the mouth just before speaking, will relieve without injury. I make this statement, as the throat is the organ most important to a public speaker, and I give my experience for just what it is worth. I once recommended an advertised remedy for the throat as relieving a tickling cough, and it did relieve for a time. I have received a large number of lozenges, and other preparations for the throat from the proprietors, requesting recommendation, and they must not be angry with me because I send them none, as I do not try these things as a permanent cure for hoarseness.

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On the occasion of a lecture in Sadlers Wells Theater, on Wednesday, May 3d, an incident occurred of which the "London Illustrated News" speaks:—

At the close occurred the incident which Mr. Cruikshank has described with his graphic pencil. It is well known that our artist is a total abstainer, and naturally he was unwilling to lose so good an opportunity as then offered itself, for swelling the stream to which he belonged. Accordingly he appealed to the audience to come forward and take the pledge. Nor was the appeal made in vain. A rush from box, and pit, and gallery was the result. A plank bridge was laid across from the pit to the stage, along which poured the living tide. A young lady was the first to lead the way; her devotion was rewarded with cheers, such as seldom resound in any theater. Upwards of three hundred followed her example. The number would have been greater had not the evening been far advanced, and the weary scene-shifters anxious to get home to bed.

The Committee of the London League were very desirous that I should speak at Oxford. On proposing it to the friends of temperance in that city, they stated that it was doubtful if such a meeting could be held. A certain class of students had been in the habit of disturbing concerts, lectures, and the like, and it was thought they could not resist the opportunity of some "fun" at a temperance lecture,—a subject held in contempt by a majority in the class to which these Oxford students belonged; and their "fun" was occasionally rather rough. They had smoked out a gentleman who came to lecture to them on tobacco. Some scores of pipes and cigars were in full blast. The Oxford friends stated also, that, though they would do all they could to assist in the arrangements, and to promote the success of the meeting, no person known in that city would venture to preside, and the project had better be abandoned. The London committee were determined to make an

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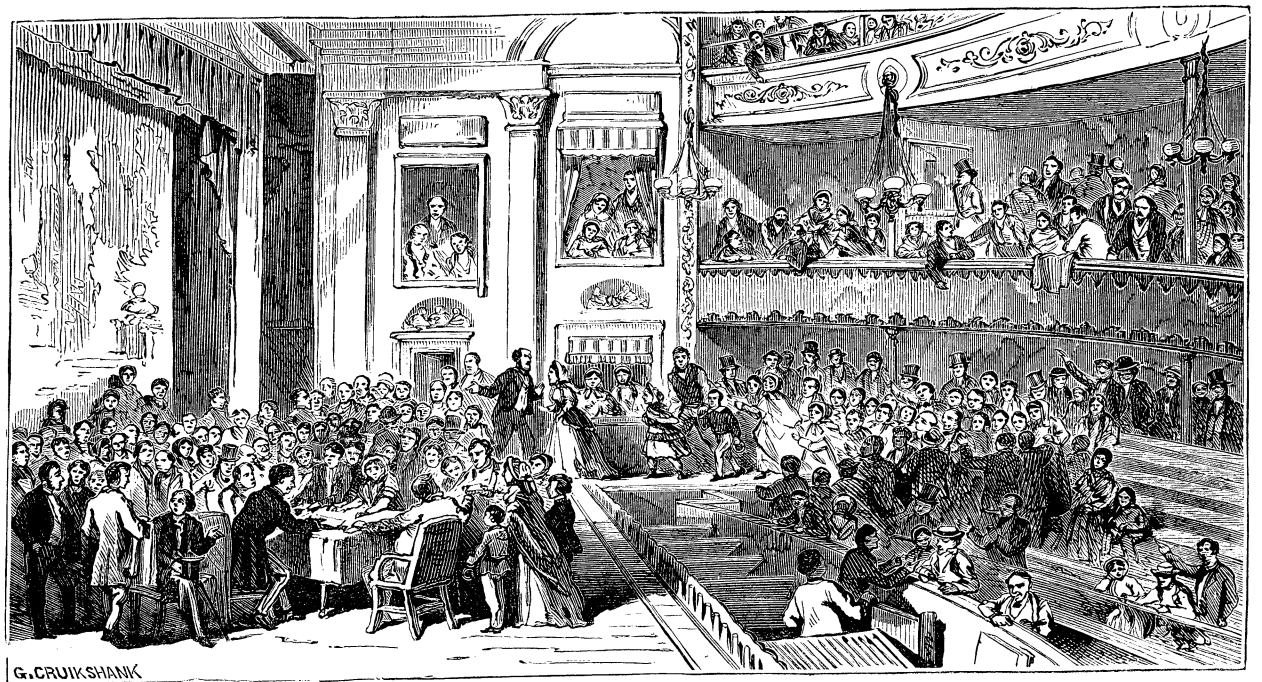

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

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attempt to get a hearing for me there; and I having consented, and a gentleman from London having agreed to preside, the evenings of Wednesday and Friday, June 13th and 15th, were appointed. I went down to Oxford on the 13th with three or four gentlemen of the League. On entering the hall, I found quite a large number of students, distinguished by their flat caps, and gowns. The introduction passed off quietly, and I was received with noisy demonstrations, not exactly complimentary. I proceeded in my speech. The majority seemed to be looking at me curiously, as I suppose a pugilist looks at his antagonist, watching the first opportunity to give him a "settler." At length I said, "What is the cause of the intemperance of Great Britain?" when a thin, squeaking voice called out, "Tempewanth thothietieth." At this there was a universal laugh; but I happened to catch the exact tone of the speaker, and replied: "I beg your pardon, sir, but it is not tempewanth thothietieth at all." Then there was another laugh, and the noise began,—laughing, whistling, crowing, braying, but no hissing; they were good-tempered, and simply wanted the "fun,"—and I sympathized with them in that. A little harmless fun will hurt nobody. The scene became so irresistibly ludicrous, and the young gentlemen went into it with such a perfect abandon, and such evident enjoyment, that, though I felt compelled to maintain my dignity, (such as it was,) I was thoroughly amused, and internally chuckled while striving to keep my face straight. The volley of questions that were hurled at me—some of them ridiculously personal, and some bordering on the profane—were incessant for some time.

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There was no abuse, but simply rollicking fun. I kept my position on the platform, though I could not be heard. At every little lull I would say, "Gentlemen,"—and then would come a storm of cheering. Look which way I would, I saw laughing faces. I turned to the chairman, and was amused to see him with a broad grin, and his mouth wide open, enjoying it hugely,—till he saw me looking at him, when his mouth closed instantly, and he made futile efforts to look grave and serious; but in spite of his sober face, his eyes were twinkling with merriment. What was I to do? It would never do to give it up so. Their questions became after awhile more serious and answerable.

One called out, "Who turned water into wine?"

To which I replied, so that they could hear me, "We have no objection to wine made of water."

Then came a string of Bible questions. In one of the pauses of the din, I said in a loud tone of voice, "Gentlemen, fair play is a jewel."

At this they cheered, and some shouted, "Fair play!"

I said, "That is the Englishman's motto,—Fair play."

"Yes, fair play!"

"Down in front!"

"Hats off!"

"No hats off!"

"Caps on!"

"Hurrah!"

"Fair play!"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"—were some of the cries that greeted me.

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Again I shouted, "Fair play!" and then said: "Gentlemen,—I have a proposition, that I think will please you, and I like to please my audience."

"Let's have it."

"Proposition! Proposition!"

"Hush-sh-sh!"

I said: "We all believe in fair play; and this, surely, is not fair play,—so many of you attacking one, and he a little one. My proposition will give us all fair play."

"Proposition! Proposition!"

"Stop that noise!"

"Hush-sh-sh!"

"Down in front!"

"The proposition is—that you choose your champion, and he shall take the platform, and he and I will take it, ten minutes, turn about, and the rest of the audience shall judge who is the victor in this contest —he or I. That's fair."

"Yes, yes, that's fair," and there were some comical proposals as to champion, and, as I suppose, personal hits; for there was loud laughing, where I could not see the point. But after a little confusion, no champion appearing, I was permitted, with very slight interruption, to continue to the end of my speech, and received hearty cheers at the conclusion.

The next evening, my wife and I attended by invitation, a rendering of Œdipus, by Vandenhoff and his daughter, the choruses being sung by the choirs of the cathedral, assisted by amateurs among the students. It was very fine. I was recognized with a smile, by some who were at the meeting the night before.

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On Friday, I gave my second address, to an audience as generous and enthusiastic as I ever spoke to. Several shook hands with me, and some told me I had spoken the truth. One of the proctors came to the platform, and shook my hand before the audience, and thanked me for the manner in which—as he was pleased to say—I had "managed the students;" and said: "If you had used hard language to them, or become angry, they would not have heard you."

Thus ended my first and last visit to Oxford.

I hold, and have always held, the right of any person to hiss if he is displeased. It may be very annoying; but I hold to the right of doing it; and I have a perfect right to reply to a hiss, if any one makes himself my personal antagonist by expressing his dissatisfaction in that way. I may reply to him, or make comments; but I will not deny his right. I know very well that if, during the late war, I had heard some things said that were said, I should have hissed heartily, and maintained my right. There is a difference between a hiss and an offensive personal demonstration. Once, I remember, a man sat in front of me, and cheered lustily at some portions of my address, till I began to give my views on questions that displeased him, when he rose, and cocking his hat defiantly, held up his clenched fist, and looking very fiercely, stalked out of the room with a great noise; and I think I was not out of order when I said: "If the doctrine of the transmigration of souls should be true—that when one man died, his soul passed into the body of another man just born—my opinion would be, that when that man was born, nobody died."

On the 25th of July a farewell "*fête*" was given at

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Hartwell House, the seat of John Lee, Esq., LL.D. Hon. Horace Greeley was present as an invited guest. The Friday before, I had attended a concert at Surrey Gardens, concluding with a display of fire-works. After the concert I was accosted, to my surprise, with—"Gough, are you going up there to see the fizz-bangs?" I turned, and saw Mr. Greeley. He called on us, and was invited by the "League" Committee to attend the *fête*.

"Hartwell House" has its historical associations. It was erected by Sir Thomas Lee in 1570, and was one of the old baronial mansions celebrated for hospitality and good fare. It is a fine specimen of an English mansion of the olden time. Paintings by the best masters, statuary by the first artists, cabinets of minerals of almost priceless value, Egyptian antiquities, an immense library, with the most rare and costly curiosities,—are full of interest to the visitor. The family chapel contains, over the communion table, the Lee bearings and crest, with the shields of Lee, Hampden (the great John), and Harcourt. It was at Hartwell House that Louis XVIII. of France, with two hundred followers, lived when an exile, allowed by the British Government £20,000 per year. The then owner, Sir George Lee, being a bachelor, and not caring to live there, rented it to the ex-king and his court for £500 per year. Here he was visited by princes and French emigrant nobles, and here his queen died in 1810, and the bereaved king wrote to a friend: "Fear nothing for me; I have not suffered in health. I am already at the point where I fear I shall remain, —no more tears, no more pangs of sorrow; but a sincere regret—a void in my life which I feel a hundred

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times a day." Here the French ladies, being very fond of flowers, formed gardens in every imaginable nook. We were shown, on the immense roof of the house, where these gardens once flourished. It was from "Hartwell House" that the deposed king issued those celebrated manifestoes that were so futile in restoring him. Some of these were presented to us by Mr. Lee as curiosities. It was at the doors of "Hartwell House" that the carriages drove up, and the king was informed that Napoleon was deposed; and from these doors he departed, embarking at Dover and returning to France.

The bedrooms are named after those who formerly occupied them,—"the King's room," "the Queen's room," "Charles the Tenth's room," "Cardinal Rheim's room," and so on. We were appointed to Charles the Tenth's room. We were much interested in the place, and the generous hospitality of Mr. Lee. Meetings were held for two days in a large "Marquee," —speeches were made; my farewell address was given; there were quoits and cricket, and about five thousand persons enjoyed the day on the grounds. In the evening fire-works were given. One piece presented the sentence, in colored fire, "Farewell to John B. Gough." As we grouped together in the large bay window, some dozen of us, I hardly ever remember to have felt more sad at a festive occasion, as letter after letter of the sentence that just before was blazing with light, went out in darkness. A fear crept over me that so, perhaps, I might go out; and as the sadness came on me, I could not control myself, and though, "unused to tears," they rolled down my face as I sat there, watching the gradual dying out of the blazing letters of "farewell."

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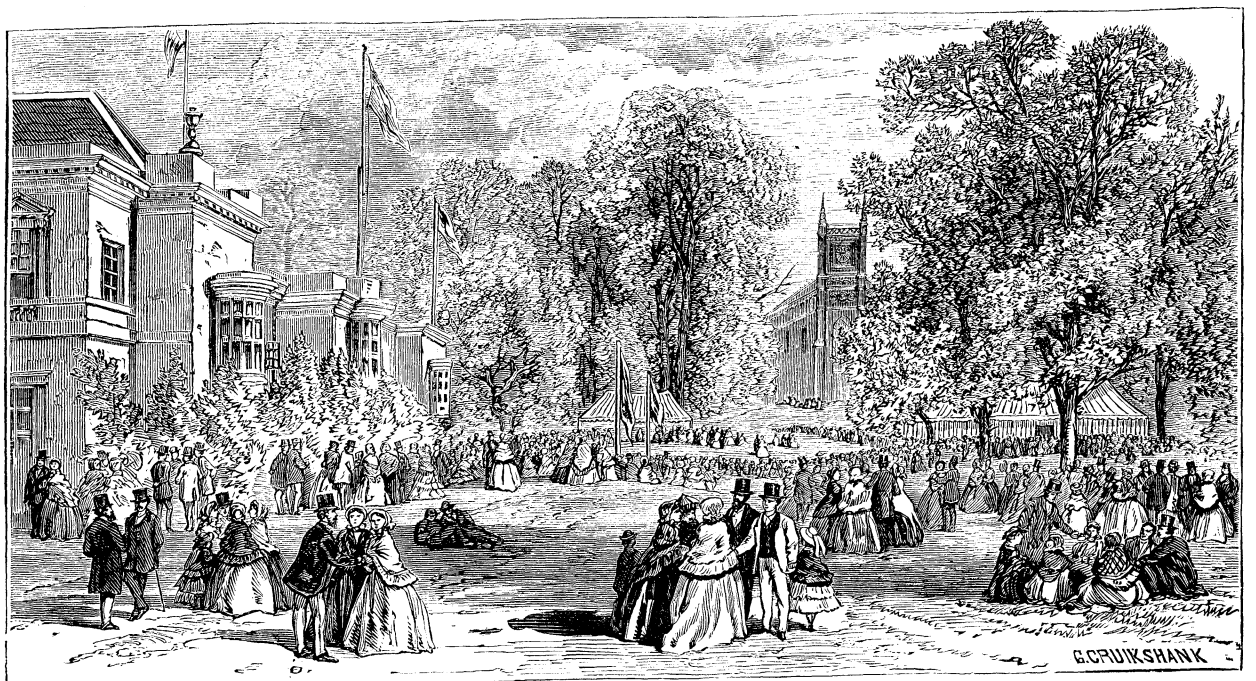

FESTIVAL OF THE LONDON TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, AT HARTWELL HOUSE.

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Genial George Cruikshank was there, the life of the party. Tweedie, Campbell, White, (who wrote an excellent description of the scene, and from whose little book I have obtained information respecting the house, and its associations,) Howlett, and so many friends of the past two years, and many of them for evermore, were there.

In the morning at breakfast, the steward came in to report that, on a careful examination of the grounds, they found not a flower plucked, not a border trampled on; not a particle of damage could be discovered in the garden or ground, though five thousand persons had roamed where they would, without let or hindrance.

Mr. Lee said: "Gentlemen, that speaks well for the good behavior of teetotalers;" and he added: "I requested the steward to make his report before you, thinking it might gratify you to know it."

About sixty persons were entertained by Mr. Lee during the two days of the *fête*. The London Temperance League presented to me a very fine dinner service for eighteen, of pure silver, beautifully arranged in a solid oak plate chest, with trays, and receptacles for spoons and forks,—a costly gift, but more valuable to me than gold or silver, was the kindness, sympathy, and friendship, that prompted to the generous donation.

Often, during the two years' work in the country, I had witnessed the distress and misery brought upon the innocent, by the intemperance of those near to them. An awful peculiarity of this vice is, that it not only blasts the victim, but scorches all connected with him; it ruins the man, and brings misery on

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wives, children, parents, brothers and sisters. The tender-hearted are made cruel, the generous made selfish, the noble made mean, the high-spirited become debased, the ambitious become hopeless, the proud become groveling, and degraded; beauty is blighted, purity defiled; all that is noble, glorious, and God-like in a man, is blasted and mildewed by the damning influence of drink. Could we lift the curtain that conceals from our view the secrets of the charnel-house, every eye would be dimmed by the hideous sight, every heart would swell with an indignant and fierce resolve, to battle to the death, any agency that could by any possibility produce such untold horrors.

Hear the cry of despair from the wretched sufferers, coming up from the depths, and listen to the wailing of women and children—and be still, if you can. One woman writes me, "It would take weeks to tell you all I have suffered from a drunken husband."

Another writes: "I have heard you picture tales of misery, but not one where the child of a drunkard has suffered what I have."

Another: "Ah! how my heart aches, when I think of all we have passed through. I often look at my poor father, and say to my dear mother: 'Oh! if Mr. Gough could only look here—would not this give him a subject?' Oh! my poor, poor father—my broken-hearted mother! My hand trembles, and tears come unbidden to my eyes, when I think of what we have to endure. I was obliged to leave school between eleven and twelve, as about that time my poor father became a complete idiot, and I have been obliged to be pushed about in the world with

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the rest of our family, as best we can; and what has caused all this, but strong drink?"

A mother writes: "O, God! the staff of my old age is broken—my boy is a drunkard!"

Read this from a young lady: "In the beginning of the war, my father enlisted; my eldest brother would not remain at home, and followed him to the army; my second brother served in the navy; my mother, whose health was delicate, a younger brother, and two sisters—mere children—were left at home. We suffered privation and hardships; we bore all cheerfully; when the crushing intelligence came that father died in Virginia. Still we bore up; when the news came that my brother in the navy was dead. This was hard—but we did not despair; but oh! the heavens grew black as midnight, and the load crushed us to the earth, when my eldest brother came home a hopeless, confirmed drunkard. Then mother's heart broke; and now, with feeble health, I am struggling on alone. Perhaps this is presumption in me to tell you this. Use it as you will; but do not let the writer's name be seen by others, as an unsympathizing world should never know of private trouble."

A distressed father, pleading for an only son, writes: "My son has ruined me, and is bringing his poor mother to the grave, broken-hearted. Oh, sir, try to reach my son. I would give my life for his—my only son. Can he be reformed? All we can do has been in vain. If you will try to help him to see his folly, may God reward you, and we will give you our lasting blessing!"

Another: "I have never known but one sorrow. My father, mother, sisters, and brother had gone to

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their last home, and left me alone. I thought that was sorrow, but I was mistaken. Now I have a sorrow, a great heavy sorrow; how it crushes me! almost insupportable. Friends say, 'Leave the cause.' Can I forget, if I leave? They cannot understand how I can love a man that has forgotten to respect himself. Poor man, but thirty-three years old. Many a long night have I spent watching him in *delirium tremens*, fearing he would die. God help me! for my great sorrow is beyond the help of man. My heart is sick. I have a boy—a fine little fellow. How I have trembled for him, lest he should follow his father's footsteps! He is quick and impulsive; is fond of his father; and has asked: 'Can't I drink beer if father does?' I took him—the little fellow—to hear you. When he came home, he said: 'Mother, I'll be temperance, and I'll sign the pledge.' I had no pledge, so I wrote what I thought would answer, and he has signed it; and now he says: 'I'll never drink, and I shall tell Mr. Gough that I have not drank cider since I first saw him.' Oh! if you could help my husband. Forgive me for troubling you. If you cannot help us, pray for us. I have many times, in agony of spirit, offered up the prayer I found in your book.* My Father knows I would rather all this should come upon *me*, than my husband should die a drunkard."

One lady, after relating her sufferings, writes: "I will stand up for the temperance cause, I will pray for the temperance cause, I will work for the temperance cause, I will do all I can by example, for the temperance cause.

*See page 146.

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"'Tell me, I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word:
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell.'"

In some of these cases I obtained interviews, and did what I could; but oh! it is hard—very hard. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

I will copy no more.

My heart aches at such revelations, and I gather the letters before me—more than a hundred—and place them in the drawer where they have lain as they accumulated, dumb records of trials and sufferings, of darkness and despair, of blasted hopes, blighted prospects, blackened characters, and lost souls—some of them too terrible to repeat; but all known to Him who has said: "Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also. Thou art filled with shame for glory: the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory; for the violence of Lebanon shall cover thee, because of men's blood, and for the violence of the land, of the city, and of all that dwell therein."—*Habakkuk ii.*, 15, 16, 17.

I have made these extracts from letters received both in this country and Great Britain.

A young lady called on me in London—one of the most beautiful women I ever saw—dying of consumption. She said: "I have come to see you on behalf of my brother. Since my poor father and mother died, I have been his principal support."

I asked, "Is he disabled?"

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"Oh! sir," she said, "do not judge him harshly. He is naturally noble-hearted and generous; but he has gone into dissipation. I am a governess. I am not fit to be teaching. I procure him a situation, and he loses it through drink, and comes to me. I cannot turn him away, and I support him. What can I do? We are orphans, and he has no friend but me."

She became very much agitated, and pressed her hands on her chest, as if to stay the cough that was killing her, and said:

"I am in great distress; my cough troubles me much at night; but I have a worse trouble than my illness. I have lain awake many nights, thinking of him. He has lately been in possession of considerable money, and I have feared for some developments that might disgrace us; for though we are reduced, our name is without a stain. I have dreaded to ask him where he obtained it; but I know now."

The tears were flowing fast as she sobbed out:

"He has broken open a desk of mine, and robbed me of every penny I have been saving for years, for my sickness, my death, and my burial,—for I cannot live long,—and he has left me destitute—and oh! it is too bad."

Too bad! For a brother to rob a sick and dying sister—yes, too bad; but just what drink will do. There is no meanness under heaven, no crime however dastardly, that the love of that drink will not drive a man to.

But you say "That young man was a brute."

No! no! not a brute. I received a letter from a lady who, when she gave it to me, holding my hand in hers, said: "Read it, Mr. Gough; and may it en-

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courage you!" I give an extract: "You may remember the young man whose sister, a governess, called on you more than two years ago. From the day you saw him, to his death, he tasted no drink. A course of dissipation, acting on a highly sensitive organization, induced disease; but during a long illness, he gave his heart to the Saviour, and died with a blessed hope of a glorious immortality. *He was very dear to me*" (these words were underscored). "I was with him during his illness, and on the night before he died, he turned to me and said: 'Tell Mr. Gough that the blessing of one ready to perish shall come upon him.' His sister is just alive. I saw her last night, and her message to you was: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

How I hate the drink, when I know that it transforms the noble into the base, and makes generous men mean and cruel.

A lady told me: "I am the daughter of a Doctor of Divinity. My mother has been afflicted with heart disease; my brother George is a drunkard. When he goes off on what they call a spree, my mother is sick. About three months since, when my brother came home, my father asked him to look at his mother, and then come to him in the library. When there, he said to him: 'George, my son, your mother lies sick. She loves you in the core of her heart; many a night's vigil has she kept by your bedside. When you were suffering, you made no motion she did not notice, uttered no sound she did not hear, and she was prompt to minister to you. She lies there now, and my son, it is not rhetoric, but

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fact, if your mother dies, *you have killed her.*'" The lady then, standing up, with her hands clasped, her face working with agony, said: "Oh! Mr. Gough, my mother now lies at the point of death, and my brother George has been drunk for ten days."

I have facts so terrible that I dare not write them. And yet, this ruin is going on. A new generation is coming up—what shall we do for them? If I have stirred one heart to indignation, that shall move the head to plan, and the hand to work against this evil, I am content, and will not ask my reader to pardon me that I have led him for a brief space through such scenes of wretchedness. It is worth a mighty effort to save a man. To rescue a man from such thralldom is worth a life-time of labor. I have been struck with this fact, that in almost every instance, when a man has been induced only to make an effort at reform—hardened as he may have become through a long course of sin and self-indulgence—the moment he makes the first effort, he becomes softened, as if his good angel stooped to touch his heart, and unseal the fountain of human feeling, so long sealed up by the influence of his habits.

A man at whose house I was a guest, told me that he had been a hard drinker and a cruel husband; had beaten his poor wife till she had almost become used to it; but, said he: "The very moment I signed the pledge, I thought of my wife,—what will my wife say to this? Strange, that I should think of my wife the first thing; but I did; and as I was going home, I said to myself: 'Now, if I go home and tell her all of a sudden that I have signed the pledge, she'll faint away, or she'll up and do something; and I must break

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it to her by degrees. Only think of it!—why, the night before, I should have knocked her down, just as like as not, if she had not *looked* to please me; and now, I am planning to break good news to her, for fear it will upset her.'"

As near as I could gather from what he told me, he found his wife sitting over the embers, waiting for him. As he came into the house, he said: "Nancy, I think that—I think that"——

"Well, Ned, what is it?"

"Why, I think I shall—that is—I mean to—to—Nancy, I mean to"——

"What's the matter, Ned?—anything the matter?"

"Yes," said he, "the matter is just this,—I have signed the temperance pledge, and so help me God, I'll keep it." She started to her feet, and she *did* faint away. I was just in time to catch her, and as she lay in my arms, her eyes shut and her face so pale, thinks I, she's dead, and I have done it now. But she wasn't dead; she opened her eyes, and then she put her arms round my neck, and I did not know she was so strong, as she pulled, and pulled, till she got me down, where I had not been before for thirty years,—on my knees; and then she said: "Oh! God, help him;" and I said "Amen;" and she said: "Oh! God help my poor Ned, and strengthen him to keep his pledge;" and I hollered "Amen!" just as loud as I could holler; and she kept praying, and I kept hollering—you never heard a Methodist, in the biggest revival you ever saw, holler as loud as I did;—I had like to split my throat, I hollered "Amen" so loud. That was the first time we ever knelt together;—but it was not the last."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Address to Outcasts—"Fire"—"One of Us"—Arrival Home—First Speech in Philadelphia—First Visit to Chicago—Impressions—The West—Christian Influence—Return Home—A Wedding—Summer's Rest—Work in the Church and Sunday-School—Rev. George Gould—Death of William Lincoln—Second Visit to Chicago—Cincinnati—Work in Boston, New York, and Pennsylvania—Return Home—Preparations for Second Trip to England—Farewell Picnic—Address in Worcester—Departure.

I HAVE more than once spoken to an audience of what are termed "outcasts;" and a pitiful sight it is. On one occasion I addressed eight hundred, and on another—in Glasgow—over three thousand. The city missionaries had, by their influence, induced the poor creatures to come. There were rags, and filth, and degradation, beyond description. It seemed as if the last lingering trace of human beauty had been dashed out by the hoof of debauchery, and the die of devil stamped on the defaced image of God; and all of them human beings, with hearts, and souls, with a love for the pure and beautiful,—men and women,—yes, and children,—with such human histories of want, and suffering, privation and misery, as might well be traced in tears and written in blood.

On one occasion, as I entered the audience room, where some hundreds of this class had assembled, with the provost of the borough and a minister of the town, who accompanied me, the former said,

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as we came in: "Mr. Gough, you have 'Fire' in the house to-night."

I asked, "What do you mean?"

He said, "Do you see that tall woman, near the platform."

"Yes."

"Her nickname is 'Hell-fire;' she is known by no other name in the vicinity of her wretched residence. When she appears in the street, the boys cry 'Fire! Fire!' She is the most incorrigible woman in the borough. She has been brought before me scores of times, and sentenced to imprisonment from four days to six months. She is ripe for mischief, and if she makes a disturbance, you will see such a row as you never saw before. The power of the woman's tongue in blasphemy is horrible."

When I rose to address the audience I expected a row, and confess to a nervous feeling of apprehension. I spoke to them as men and women, not as outcasts, or things. I told them poverty was hard to bear; but there might be comfort, light, and peace with poverty; told them I had been poor, very poor; spoke to them of my mother, and her struggles; then of her faith, and love, and hope; that there was no degradation in poverty;—only *sin* caused that. In proportion to wrong-doing was the degradation,—and so on. I saw a naked arm and hand lifted in the crowd, and heard a voice cry out: "That's all true."

The woman ("Fire") rose to her feet, and facing me, said: "That's a' true, mon,—ye're telling the truth;" and stretching her arms to the audience, said: "The mon kens what he's talking aboot."

When I concluded, she came on the platform, and

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I almost thought she might tackle me. She was a large woman, and looked like a hard hitter, and I never desired to come in contact with "strong-minded" or big-fisted women; but after looking at me a moment, she said: "Tak' a gude look at me, mon. I'm a bit of a beauty, ain't I?" Then, coming close to me, "Would you gi'e a body like me the pledge?"

I answered at once, "Yes, ma'am."

A gentleman said: "She cannot keep it; she will be drunk before she goes to bed to-night;—better not give her the pledge."

I turned to her: "Madam, here is a gentleman who says you cannot keep it if you sign it."

Clenching her fist, she said, "Show me the mon."

I asked, "Can you keep it?"

"Can I?—if I say I wull, I can."

"Then say you will."

"I wull."

"Give me your hand on that,"—and I shook hands with her. She signed it, and I said: "I know you will keep it; and before I go to America I will come and see you."

"Come and see me when you wull," she answered, "and you'll find I ha'e keepit it."

It must have been two years from that time, I was speaking there again, and after the lecture, a gentleman said to me: "I wish to introduce to you an old friend, whom perhaps you have forgotten,—'Mrs. Archer,' no longer 'Fire.'"

I was introduced, and shook hands heartily with her and her daughter, who sat by her. I had noticed the woman during my speech, for she hardly took her

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eyes off me, from the time I rose till I sat down. I went to her house, and part of what she said to me was this:—

"Ah! Mr. Gough, I'm a puir body; I dinna ken much, and what little I ha'e kenned has been knocked out of me by the staffs of the policemen; for they beat me aboot the head a good deal, and knocked prutty much a' the sense out of me; but sometimes I ha'e a dream—I dream I'm drunk, and fichting, and the police ha'e got me again; and then I get out of my bed, and I go down on my knees, and I don't go back to my bed till the daylight comes, and I keep saying: 'God keep me—for I canna get drunk any mair.'"

Her daughter said: "Aye, mon; I've heered my mither in the dead of night, on the bare floor, crying 'God keep me;' and I've said,—'Come to yer bed, mither, ye'll be cauld;' and she'll tell me; 'No, no, —I canna get drunk any mair.'"

I received a letter from the provost of the borough, dated February 1869, telling me that Mrs. Archer ("Fire") had been faithful to her promise, was keeping a small provision store or shop; had taken a little orphan boy out of the streets, and was bringing him up well; and sending me her photograph. I had heard from various sources she was doing well, and doing good. Soon after she had signed the pledge, she obtained employment in sewing coarse sacks, and earned about ten cents per day. Some one gave her a Bible, and wet or dry, rain or shine, she would go every Sabbath to the mission chapel. There she became a Christian; and I was told that she employed her spare time in endeavoring to re-

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form others. I gave her a pound note when I saw her at the meeting, and when I called, her daughter asked me to see what her mother had bought with it. On the bed was a pair of warm, woolen blankets, and she said: "Mither took the pound, and bought the blankets for saxteen shillings, and brought back the four to me. I am never afraid to trust my mither now."

What a rebuke to those who, when asked to give up some indulgence, tell you—"I can't, I can't." This woman, in the midst of poverty, surrounded by every temptation, and a whole life-association with evil influences, determining "I will," and conquering her appetite, coming out into a new life, and becoming respected, reliable, and useful. I know some young men, with every home influence to aid them, and every inducement offered them, crying, "I can't."

One more incident, relating to these interesting cases of reform, and I pass on. At a meeting where I saw some of the most degraded creatures I ever met in a public assembly, a man and a woman came forward together, when signatures were invited to the pledge. I hardly supposed they intended to sign it, for they were such miserable, forlorn-looking creatures; the man appeared as if the drink had scorched up his intellect,—bowed down,—his hands nervously twitching—looking so silly that you could hardly imagine a grain of sense was left to him. But the woman was utterly indescribable. A fierce looking virago, dirty, slovenly, half-dressed—dressed! she was not dressed at all; a heap of filthy rags tied round her waist by a bit of rope, and above that, literally nothing but an old shawl, twisted and brought over

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one shoulder and under the other. To my astonishment they both signed the pledge,—or rather, left such marks as a fly, taken out of the inkstand and set to run over the paper would make. The secretary of the society, with others, were busy in making out certificates for those who wished to join the society. These certificates were quite attractive—fit for framing—being printed in colored letters, and for which sixpence was charged. The payment of this sum, with the certificate, constituted them members of the society. The man looked dreamily and yet wistfully at the certificates, and I said to some gentlemen near me: "Please do not say anything to this couple; I wish to see what they will do."

After a few moments, the poor fellow said to his wife: "I'd like to join, and get a stiffkit."

"There's sixpence to pay for them things," said the woman, very sharply.

"But," pleaded the man, "I would like to get a stiffkit."

"There's sixpence to pay on them things; now you come 'long o' me," said the woman, pulling him away.

"No I won't," he answered,—almost whining,—"I won't go 'long o' you; I want a stiffkit."

The woman looked fierce, and the man looked stupidly dogged, and there was a prospect of a very uninteresting family jar taking place, when a gentleman stepped up and said: "Well, good people, I hope you will sign the pledge."

He spoke very kindly, and the man looked up, and said quickly: "We *have* signed the pledge, me and my missus,—she's my missus,—and we want to get a stiffkit, and join the 'ciety."

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"Well, why do you not?"

"There's sixpence to pay for 'em."

"That need make no difference," said the gentleman cheerily. "Here, Mr. Secretary, make these good people out a couple of certificates, and here is the shilling for them."

The effect produced by his kind and cheery manner was surprising. The man was affected very differently from the woman. He looked more manly, and stood erect; she looked fierce—almost savage—as if resenting the first approach to kindness. The secretary asked the man's name, as they could not be deciphered on the pledge. He gave his name, and with a pleased expression received the embossed card of membership. Then the woman was asked her name, and she stood sulky; her eye grew cold and hard as granite; no answer. Again she was kindly asked to give her name; no reply; but her brows knit and grew dark, as if a storm was brewing. She gave a quick, nervous glance around her; but no reply.

"Come, madam, if you please, we will take your name. Your husband has his certificate, and we have one for you; we only wish you to give us your name —it is the rule for those who receive these cards to give their names; we are willing to wait for you."

Still no reply; but the mouth twitched nervously, and her fingers were twisted together. Suddenly she lifted her arm, as if to strike a blow—but no! it was to dash away a tear! Then another—and another—but they *would* come; so, covering her face with her hands, she let them come. How she did cry! The tears ran over her hands—she could not, nor did she

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try to, keep them back. We stood near her, our eyes dim; but not a word was spoken. At last she hastily took down her arms, and shaking out the shawl, drew it over her shoulders, and with both hands held it over her breast, and stood with bowed head. The word of kindness had stirred the white ashes that covered the last spark of the woman, and she stood, literally clothed and in her right mind. The name was soon given, the certificate handed to her, and the two poor creatures looked positively bewildered at each other —the man at her, and she at him. Degraded, debased, wretched, filthy, vicious—the dark cloud seemed to be lifting, and God only knew what was in their hearts, as they looked, almost lovingly, each in the other's face.

The gentleman who had paid the shilling, laid his hand on the man's shoulder, and said: "Now remember you are one of us. You have signed the temperance pledge, you belong to the society, and you must always remember you are one of us.

"Did ye hear that, old woman?" cried out the man. "Did ye hear that? He says we're 'one of *us*.' Come away wi' me—'one of us'—the gentleman—'one of *us*'—" and they went out of the hall.

Three years and more had passed, when, at the close of a lecture in a town some distance from where this occurred, a person told me that a man wished to see me.

I asked, "Who is it?"

He replied, "He is a mechanic; he has been living here some time, and is an active member of our society. He says if I tell you it's 'one of us,' you'll know."

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"Show him up."

And a man clean, tidy, healthy, and respectable, grasped my hand. I told him how glad I was to meet him,—that I should not have known him,—and then said: "Have you ever seen the gentleman who said 'you're one of us?'"

"No, sir; I've never seen him since. You see, I don't move in that class of people, and I left the town soon after, and got work here; but I'll never forget him, if I never meet him till I meet him in heaven. I'll tell him then, how his good, kind words helped me when I needed help. Ah! Mr. Gough, you ought to see my wife,—she's a changed woman now; and she remembers him; and when she teaches the children to say their prayers, she weaves in little bits beautiful, that God would bless him. She's a knowing woman. Ah! well, good-bye, Mr. Gough; wish ye a safe voyage home, and come back to us again. Good-bye,—God bless ye!"

Oh! I thank the Master, that I have been permitted to know so many of such cases; to hear so many "God bless ye's" from those who have been helped to reform through the agency of the glorious temperance movement. I love to recall them, and I love to write them as encouragement to others to help in a warfare, whose trophies are men and women redeemed from the power of sin, evil habit, and an awful curse.

On Friday, August 17th, we reached home, after an absence of two years and fourteen days. Home, sweet home! Though kindly treated, and busied in pleasant work, our hearts had many times yearned towards the dear old "Bay State," and our home.

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We were delighted, and like children, in our glee at being once more at home. We went from room to room, exploring every nook and corner. "Our home!" We were filled with thankfulness, and slept but little that night. Even the "Yankee twang," so much ridiculed, was musical to us. "I guess"—how we enjoyed hearing again the familiar expression, I guess! Yes, we are at home. Now for a little rest; and then to work. Next day a deputation came to us from New York and New Jersey. We found letters from all parts of the country calling for service; so, after resting till October 4th, I commenced in Philadelphia, where we were entertained by Leonard Jewell, and his son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Reed. Their house has been our home ever since, during our frequent visits to the city of "brotherly love"—and very hospitable and pleasant we have always found it.

I continued lecturing in New York State, as far as Buffalo; returned home November 6th to prepare for a trip to Chicago; spoke in Hartford and New Haven, and, by way of Elmira, traveled to Chicago; from thence to St. Louis, where we spent a week, and I delivered six lectures; then through Illinois, on our way to Cleveland, and home—arriving there January 2, 1856.

I had often been invited to Chicago, and give a portion of a letter from there, dated February 28, 1848, inviting me to lecture on temperance:—

> The importance of the field is such that we trust nothing will prevent your acceding to our request. We have a city of seventeen thousand inhabitants, and a spirited class of ladies and gentlemen, who will greet you, and a class of young men who are in danger. It was a unanimous call from a large meeting, to ask you to visit us as soon as you can. [Signed] AARON GIBBS,
> CHARLES WALKER.

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I could not accept this invitation, and had not been able before to arrange for a visit; but I arrived in Chicago on Friday, December 7, 1855, and found a population of more than one hundred thousand; at this present time I am told that the city contains about three hundred thousand. I have often wished that I could have labored there, and been identified, by my work, with the infancy of what is destined to be a giant among the cities of the world. I was received there by Mr. E. S. Wells, through whose instrumentality I came, and who entertained me in his delightful home—made so by warm hearts and generous natures; and he and his noble wife, and their children, will be pleasantly remembered and associated with my first visit to Chicago. I delivered seven lectures there, and one each in Elgin, Ill., Milwaukee, Wis., Waukegan, Bloomington, Alton, and Springfield, Ill.; besides the six in St. Louis.

This being my first view of the West, my impressions were those of wonder, almost amounting to awe, at the vast resources and the certain future importance and power of the great West. I leave it for others, who are able, to write of the West and its destiny; prophets all, and true, when they tell of her progress and coming magnificence—for she grows before our eyes almost passing belief, and will grow year by year, as the bands of iron have united her to the Pacific, and made her the great highway of the nations of the earth, to the regions almost unknown in the beginning of this generation.

Every Christian must look at the West with interest and deep anxiety for the enlightenment of the Western mind, and the establishment of the princi-

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ples of a pure Christianity. West of the Mississippi, what a domain is rapidly coming into cultivation and settlement! What a population of millions must occupy the vast territory. It is for Christians to decide whether these fertile lands shall be over-run with heathenism and infidelity, or flooded with the light of Christian education. It is a grand thing to live in these times of battle for right or wrong, for good or evil, for Christ or Belial. The field is vast—the opposing elements to good are powerful; the god of this world is marshalling his forces to "go up and possess the land;" but if all who love the Lord Jesus will, in His name, set up their banners, and come to the "help of the Lord against the mighty," the issues of such a conflict are sure; for "greater is He that is for us than all they that be against us;" and we may thus co-operate with God and holy angels in preventing sin, and in establishing His kingdom in this great gathering-place of the nations. Men and women are laboring for this, full of faith. May our God speed their efforts!

Before leaving Great Britain, I had made an agreement to return in two years, under engagements with the "London Temperance League," and "Scottish Temperance League," (the head-quarters of the latter being in Glasgow,) eight months of each year in England, and four months in Scotland, the engagements to terminate at the expiration of three years; the number of lectures to be two hundred per year; the terms, as before, ten guineas per lecture, and traveling expenses; the two Leagues agreeing to devote a few weeks to Ireland. My work in 1856 was with this in view, involving a large amount of travel,

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as I was desirous of covering as much territory as possible, applications from all parts of the country being numerous. Till June 2d, I continued almost constantly at work in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Maine, visiting the cities of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Providence, Portland, and Boston. On the 2d of May, I came home for a few days, to attend a wedding of my wife's sister, Sarah, who was married by Dr. Kirk of Boston, on the 6th, to William Lincoln of Oakham,—the first wedding in our house. To this wedding, Mrs. A. B. Knox, with her little daughter, not two years old, and her sister, Miss Mary A. Booth, came as visitors, and have remained as members of our family, till the marriage, on April 3d, of Mary Booth, to George E. Gladwin, an artist; now a professor in the Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science. Since that time her sister and niece have continued with us, and are now members of our household.

On the 2d of June, I returned home for the summer's rest, and became very much interested in the church and Sabbath-school at Boylston. The church being without a pastor, I made some exertion to provide the pulpit with ministers—which brought me in contact with some noble men, many of whom became my valued friends.

My pastor, Dr. Kirk of Boston, often visited us, and spent many days under our roof. We were, and are still, members of his church, though we are rarely able to attend; but in consideration of my way of life, the church kindly agreed that we should

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hold our membership. Though necessarily absent so much, we were very loth to dissolve our connection there, as many associations in the past, have bound us in tenderest ties to the dear church on Mount Vernon.

The late Dr. Dutton of New Haven, was with us for three Sabbaths; my dear old friend Rev. T. L. Cuyler preached for us. The season was a most delightful one to us. I entered the Sabbath-school as a teacher, and—astonishing to relate—though I knew nothing of music, I led the choir—that is, selected the tunes. I have always looked back to that summer with delight. A revival took place in the church, and many were added as members.

I remember well the day when Dr. Kirk preached from the text: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." After the sermon, he said he would hold a meeting in the evening, for he believed the Spirit of God was there in power. At that meeting, he requested all who wished to speak to him on their soul's interest, to come into the vestry. As one after another rose, and followed him, we sat almost dumb with surprise. Tears filled many eyes, and when the last had left the church to follow Dr. Kirk, we were mute, till some one said, "Let us pray," and we held a prayer-meeting in the church, while he was conversing with the persons in the vestry. As we were separating, a lady said, "We ought to have another prayer-meeting." Some one asked, "Where shall we have it?" She said, "In my house." I at once called their attention, and, without thought, announced, "There will be a prayer-meeting on Tuesday night at the house of Mrs.——"

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No prayer-meeting had been held for some months. On Tuesday evening, accompanied by our valued friend, Mr. George C. Ripley, who was visiting us, I went with others of our family to the house, and found the room filled, but not a male member of the church present. A table was set, with two lamps, a Bible, and hymn book; there was a Methodist, and a Baptist friend present, but I was requested to lead the meeting. Very much embarrassed, I took the seat by the table, and read the fifty-first Psalm, gave out a hymn, and tried to ask for help. Mr. Ripley engaged in prayer, followed by the Methodist friend; and I asked one or two if they had anything to say. A young man rose and said: "This is the first time I ever spoke in such a place as this —but—" and he became so affected that he suddenly sat down; the effect of his broken words was felt by all. Another meeting was appointed, and during the entire summer we held meetings, and thirty-four (if I remember rightly) were added to the church.

Among the ministers who came to preach for us, was the Rev. George Gould, and from our first meeting we became friends—not in the ordinary acceptation of that term, but we loved each other at first sight. There was a rare tenderness in our friendship. Our souls were knit together; we were so drawn to each other, that we seemed to fuse into one,—it is a holiday when we meet; the grasp of his hand does me good "like a medicine." I number him and his wife among my dearest and best loved friends; our friendship strengthens as we grow older; we have been together in dark days, and sunny days, but

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neither clouds nor sunshine affect the stability of our love for each other.

I commenced work on November 8th, in Boston, after a long vacation, and continued till December 3d, when I returned home to attend the funeral of William Lincoln, at Oakham. He died December 1, 1856, after a short illness, and left Sarah a widow, but seven months from her marriage. His was a lovely character, and the sorrow for his death was universal in the town where he had lived. The bearers at his funeral were some young men he had helped to the Saviour; and the tears that dropped into his open grave were genuine testimonials of the deep grief of the many he left to mourn over the early departure of one so useful and so dearly beloved. I left home for Chicago immediately after the funeral, reaching that city on Wednesday, December 10th. I delivered six lectures there, making excursions to places in the vicinity, and concluded the year 1856 in Chicago. I remained in Illinois till February 23d, when I left for Indianapolis, on my way to Cincinnati, where we were entertained by my old friend, E. M. Gregory, Esq., now Gen. Gregory. I delivered six lectures there, and passing through Columbus, reached home on Wednesday, March 11th. On Monday the 23d, I wrote the letter to George C. Campbell, of London, afterwards called the "dead letter," and which was the cause of a most painful controversy, the history of which will be given in a future page.

On April 16th, I commenced my last trip before leaving for England, at Boston, and continued work, giving farewell addresses, in New York and Pennsylvania principally, reaching Hillside on Wednesday,

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the 24th, to prepare for a voyage, and a three years' absence from home. On July 2d, a farewell picnic was given in a grove near my residence, where neighbors and friends came to bid us "good-bye," and to offer their best wishes for our success while absent.

I received from friends in Philadelphia, a proposition for a farewell meeting to be held in that city, previous to my departure. The Academy of Music was engaged, and Thursday, May 21st, was the time appointed. I cannot pass this by, without an expression of gratitude to them, for such a magnificent testimonial of good-will, confidence, and esteem. The "Bulletin" termed it "a splendid farewell testimonial" and stated that "it was one of the most brilliant that was ever given in Philadelphia to any man. There were probably thirty-five hundred individuals in the audience, and it was such an audience as any orator might feel it an honor to address. The scene from the stage was magnificent. The entrances were thronged, and hundreds stood around the doors, balancing in their minds the chances of getting either a seat or a sight, if they went in." The "Evening Journal" said: "Long before the hour to commence had arrived, that immense edifice was densely filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience, and thousands were unable to obtain admission. The view from the stage was one of unusual splendor, presenting, as it were, a living amphitheater of human faces, all beaming with the glad smile of joyful anticipation." All the city papers gave very favorable notices. George H. Stuart, Esq., presided, and Rev. John Chambers offered prayer. At the close, a very

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kind resolution, expressive of their hearty good-will, was offered. It was to me, a scene of unusual interest, and very impressive and encouraging.

From New Haven, I received the following invitation:

Dear Sir,—Learning that you are about to leave this country, for two or three years of labor in the cause of temperance in Great Britain, we have a great desire to hear again that voice which has so often stirred our souls in sympathy with the cause in which you are engaged, and also to embrace an opportunity of returning to you our sincere thanks for the great service you have rendered us in days that are past, and at the same time to bid you God speed in the work before you. Please accept our invitation to address your numerous friends in this city, and name to us the earliest evening that may suit your convenience.

The above was signed by Leonard Bacon, D. D., Ex-Gov. Dutton, Rev. Dr. Cleaveland, Moses L. Scudder, and twenty-two other gentlemen in the highest social position. The meeting was held in the North Church on Tuesday evening, June 23d. Ex-Gov. Dutton presided; the College choir furnished music for the occasion. I was greatly helped and strengthened by these testimonials, and by the thoughtful kindness that prompted them on the eve of my departure.

On Thursday, July 9th, I gave a farewell address at Worcester, and on Tuesday the 14th proceeded to take the ship Niagara for Liverpool. Mrs. Knox and her daughter, her sister Mary Booth, and Rev. George Gould accompanied us, intending to remain with us—Mr. Gould proposing to travel in Europe for his health. Quite a number of friends were with us the next morning, and parted from us at the ship's side. The gun fired, the paddles moved, and we were away. Had I

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known all that was awaiting me on the other side, I think my heart would have failed me; and it is well we know not what is before us, so that, by faith we may live day by day, realizing the promises—"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;" and, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Reasons for Inserting the Trial—The "Dead Letter"—State of Feeling regarding it—Comments of the Press—Arrival in England—Queen Street Hall—Continued Attacks.

I WOULD fain bury in oblivion the record of the controversy that grew out of my letter written in March, but it would not be just to myself, and I know I should lay myself open to the charge (which would most assuredly be made) of keeping back, or covering up the proceedings which were so painful to me and to others, and therefore I have decided to give a clear, and truthful narrative of the whole matter, from the beginning to the end, so far as I was concerned; though the end is not yet, in the estranged friendships and the bitter feeling that exist in many minds.

I shall insert nothing but what is necessary to a clear understanding of the true history of the case. Many of my friends even, have but a vague idea of the transactions growing out of the misunderstanding; whether wilful or not, on the part of others, those who read must judge. I judge no man, but simply state facts, for which I have in my possession documents that cannot be gainsayed.

It will be necessary to introduce names, as the narrative cannot be made so clear by withholding them; and though I have no desire to give offense, justice

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to myself demands that I shall omit nothing that may help to a clear understanding of the whole history.

On March 28th, as I have stated, I wrote to G. C. Campbell, an intimate friend of mine, a letter, in which, after speaking of some personal matters, I said:

> The cause in this country is in a depressed state; the Maine Law is a dead letter everywhere,—more liquor sold than I ever knew before, in Massachusetts,—and in other States it is about as bad. Were it not that I feel desirous of laboring with you again, I should be inclined to ask for the loan of another year to labor here. I never had so many and so earnest applications for labor, and the field is truly ready,—not for the sickle, but for steady, persevering tillage; but we shall leave our dear home in July, with the expectation of laboring with you, as far as health and strength will permit, for the next three years. . . . .
>
> I see Neal Dow is to be in England. I am glad. You will all like him; he is a noble man—a faithful worker. He can tell better than any other man, the state of the Maine Law movement here, and the cause of the universal failure of the law to produce the desired results.

I also wrote a letter to Scotland, bespeaking for the author of the Maine Law a hearty welcome, and cordial coöperation. The "dead letter," as it was termed, was written to a friend, with no intention that it should be published. In it I gave some reasons for the state of things here, and expressly said that the political combinations affecting *us*, would not be a hindrance to *them*, I knew. The people of England were aware that the Maine Law was not on the statute book of the State of Maine, having been repealed, and a license law substituted, much to my regret; yet I was convinced that the law would be reënacted, and probably made even more stringent, by the next Legislature. I had, from the beginning, advocated a prohibitory law. I was engaged expressly in Connec-

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ticut for that purpose, previous to their election, and I worked faithfully to that end,—the enactment of the law.

I do not profess to be able to grasp the legal and political question with the facility that many men possess. I suppose I lack the logical power; at least it is said that I do—and if God has not seen fit to bestow on me this faculty, I must try to use the powers He *has* given me, and do the best I can. This I have tried conscientiously to do.

In conversation with a supposed friend, I said in reference to Mr. Dow's visit to England: "I am sorry he is going this year, for I earnestly desire that his work there may be successful, and the English critics who are opposed to the law, will say he has come to represent a failure; for the law is not now on the statute books of his own State. If he would wait till it shall be re-enacted with more stringent provisions, as it is sure to be, then, on the wave of a glorious success, his mission there will be doubly effective in aiding the friends toward the establishment of a law for Great Britain." This was the only time I used any word intimating that the law was a failure, and by a little twisting it was made to tell against me. I had used the expression, "failure of the law to produce desired results." When I wrote the "dead letter" I had been making observations and inquiries, and held in my possession official documents from associations, deploring the depressed state of the temperance cause generally,—partly, as I believe, owing to the neglect of the purely moral means that had been employed for so many years with great success. There were certainly fewer temperance meetings—

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the pledge was very much discarded—and the temperance sentiment was not so vigorous as formerly.

But after all, whether the letter was published or not, the statement was a matter purely of opinion, and could be met by counter-evidence. I had no wish to maintain the assertion as a positive fact, in the face of contrary evidence. It was my opinion, expressed not without what I considered good evidence of its truth. I thought nothing more of the letter. I wrote to Mr. Dow, expressing an earnest desire to see him before he left—to which he replied very cordially and kindly. The "Weekly Record," published in London—as I then supposed, the organ of the League—came to me with the extracts from my letter published, and the notice that "The following extracts from a letter received by G. C. Campbell from Mr. Gough, will be read with pleasure by all our readers." When my wife showed me the article, I said: "I am sorry they published that; I can see now how it may make trouble; but I hope it will not." This was the first dawn of an idea in my mind, that anything unpleasant could grow out of that letter. It produced a state of feeling towards me personally, that was surprising and unexpected. I would gladly have aided any investigation tending to show that I had mistaken, or even exaggerated in any point; but the course pursued by those who felt themselves aggrieved, completely prevented my doing anything but collect evidence that I was not alone in my opinions of the state of the cause.

"The Alliance Weekly News," the organ of the prohibitionists in Great Britain, in the first article stated: "This is not the first fit of unreasonable depres-

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sion with which Mr. Gough has been affected—his temperament unfortunately allows him at times to take gloomy views of affairs;" and that, "the statement of Mr. Gough is not worthy of notice."

The secretary of the Alliance, in a letter to the "Christian News," says: "The most active and advanced supporters of the Maine Law, in this country and America, were never fully convinced that Mr. Gough was a genuine and faithful adherent of the principle and policy of prohibition." And again: "No one—not even Mr. Gough—really believes the statement he has made, for fortunately it is so monstrously absurd, that no one can believe it, even when they try to make others swallow the camel. The facts of the case have been too extensively published, and the evidence proving the enforcement, and the success of the law, is so accessible to all intelligent persons who do not shut their eyes and ears—that the fable sent over by Mr. Gough must soon be fully exposed and laughed to scorn."

And in a letter to the Glasgow "Commonwealth," the same writer says: "Mr. Gough is engaged by these parties [the League] to visit England and Scotland for three years, and in writing to his patrons, he perhaps sympathized too much with them in the difficulty and doubt they were subject to in regard to the peculiar phase of the temperance movement now being actually brought out by the prohibitionists of England." And again: "Mr. Gough's assertions, on the very face of them, are destitute of credible characteristics—are sweeping and reckless exaggerations." And then remarks very charitably: "All his friends know that he is subject to fits of severe mental de-

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pression—in short, he has not so fully recovered from the effects of stimulants, as to escape from the peculiar malady commonly called the 'blues.'" The last sentence is in italics.

My friends replied to some of these articles, the controversy ran high, and bitter feeling was manifested. The Secretary of the Alliance said in a letter to the "Commonwealth," "In matters of ordinary and reliable character, involving precision of statement and accuracy of information, Mr. Gough must not be taken as an authority; such things are out of his line altogether."

The "Christian News," which became for three years the vehicle of abuse so vile that no other paper would publish it, contained the following—after copying a resolution passed at my farewell meeting in Philadelphia: "Six thousand pounds for three years, and drinking nothing but water!—This is temperance extravagance surely. No wonder Mr. Gough can prepare 'lofty flights of eloquence' for such payments. He evidently knows the gauge of John Bull, and it is not the first time he has 'creeshed his loofs with Mr. Sawney.' He will return, laughing in his sleeve, to the land of Yankee Doodle, and he may there revel about the Maine Law as he pleases, since he has recovered his goodiamus," &c. This, from a paper that had been almost fulsome in its eulogies on me during my first visit, and now changed by my expression of opinion.

Dr. Lees, in introducing Mr. Dow to an audience, as quoted from the "Nottingham Review," said: "The statement had no authority and could have no authority, for, at the time of writing,—and he need not

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say by whom it was written,—(Mr. Gough,) it must have been written by an individual who, at the time of writing, did not understand what he was saying." And: "There was not the slightest ground for the fallacy, the calumny, the blundering assertion, that the principle of prohibition had failed. But what would have been the consequence if the Duke of Wellington, when Messina pressed him back upon the lines of Torres Vedras, had given up the campaign? Or suppose some traitor had then written home from the camp, that the war was a failure—what would the Duke have done to that traitor, etc?"

The papers containing these, and many more assertions and attacks of like character, reached me here. On receiving them, I set to work to ascertain, as fairly and truly as I could, the exact state of affairs in reference to the working of the law. I sent over eight hundred circulars to the most prominent men of the movement,—I mean the working men,—and received more than seven hundred replies, all, or nearly all, confirming me in my expressed opinion, that "the cause was in a depressed state," and that the Maine Law was "failing to produce the desired results."

To be sure, the liquor traffic was checked in some degree by it; but not more at the time of writing, than was effected by the laws we had, before the introduction of the so-called Maine Law. For years there were no licenses granted in any county in Massachusetts excepting one.

The "Springfield Republican" of July, 1857, in an article on "The Temperance Question," says: "We have got the Maine Liquor Law here in Springfield,

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and with it unrestricted dram-selling." The same paper of the date July 7, in an article headed "Intemperance in Springfield," says: "We do not say that all the people of Springfield were drunk on the Fourth, but we do say that the people of Springfield must be held responsible for all the drunkenness that occurred here last Saturday. It was the testimony of those who were around, that they had never seen a day in the town on which more liquor was consumed. Men under the influence of liquor could be seen almost everywhere. The drunkard crop is getting rather large for a town of this size."

I found many articles in our papers containing statements in reference to the non-enforcement of the law, and I considered that the testimony I had collected did not warrant me in the declaration that I had either mistaken or overstated the facts in my letter or would apologize for the course I had taken.

I left home with a large number of documents, intending to use them on my arrival in England, to show that there were good men and true in this country who agreed with me in my expressed opinion.

On our arrival at Liverpool on Sunday, July 26th, we were met by a large party of friends, and took lodgings at Brown's Hotel. The next day a meeting was held in the Queen Street Hall, Dr. Eden presiding, at which addresses were presented to me by the "National Temperance League," "Scottish Temperance League," and "Liverpool League." To these I replied, and then in a speech of nearly three hours defined my position; told them I never said the Law was a failure—that if enforced it would shut up every liquor shop in the land—that the letter was written

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hastily, and not intended for publication—that on receiving the articles condemning my statement as false, I endeavored to ascertain as far as I could the state of the cause at the time I wrote the letter, and presented to them the documents I had received, in answer to the circular which I had sent to prominent men in the movement, with a resolution passed by the Massachusetts "State Temperance Society." I also protested against the vituperation and abuse I had received for an expression of opinion, and that after a fair and thorough investigation, I could not stultify myself by stating that I did not know what I was about when I wrote, and that the only modification I could make was to insert the word "generally" —the Maine Law is generally a dead letter everywhere—that I only alluded to the state of the cause at the time when I wrote the letter, not at any time past, before, or since. After some discussion, a resolution was passed expressing satisfaction with my statement, and carried with only two dissenting votes.

I left this meeting with an earnest hope that I should be permitted, without annoyance, to continue my work, but I soon received letters,—some of them insolently calling for replies to questions, and demanding that I should stultify myself by an admission that my statement was false. I received a letter from Dr. F. R. Lees, asking if I had accused him of calumniating me in his introduction of Neal Dow, in my speech at Liverpool; I replied, that I had not used his name —this he heralded as an apology from me.

On Tuesday morning we left Liverpool for London, and at once proceeded to our old quarters, 32 Norfolk Street, Strand,—and as I do not deem it desirable to

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interrupt the history of the conflict growing out of the "dead letter," I shall follow it to its close at the Court of Exchequer, in London, in 1858.

Continued attacks were made on me, in the "Christian News," the organ of the Alliance for Scotland, and the "Alliance Weekly News," its organ for England. While lecturing at Cupar Fife in Scotland, I received a communication from Wm. Wilson of Sherwood Hall, stating that he had received a letter from a person whose name he withheld, charging me with committing very serious offenses. A long correspondence ensued, during which I demanded the author's name, but did not obtain it until some time after, and then found it was Dr. Lees.

An article had appeared in the "Edinburgh News" reflecting severely on Mr. Peter Sinclair, who was then in this country, and though I had no reason to love Mr. Sinclair, for the part he had taken against me here, yet I had no agency whatever in the production of that article, and addressed, I believe, but two of the papers containing it, to personal friends at home. That issue of the paper also contained a very kind and generous notice of my meetings in Edinburgh, which I was desirous my friends should see. Mrs. Gough did not direct one of them. Dr. Lees assumed, with no reason, that I had, and made that the ostensible cause for attacking me. The report of the trial will give the main charges made by him against me; they were so direct and outrageous, that, after long and deliberate consultation with friends, it was deemed advisable that legal proceedings should be instituted against him. The case was placed in the hands of Mr. William Shaen of London, as solicitor.

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The proceedings commenced, and in addition to my heavy work, I was involved in the unpleasant and annoying complications of a suit at law, for libel.

I have before me the letters and circulars sent out by Lees, and those who helped him, and at this distance of time, they cause my cheek to burn, and my nerves to tingle. Letters were sent to persons who entertained me, asking if they discovered anything suspicious in my demeanor,—whether anything was found in my room that could be used against me; also inquiring if they discovered, or suspected that I took anything improperly; in fact, I was placed under surveillance, and watched narrowly. Some persons whom I knew well, were busy on this side of the water, and everything that had been published against me here, was republished there. The occurrences of 1845 were opened up again, and every statement against me put into pamphlet form, and circulated; they were even given to my audiences as they entered the lecture room. A pamphlet written by a Mr. Snelling of Boston, whom I had helped when in trouble, entitled "Goughiana"—a thing so vile, that as it dropped from his pen, it fell dead from its own corruption—a thing that no respectable paper alluded to here—was sent over to England, and the galvanized corpse of the most abominable slander ever perpetrated against any human being, was paraded in pamphlet form. A London paper contained the following: "'Goughiana.' A scurrilous and libellous pamphlet bearing the above title, purporting to have been printed in America, has been sent to a number of influential teetotalers, through the post within the last fortnight, in envelopes addressed by

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Dr. F. R. Lees. It has evidently been sent to the newspapers, as we see the following in an editorial notice in the 'Newcastle Guardian,'—'Goughiana is a libelous production evidently prompted by malice and intended to cause pain and dissension.'"

The "poor Yankee" must be destroyed. My solicitor endeavored, in order to bring the matter out on its own merits, and to clear it of any appearance of an action for damages, to obtain criminal information against Dr. Lees, in which we failed. Lord Campbell said: "I have no doubt that Mr. Gough is a respectable gentleman, and a sincere apostle of temperance, and that he sets a good example of the precepts that he holds out, but I do not think this is a case in which we ought to interfere by a criminal information." This rejoiced my opponents greatly, and as we were determined to push the matter, to proof, or retraction, we concluded that the case should be tried in the Court of Exchequer. Then while Lees was circulating everything he could lay hold of,—old slanders, statements proved to be false, the opposing parties proposed arbitration,—all my friends decided that while these slanderous statements were circulated so freely, there could be no successful arbitration,—that his accusations must be withdrawn, or proved before a jury, as he challenged me to the trial. As I have occupied more space than I intended, I will pass on to the trial. I have before me eighty-six letters written in reference to the controversy. "Gough *versus* Lees" heading article after article in the newspapers. My friends in America sent a document in my favor, which was published; it was treated with contempt, and those who signed it styled the "clerical dead let-

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ter defenders." Then one of the most generous testimonials ever written was sent to me signed by five hundred of the best men in the country—governors, presidents of colleges, members of Congress, ministers of the gospel, headed by the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, and followed by Henry Ward Beecher, and all his brothers but one—Mr. Delavan—editors of newspapers, and other gentlemen of the highest respectability; but nothing could stop the steady tide of abuse; papers were started for the purpose, and lecturers took the field to "expose me." The "Christian News" especially made itself prominent in publishing everything that was slanderous. A defense fund for Dr. Lees was started, and a proposal made to raise one thousand pounds for him, and he being backed up by a powerful organization, on his own ground, and among his own friends, what was the "Yankee" to do?

True, I had hosts of friends, and no respectable paper, except the temperance papers in the interests of the Alliance, published aught against me. It was a terrible ordeal; they intended that I should suffer, and I did; and, if it is any consolation for them to know that they caused me and mine such pain as I would not inflict on the meanest of God's creatures, I give them the information here. Still, through all this I did not miss an appointment, but kept steadily at work till the trial came on. In the meantime, an application had been made on behalf of Lees, at Judges' Chambers, before Baron Martin, to show cause why a commission should not issue for the examination of witnesses in Scotland, and elsewhere in Great Britain, in behalf of the defendant upon interrogato-

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ries; and why, in the meantime, and until the return of the commission, all further proceedings should not be stayed. Baron Martin had no difficulty in refusing the application. He had never heard of any such attempt being made to obtain a roving commission to collect evidence in support of a libel. The defendant ought to have provided himself with evidence before he libelled the plaintiff. Four more days were given to plead. Afterwards the defendant made his fourth application to the court for more time, which was granted.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

Trial in the Libel Case—Court of Exchequer—"Gough *versus* Lees."

THE TRIAL.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, WESTMINSTER, Monday, June 21, 1858.

(Before Baron Martin and a Special Jury.)

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW GOUGH, *Plaintiff.*	FREDERICK RICH. LEES, *Ph. D., of Gessin, Defendant.*
PLAINTIFF'S COUNSEL.	DEFENDANT'S COUNSEL.
Edwin James, Q. C. James P. Wilde, A. C. J. R. Quain, LL.B.	K. Macaulay, Q. C. T. W. Phipson. W. Field.
PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEYS.	DEFENDANT'S ATTORNEYS.
Messrs. Shaen and Roscoe.	Messrs. Hilleard, Dale and Stretton, for Mr. James Stubbin, Birmingham.

Mr. Quain having opened the pleadings, Mr. Edwin James said:

May it please your lordship, gentlemen of the jury, as counsel for the plaintiff I shall have to bespeak your very serious attention to the details of this case; because, although there may be, upon the first blush of it, something which probably may be calculated to excite a smile, the matter which is before you for your decision is of vital importance to the character, and I may say to the very existence of Mr. Gough. Gentlemen, Mr. John Bartholomew Gough is a gentleman who has acquired, I think I may say, a world-wide reputation as a lecturer in a very great movement, which has attracted very great attention in America and in England,—a movement called the "Temperance League,"—and he complains of libels written against him by the defendant, which go, as you will learn by-and-bye, when the libels are read, to impute to him a series of misconduct, which, perhaps, when

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applied to another person, might almost have been passed as beneath notice and treated with contempt; but when directed by the defendant against the character of Mr. Gough, for the express purpose, as I shall show you, of utterly injuring and destroying him, becomes a matter in which, I am bound to assert, your attention will be kindly bestowed on his behalf, his character being involved in the inquiry; and that attention, I am bound to say, will not be ill-paid or ill bestowed.

Gentlemen, it is necessary, in order to make the series of most malignant libels, which I shall show you were written by the defendant, intelligible to you, that I should state to you, and it shall be shortly, an outline of the case, which will convince you of the motive which the defendant had in directing those libels against Mr. Gough. Gentlemen, Mr. Gough, the plaintiff, is the son, I believe, of a common soldier, who was in the English army, and was born at Sandgate, in Kent. His mother was a woman of very superior character, and a highly intelligent person, and bestowed the best education she could on her son. Mr. Gough was sent very early in life to America, and I believe, in New York, for many years, pursued the business of a book-binder. He improved himself, and is a person, as you will see by-and-bye, and probably you know, of very considerable self-education. I may say he is a person of most extraordinary eloquence. I do not know whether I am addressing any gentlemen who have heard those lectures which he has delivered; but there cannot be any question, that they are the efforts of a most eloquent man, who has devoted himself sincerely and truthfully to the cause of temperance which he has espoused. He became addicted early in life to habits of intemperance; but in 1842, when in America, he was reclaimed from those habits, and at that date he signed a pledge, and formed a habit of attending temperance meetings; because I believe the temperance movement originated and became widely extended in America before it reached England, where, however people may smile at it, it has produced among the working classes, and the lower orders of the country, the most signal advantages. It spread, and assumed a celebrity and position in America, which were afterwards communicated to England, where the results of it, I repeat, have been most advantageous, more especially to the working classes. He commenced lecturing and attending the meetings of these societies, and his lectures justly met with so much success in America that he devoted the whole object of his life to his lectures on this temperance question. In the year 1853, he was brought to England, and during the years 1853, 1854, and 1855, he was lecturing in England, having

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been engaged at that time by the Temperance League,—an association of highly respectable gentlemen, some of whose names, I dare say, when we hear them, will be known to all of us—to lecture in this country.

Now, gentlemen, in order to make this matter intelligible to you, I must explain to you that in America a law, which is very well known here now, by the name of the Maine Liquor Law, was originally passed by the State of Maine, in America. That law, you are aware, was a law for the entire suppression and absolute prohibition of traffic in intoxicating drinks, was adopted by seven of the United States in America, first led by the State of Maine, from which it takes its name. The proposal of that principle reached England, and a society was formed, adopting and advocating the principle of total suppression by legal enactment of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, which called itself, in England and Scotland, the United Kingdom Alliance. Those in whose behalf Mr. Gough was lecturing—the London, now the National Temperance League—did not go so far as advocating a total prohibition of the traffic by any legislative enactment; they left it, therefore, to the moral persuasion of the people, improving them by intelligence and by education; and they took the view that, as it has been very truly said, you cannot succeed in making people religious by act of Parliament, neither can you probably succeed in making men temperate by act of Parliament. These two parties, therefore, were constituted. This is essential to an understanding of the libels which Dr. Lees has thought proper to direct against Mr. Gough; because they originated, as you will see, without the slightest cause of offense given on Mr. Gough's part to Dr. Lees.

Dr. Lees is also a lecturer, and he became a very strong supporter of the United Kingdom Alliance, or the total prohibitionists, as against Mr. Gough and the society, and the interest he advocates, for inculcating by moral persuasion upon the people, and, as I said before, by educating them and appealing to their sense of proper feeling, the habits of temperance, as against intoxication, in the lower orders.

These two bodies, therefore existed; Dr. Lees became a lecturer of the prohibitionists, or the United Kingdom Alliance; Mr. Gough remained earning, as you will hear, a very ample income, for I believe you will hear by-and-bye, that he procured enormous funds by his lectures,—which may be smiled at, but if any person present were to hear them, they would be very much edified,—those lectures being of the highest degree of eloquence, at all events of platform eloquence.

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Mr. Gough then continued lecturing on behalf of the National Temperance League; Dr. Lees adopting the principle of the prohibitionists, or the advocacy of the Maine Liquor Law in this country. Mr. Gough lectured in England,—I think he lectured at Exeter Hall some sixty or seventy times,—and it appeared that some gentleman, called the Hon. Neal Dow, a native of America, was about to visit England in 1857, and that it was some letter which Mr. Gough wrote, a paragraph of which appeared in the Times newspaper, in reference to his visit, as far as we can by any possibility trace, that was the cause and the origin of this attack by Dr. Lees upon him.

Mr. Neal Dow had been the originator, or the author, in America of the Maine Liquor Law, and Mr. Gough was in America at the time the visit to England of Mr. Neal Dow was contemplated; and this letter was written from America by Mr. Gough to a Mr. Campbell. Mr. Gough is writing from America, where he is lecturing, and he is making a remark, most innocently and most properly, upon the effect of the Maine Liquor Law in America to a friend of his.

Here Mr. James read the "dead letter," and resumed:

Now that was a letter—without containing an attack upon any person, without saying anything in the least degree derogatory of the body of gentleman who were advocating the Maine Liquor Law here—conveying a mere expression of opinion as to what Mr. Gough had found in America to be the state of the law. . . . .

That, I believe, is the origin of this attack; and I challenge my friend, by-and-bye, to prove any act or statement of Mr. Gough that will account in the least degree for these libels which Dr. Lees sat down and penned against him, and which you may imagine have been of the most serious consequence, when I tell you that Mr. Gough's lectures produced to him nearly two thousand pounds a year; that he has realized enormous funds for the societies; and that he is a most popular lecturer, received, as I will show you, in various districts of England by gentlemen of the highest position.

Dr. Lees is a gentleman who resides, I believe, at Meanwood, near Leeds; he is a very able controversialist, and has the pen, certainly, of a ready writer; and he sat down and addressed the libels which I will now read to you, to Mr. Wilson, a gentleman of very large fortune, residing near Nottingham, who has espoused the temperance cause, and done, I believe, vast good in the town of Nottingham and the neighbor-

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hood where he resides, by inculcating in the minds of the lower orders habits of temperance and abstinence from intoxication.

Gentlemen, I will read to you these letters which Dr. Lees thought proper to write, and which form the libels that are complained of in this declaration, and explain them as I go on. They are four. The first letter is dated "Christmas, 1857." I will hand to my lord presently, which may assist my lord, underscored in red ink, that portion of the libels which they justify. They have left a very large portion, as you will see by-and-bye, utterly unjustified, and Dr. Lees must, in the mouth of his counsel, admit that he is utterly unable to justify them, and that he has not a shadow of foundation for the libels that are charged against him.

"A happy new year to you all at Sherwood. I have just returned from Scotland, where I have met with several persons who can speak to a fact of which I was previously cognizant, that your friend St. Bartholomew"——

It is a slighting way of speaking of Mr. Gough; his name is Bartholomew, and Dr. Lees calls him—of course in a slighting, offensive way—"St. Bartholomew."

"Your friend, St. Bartholomew, has often been seen narcotically and helplessly intoxicated. I should have announced that fact before, of which I have distinct proof, but out of fear of injuring the cause, and out of pity for the saint himself, I forbore, on receipt of his apology. But he has been sinning worse than before, and his correspondence with Mr. Dexter, whom I have already exposed across the water, and shall still further, appears in the monstrous lies against the Alliance in a leading article of a Boston paper, now before me, (I post you extracts). His demoniac persecution of Sinclair is astounding—I will not say not Christian, but perfectly infernal. A friend at Edinburgh, who was present, told me and Pope all about it, and Mrs. Gough sent the papers! This is conduct more like fiends than men, and if those people will fight with such unholy weapons, they cannot hope that we will remain forever silent. I will not, and if Mr. Dexter is not instructed to recall his article and apologize for it, and to make the *amende* to poor Sinclair, my next letter to the States shall contain all the information I possess anent St. Bartholomew himself, whom I believe to be"——

This is not justified, nor any part of it——

"as rank a hypocrite and as wicked a man as breathes in the Queen's dominions—infinitely less genuine than Sinclair himself. If you have

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any influence with these people you will consider whether you ought to use it; but I assure you that if the author of the new mischief does not supply me speedily with a contradiction of his friend Dexter's statement, and of regret concerning Sinclair (for Mr. Hope and others characterize his libel as monstrous and unwarranted by facts), I will not allow the man and his family to be sacrificed by my silence to the devices of a wicked vengeance, and therefore give you a fair warning. I hope you will feel as much interested in the claims of justice (as regards the Alliance and Sinclair) as you felt anxiety about your *protégé*.

Yours truly, F. R. Lees."

In that there is not, as I will show you, a syllable of truth,—not a syllable. Mr. Gough will be called as a witness; he had nothing whatever to do with any attacks, and more than that, I believe you will be satisfied that Dr. Lees well knew this when he sat down and penned these libels.

"P. S. I do not want to trouble you with any correspondence, or any one else. My ultimatum is simply this from the guilty party:—

"1. A simple repudiation of Dexter's portrait and proceedings of the Alliance, as inaccurate.

"2. An expression of pleasure at learning that parties authorized to know, regard the charges against Mr. Sinclair as unwarranted.

"If I have these under his hand within a week, disclosure will not take place without further provocation; if not, it will, for justice shall be done, even if the temperance heavens fall."

He quotes, as you know, "Fiat justitia ruat cælum," applied, as Dr. Lees applies it, to the temperance question.

Gentlemen, you will see that it is a threat of exposure,—a statement that Dr. Lees has something to expose to the public against the character of Mr. Gough. Here is a reference to a matter in which really Mr. Gough had no interest, had not taken part, had made no attack; but Dr. Lees chooses, by a threat to an intimate friend of his, Mr. Wilson, whose acquaintance was of value, of course, as a gentleman of position to Mr. Gough, "If I have under his hand within a week, the disclosure shall not take place without further provocation."

This is not pretended to be, because it could not be for the benefit of any society here, but a threat that if Mr. Gough did not do a thing which he could not do,—for he had nothing whatever to do with it,—further disclosures would take place.

Mr. Lees is here, and will show by his examination that there is not

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a shadow or pretense of a foundation for those disclosures. This is the first letter Mr. Lees thought proper to indite to Mr. Wilson. The next letter is dated,—

"MEANWOOD, January 3, 1858.

"*My dear Mr. Wilson*,—The whole affair about Dexter, who is Gough's bosom friend, you will learn from a perusal of the enclosed printed letter, which has been sent across the water, in reply to an application as to the truth of Dexter's leader from the 'Massachusetts State Temperance Society.'

"This letter will (provisionally) be followed by another anent the personal matter regarding St. Bartholomew. Of course we have nothing to do with Mr. Dexter, who is merely the tool of Mr. Gough,—the 'leader' being that person's letter reflected. Hence, I want Mr. Gough's repudiation of his friend's 'portrait' of the Alliance, simply to put the finishing stroke to the reputation, and I propose this as the condition of withholding the portrait of St. Bartholomew."

There is another threat—"from the press."

There is a threat which Dr. Lees held out, that he was in possession of certain information, and a statement that he will withdraw that from the press on condition of Mr. Gough undoing that which he had really not done at all; for you will hear by-and-bye that he was really no party whatever to the matter respecting which the suggestion has been made.

"I had fancied that you were still in active correspondence with Mr. Gough, hence I wrote you so that you might give your friends 'fair warning,' and allow them an opportunity of averting my disclosures. You can understand my feelings, when, for many motives I held my tongue for above a year; and God knows how hard I feel it to be compelled to speak out now, if I must indeed. But certainly I cannot (out of regard to my own or other people's feelings) allow this course of things to go on, and a new obstacle be raised up to that noble man, Dow. I cannot allow our friends to be crushed in this demoniac fashion. Of course you know that Mr. P. Sinclair would have an action of libel against the 'Edinburgh News' if he lived here; and so, were I to state all I know, and give the names of the parties impeached, I should be liable, and the greater the truth the greater the libel. I shall so state the facts as to avoid this, and I give a challenge to the parties aggrieved, therefore, 'ask me for the truth, gentlemen, and I'll provide you with the evidence in reply to your request.'

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"If they are anxious to do so, they can do so; the matter concerns the guilty or the innocent rather than me.

"As to my information, you have rightly opined that it is conclusive to myself. I have no more doubt about it than of my present fact of writing. Mr. Pope does not know what I am doing; but write him, and ask if he has not heard (from once warm admirers of St. Bartholomew) and from many in conjunction, the most conclusive testimony.

"The 'saint' has been often intoxicated with drugs—(twice to my own certain knowledge)—once insensibly so, in the streets of London; many times in Glasgow until he was helpless. I have seen many persons who have assured me of this."

This part, my lord will see, is justified.

"And last week Graham of the London Hotel told us that Mr. Gavin asked him, under penalty of prosecution, if he declined to sign a paper of retractation (denying what he had seen), and of course he refused. No action of libel has been taken. No fear about these 'people' wanting inquiry; and these things are only types of other un-Christian and false proceedings. Strong as my own feelings are, still I will 'precipitate' nothing, and my second letter will not be sent to America for a week or ten days. In haste, yours truly, F. R. Lees."

That is another threat to Mr. Wilson that he would send a letter to America, and publish to the world that which he says here he knows.

We shall challenge Dr. Lees to come into the witness box, and we shall see whether he dares to swear what he knows of his own knowledge, and can produce any other witness to support the facts and the libels that he alleges against Mr. Gough.

The third letter, gentlemen, is dated the 7th of January:—

"My dear Mr. Wilson,—I should have replied to yours yesterday, had I not been very sick. I have been attending mechanics' co-operative and temperance soirées and lectures so much that I suppose the bilious ducts have got wrong, and I am paying the penalty. I am better to-day, and a very heavy snow has fallen, and I cannot get a copy of the printed letter until I go to town. I do not agree with you in thinking that it is our duty to enter upon a crusade against individual hypocrisy or inconsistency. My notion is that we should speak out the truth in such cases only when it will do service—*i. e.*—either prevent evil or produce good. I don't want to hunt down Sinclair's persecutor, as he has tried to hunt down poor Sinclair; but I want to compel by

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fear of exposure the 'hunter' to undo the mischief as far as possible. If he won't, then, of course, justice demands the procedure I shall adopt.

"If I am mistaken, so much the better for him, and so much the worse for me. You will see that I have a practical purpose in view, and I cannot consent to go further into the other matter, until the person concerned shall authorize me to do so. When I obtain a request and a guarantee, I can then obtain the evidence for you; but until then, it is confined to myself, Pope, and a few others. If any gentleman will guarantee me against the costs of an action for libel, which was threatened by 'S. B.' in London, as condition that I prove its truth, I will print what I know with names in full."

Here is a man who says, as you will see by and by, that he will print a libel provided he can get any one to guarantee him against the pecuniary consequences of doing so; and when I put in the correspondence of Mr. Wilson, and the letters that he wrote in answer to those calumnious attacks on Mr. Gough—I will not read them at the outset—you will see the cowardice with which Dr. Lees has acted from beginning to end.

When he was taxed, when Mr. Wilson said, "You made all these attacks;" he said, "No;" he shrank from it then, and positively in some of the letters repeats the very libels over again, though he shrank from them and said that he made no charge. Now he says that if anybody will guarantee him against the pecuniary consequences, then he will go on and libel Mr. Gough just as long as, and in any manner he pleases.

"If they don't it is because they dare not.

"I can solemnly affirm, for one, that unless I don't know what drugging is, I have seen the saint intoxicated."

That is justified by Dr. Lees; but we challenge him to come into the box to prove it.

"For your further satisfaction, however, I have written to the witnesses to ask if they will write what they speak, and must again speak if called upon before a jury. We shall see. It can scarcely be expected, however, that they will invite an action for libel which has been threatened, though they are willing in private conversation to testify to what may be seen. Our poor 'S. B.' is not the only person in the world who makes large pretensions, and lives with unfitting illustrations.

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I know eminent and eloquent men in the church, whose lives are very low and base. Our Cagliostro"——

I suppose he compares him to the celebrated Count Cagliostro, and seems to indicate that he is a juggler and a trickster.

"Our Cagliostro is not so much to blame as the world that will be humbugged; and I shall not, therefore, regard it as my duty to specially expose him, unless it is needful, to any practical purpose of saving Sinclair's usefulness, and gagging the unscrupulous foes of the Alliance. Yours truly, F. R. Lees."

A pretty letter certainly, to write to a man to whom he indicates a threat that if Mr. Gough does not withdraw that which he had positively never done at all, he would visit him with an exposure which, as you will understand, to a gentleman of Mr. Gough's position is utterly destructive, not only of his character, but of his very existence.

Gentlemen, the last letter which I will trouble you with is this:—

"*Dear Sir*,—Am very bad to-day with bile, and write in haste and pain. My letter of yesterday would answer some of your queries, and the enclosed will answer others. I have written to Marr"——

Mr. Marr is the Secretary of the Scottish League.

"I have written to Marr direct, asking for disclaimer, and if I don't get it, I shall publish the enclosed in the American papers.

"Ask Mr. Beggs about that London business."

That is, the intoxication which he ventured to state that he could prove himself, that Mr. Gough was insensibly intoxicated in the streets of London.

"Ask Mr. Beggs about that London business—he knows of it, though he was not my informant—and Tweedie won't deny it, but only try to explain it. Yours truly, F. R. Lees."

Enclosed is this printed paper, to which I will now direct your attention. He enclosed in his letter to Mr. Wilson this piece of printed paper, in three strips:

"I mean that he is often intoxicated, not with alcohol, but with other narcotics. I do not tell you of what I have heard, and which for long I have struggled to disbelieve; but of what I know.

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"I have seen your informant, unless I am greatly mistaken as to who he is, clearly intoxicated with some drug, and seen it more than once. I know also that he used to consume tobacco by chewing; for he once consulted me on the matter, partly to throw me off the true scent.

"I know a score of persons who have seen him in the same condition, —some who have seen him helplessly, almost idiotically intoxicated. I know others who have seen him insensible in the streets of London.

"Nervous apoplexy, called! vomiting of matter, and so on, were among the symptoms; and I can, if necessary, tell you some shops where your informant bought opium."

Now, I will prove to you that Mr. Gough never bought an ounce of opium in his life; that this is, therefore, a most wicked, deliberate falsehood; and we challenge Dr. Lees to go into the box himself, or call any human being to prove it. We will call Mr. Gough, and persons who have been about him, and intimate friends; and he will tell you upon his solemn oath he never bought a grain, or an ounce, or a particle of opium in his life. Dr. Lees, however, says:

"I can tell you some shops where he bought opium. I do not care to tell you of his prevarication, of his mercenariness, his meanness, and his sponging,—of his fondness for visiting styes and low localities,—for the tastes of a life-time cannot be got rid of, or the marks of the beast be easily eradicated. But of all these, I have a long, authenticated catalogue, gathered in various parts of the kingdom; but I give this challenge."

This challenge which he gives, Mr. Gough accepts, and we shall see by and by, how Dr. Lees will come out of this challenge.

"Let the calumniator of the Alliance, your informant and portrait-sketcher, ask me in this country, for the proof; let him request me to bring the matter before a jury of twelve Englishmen of character, and I pledge myself, on the honor of a gentleman, and the faith of a Christian, to furnish names, and adduce further evidence of what I have now asserted. One of my witnesses and informants, was asked to recant some time ago, to sign a paper expressing his regret at stating that he had seen what he had seen. Prosecution was threatened if he did not; he declined, as every honest man would do, and he has not been prosecuted."

And this is the document which was sent to Mr. Wilson, and which was threatened to be put into an American paper, to be circulated in

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every portion of the States where Mr. Gough had acquired a very due celebrity, and was treated with honor and kindness.

Gentlemen, this is the outline of the case. There is another letter; at the outset I do not wish to weary you with every letter and every detail; you will have the opportunity of fully examining them; but this is the general outline of the case. We will prove it, as I stated, by calling Mr. Gough and other witnesses by-and-bye, when the question arises, and we see the sort of defense which Dr. Lees will attempt to set up. The question of damages will be a question for consideration hereafter; but this is the general outline of the case, which, on the part of Mr. Gough, I propose to lay before you.

MR. JOHN BARTHOLOMEW GOUGH.

Examined by Mr. Wilde:

I believe you are now a lecturer on temperance, residing at 4 South Parade, Brompton? I am.

In the earlier part of your life, I believe, you followed the trade of a book-binder? I did.

Was that in England, or in the United States? In the United States.

How old are you? Forty-one next August.

I believe you resided all the earlier portion of your life in the United States? I left this country at twelve years of age.

And resided in the United States? Until 1853.

At the time when you followed the business of a book-binder, I believe, you had become addicted more or less to intemperate habits? I had.

And suffered very much from it? I did.

But in 1842, I believe, you were fortunate enough to have taken the pledge? I signed the pledge the last Monday night in October, 1842, and violated that pledge in the beginning of 1843.

Baron Martin: Was this Father Mathew's pledge? No.

Mr. Wilde: You took the pledge in 1842? I did.

Mr. James: Just attend to the questions.

Mr. Wilde: When did you first become a lecturer on temperance? In 1843.

Were your lectures delivered in different parts of America? Yes.

I believe your name became known pretty well in the United States, did it not? I think so.

I am told you have traveled something like ten thousand miles a year, lecturing? Nearly that.

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In 1845, I believe, you had a short illness? Yes.

From that time down to the present have you been gaining your livelihood as a lecturer on temperance? I have.

In 1853, you first came to England for a short time? In 1853.

And I believe you were then engaged by the London Temperance League? I was.

Their office is in the Strand, I believe? It is.

Did you also enter into an engagement with the Scottish Temperance League? I did for a short time.

They are established at Glasgow? At Glasgow.

While you were lecturing for these two Leagues, about how often did you lecture? I have my record here; I could tell precisely.

But I only want to know in a very general way. Would you be every day lecturing? I think in the two years I delivered four hundred and thirteen, or from that to four hundred and twenty lectures.

And to immense audiences, I believe? Large.

I should not be wrong in saying that very many thousands attended sometimes? Yes.

And your livelihood consists in the remuneration that you receive from these Leagues, by employing your abilities in this way? Entirely.

How much a year do you receive for lecturing? I am not paid by the year; but by the single lecture. If I do nothing I am paid nothing.

What are you paid by the lecture? The National League, and the Scottish League also, pay me ten guineas per lecture.

And you deliver something like two hundred in the year? I do.

We can form an estimate then. I suppose the admissions to hear your lectures are not gratuitous? No.

Therefore, you have brought funds — considerable funds — to the societies by your lectures, have you not? I think I have.

Have you also written and published? Mr. Tweedie has published for me.

How are those funds obtained? By those admissions? By annual subscriptions, donations, legacies.

And by the profits of the lectures? The Leagues do not receive, if I understand it, the profits of my lectures; they are given to the individual societies who employ me.

What I wanted to know was, what becomes of the surplus of the money, beyond what they pay you? It is given to the society which procures my services from the Leagues.

Do they expend it in publications? As they please.

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These societies do publish largely, do they not? They do not publish, but they purchase publications from head-quarters.

And distribute them? And distribute them.

The object, I believe, of both these societies is to endeavor to eradicate drunkenness by means of persuasion? Persuasion and prohibition.

But first and chief, persuasion? First and chief, persuasion.

Mr. Wilde: Persuasion until society is sufficiently ripe for prohibition?

Baron Martin: You are going very far from it; we are trying a libel.

Mr. James: We must make it intelligible.

Mr. Wilde: The object of these societies lies at the bottom of the libel, therefore I wanted it understood at the outset.

First, persuasion; and then afterwards as a result prohibition, possibly? Yes.

Is there also another society called the United Kingdom Alliance? There is.

Is the defendant, Dr. Lees, a lecturer on behalf of that society? I believe he is so published by their papers.

But he is a lecturer? A lecturer.

Does that society profess to enforce the cure of drunkenness by persuasion, or by prohibitive means? Their great object is to obtain a Maine Law. Their title or their motto is, "Total and immediate prohibition."

By law? Yes.

In March, 1857, were you in Boylston, in the State of Massachusetts? I cannot tell unless I see my book.

Well, if you have got your book here, I dare say we shall want it for some other purpose; but no doubt you recollect enough for my purpose. In the spring of 1857 you wrote a letter from Massachusetts? I did.

To a Mr. Campbell? Yes.

Before you wrote that letter had you an opportunity of seeing to what extent the Maine Liquor Law was successful? I thought I had.

And did you write about that time a letter to Mr. Campbell? I did.

On the subject of the Maine Liquor Law? I did.

And did you afterwards see that letter in print? Yes.

Did Mr. Campbell himself print it? It was printed in the Weekly Record.

Had you anything to do with the printing of it? No; that was done by Mr. Campbell.

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Was it printed by your suggestion? No.

Was that the letter in which you used the expression that the Maine Liquor Law had become a dead letter? It was.

Mr. Macaulay: Read it all.

Mr. Wilde: I will do so with pleasure. Just see whether this paragraph applies to it.

Here Mr. Wilde read the "dead letter" and resumed:

Previous to your writing that letter I presume you had heard of Neal Dow going to England? Yes.

Neal Dow is the advocate of the Maine Law, I believe? He was the originator of it.

He was the first advocate of it—the successful advocate? Yes.

Had you been personally acquainted with him? I had.

And had contracted a friendship with him, I believe? I stayed at his house when visiting Portland.

In July, 1857, I believe, you reached England? I did.

To fulfil an engagement which you had entered into with the National Temperance League? Yes.

Was that an engagement to lecture for three years? Three years between the two Leagues—eight months for England, and four months for Scotland; eight months for England in each year, and four months for Scotland.

Upon the terms you have mentioned—ten guineas a lecture? Upon those terms.

In the beginning of last January were you lecturing at Cupar, in Fife? I was.

I believe you keep a diary, Mr. Gough? I do, (referring) it was in January, 1858.

Did you there receive a letter from Mr. Wilson? Yes.

Let me ask you, who was Mr. Wilson? A gentleman residing at Sherwood Hall, a friend of mine.

Where is that? Near Mansfield.

In Nottinghamshire? In Nottinghamshire.

Is he a gentleman of property? I expect so.

However, he is living as a gentleman of property, as an independent gentleman, at Sherwood Hall? At Sherwood Hall.

He takes a great interest in this movement of temperance? That brought us together.

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I cannot ask the contents of that letter, but I only want to know whether upon the receipt of that letter it was the first occasion that you heard of insinuations being made against you for opium eating or intoxication? No.

But I mean the first charge that had ever been made against you? The first charge that I could get hold of.

You had heard rumors, you say, before? I had heard rumors, and treated them as rumors.

I suppose, like most public men, you are not wholly without your enemies, Mr. Gough? No.

On the 15th of January were you informed by Mr. Sinclair Marr, of Glasgow, again, as to charges being made against you? I was.

Mr. Marr is the secretary of one of these Temperance Leagues? The Scottish League?

Had you known him for several years? I knew him for about six or eight months when I was in the country before, and came to labor under the society of which he was the secretary.

Did you see Mr. Marr, or hear from him? I saw him.

Did he then hand you this letter?—[the letter was handed to the witness]. He read it to the company in my room, and then handed it round, that we might all see the signatures,—to several gentlemen.

Although you say you had heard from Mr. Wilson that there had been a specific charge made against you——

Mr. Macaulay: My lord, I do not want to encumber the case with evidence. Inasmuch as the libel, so-called, is conveyed in a letter to the plaintiff by Mr. Wilson, to whom it is addressed—and he says so—if it is convenient I should like to see Mr. Wilson's letter, and if you will, take that part of Mr. Gough's evidence.

Mr. Wilde: By all means.

Mr. James: We are showing how Mr. Gough heard of it.

Mr. Macaulay: In the correspondence with Mr. Wilson he gives no evidence of its being conveyed to Mr. Gough.

Mr. James: I will call Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Macaulay: But I should like to see this letter.

Baron Martin: If this letter is objectionable in the examination——

Mr. Macaulay: I do not say it is objectionable.

Mr. Wilde: Then, if there is nothing objectionable in it, we will go on. Now, Mr. Gough, although you had known that there was a charge made against you, did you, before Mr. Marr showed you that letter, know it was the defendant, Dr. Lees, who was attacking you?

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I did not; and did not know then that he was my accuser to Mr. Wilson.

But when you knew that, you knew it was the original letter of Dr. Lees? To Mr. Marr.

Mr. James: It was the first time he heard of it distinctly.

Mr. Wilde: That letter, I see, speaks of your eating opium. I may at once ask you whether you ever ate opium in your life? I never did.

Did you ever buy opium? I never bought a bit in my life.

Or chewed opium? Never chewed a bit in my life.

The whole thing is a fabrication with reference to the opium? The whole thing with reference to the opium is a fabrication.

Or any other narcotic? I am not speaking of tobacco, you know.

There is one case, if you will allow me to explain it, in my early history, which is published in the history of my life. I was very desperate, friendless, and in despair, and I very wickedly bought sixpenny worth of laudanum, kept it in my waistcoat pocket a week, and one night when I felt great distress at the utter impossibility of my ever rising in life——

Baron Martin: We had better not go into that.

Mr. Wilde: I did not wish to stop the witness.

The Witness: But I never touched my tongue to it. That is the only time in my life. I should not have mentioned this, but you asked me "in my whole life."

That was before you took the pledge, therefore, in 1842? In 1840 or 1841.

The libel also speaks of your being narcotically and helplessly intoxicated. Now, I must ask you whether, with opium, or spirits, or wine, or fermented liquors of any sort—I am speaking of the period since you took the pledge—since 1843—you were ever intoxicated, or whether you ever drank any intoxicating liquor in your lips? Since 1845, I can take my oath I never did.

Mr. Macaulay: Since when? Witness: Since 1845.

Mr. Wilde: Since 1845 you never had spirits, or wine, or any fermented liquor in your lips? Except in 1846, when it was given me as a medicine by Dr. Winship of Roxbury, who gave it to me, a spoonful at a time, when I was expected to die.

I see in this libel there are some charges spoken of as being made against the Alliance by a Mr. Dexter; who is Mr. Dexter? The editor of "The Congregationalist" paper, in Boston.

It would appear from the defendant's letter that some article had ap-

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peared in that paper of Mr. Dexter's, reflecting on the Alliance society? There was.

There was such a letter? There was.

And was there any reflection upon a Mr. Sinclair? Not in that paper, I believe.

Then I will keep to the one. Had you anything to do with the writing or the publication of that article? Not anything.

You had nothing to do with the writing or publication of that article? I had nothing to do with it.

Did you know of the article, or of its being written, before it appeared? I did not.

Did you know of the article after it appeared, before you got this letter? I saw it in the paper; we take it, it comes regularly.

Oh! you take the paper? But before you took the paper, in the usual course of the paper arriving to you, did you know anything about it? No.

And had no hand in it whatever? No.

Have you ever been in correspondence, directly or indirectly, with Mr. Dexter? Never.

Have you ever seen him? I saw him once.

To speak to him? Once to speak to him.

Is that all? The night before I sailed, that is all.

Since you sailed, and since you came over to England, have you ever been in communication with him? Not at all.

With reference to Mr. Sinclair—he is alluded to, I see, here; in what paper was it that any article appeared about Mr. Sinclair? In the "Edinburgh News."

Had you anything to do with the publication of that article? No.

Directly or indirectly? Neither directly nor indirectly.

Do you take the "Edinburgh News?" No.

Did you see the article after it appeared? I did.

Had you seen it before you saw this letter of Dr. Lees—the letter in which he speaks of it? Do you recollect whether you had seen it before that?

Before I had seen Dr. Lees' letter to Mr. Marr?

Yes, before you saw Dr. Lees' letter to Mr. Marr? Yes.

Did you know anything of the article before it appeared in the paper? I expected there would be an article reflecting on Mr. Sinclair.

Had you anything to do with it? No.

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Who was Sinclair? He was formerly the keeper of a temperance hotel in Edinburgh.

What was he doing at the time when the article appeared? He was in America.

What part was he taking in America? He was lecturing to children on temperance.

I see that this letter, or one of the others—it matters little which—speaks of your having been insensibly and otherwise intoxicated in the streets of London? Yes.

Is there a word of truth in that accusation? No.

Do you recollect the afternoon of the 23d March, 1855? Just turn to your diary and see whether you were in London at that time.

Baron Martin: I do agree with Mr. Macaulay that it would be more convenient that the letter should be read. Let them hear it, and see what it is.

Mr. Wilde: We will put it in.

Mr. Macaulay: I think the more convenient mode will be to call Mr. Wilson.

Baron Martin: You had better call Mr. Wilson, then, and let Mr. Gough stand over; it will be more convenient.

Mr. James: We will ask Mr. Wilson.

Baron Martin: Mr. Macaulay adopts that view, and Mr. Macaulay has the right of cross-examining Mr. Wilson.

Mr. James: Of course, my lord, I shall not interfere with it.

Baron Martin: The ordinary way in an action for libel is to prove the libel.

Mr. James: Certainly, my lord.

Mr. Wilde: Mr. Wilson had better be sworn and asked the handwriting.

Baron Martin: You cannot adopt that course except Mr. Macaulay wishes. He has a right to put him in the box and cross-examine him.

Mr. James: We are agreeable to any course. We are only endeavoring to consult the convenience of all parties.

Baron Martin: After the positive statement of Mr. Gough respecting the imputation upon him, some satisfactory arrangement might be made with the parties so as to prevent the case going any further. I suppose that is his main object.

Mr. James: It is to vindicate his character, and put an end to these scandalous rumors, which are very destructive to him in his position.

Mr. Macaulay: I think my learned friend Mr. James and I under-

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stand one another, my lord. I wish to say one word. Dr. Lees, the defendant here to these libels contained in the letters addressed to Mr. Wilson—(I wish my learned friend to mark what I am saying, because I am not going to trespass beyond what I may be thought justified in doing)—is writing, Mr. Gough says, to his own intimate friend, and these letters to Mr. Wilson are the libels set forth by my learned friend.

Dr. Lees states most emphatically, and with great reiteration, no doubt, that he has this information, which he entirely believes, with regard to certain habits of Mr. Gough, which are inconsistent with his public professions; and the foundation of his applying to Mr. Wilson, is this:—"I charge Mr. Gough with being the author of a persecuting attack upon one Peter Sinclair, who has been ferociously and improperly attacked in newspapers, which have been disseminated in America to his prejudice; and from information that I have, I have ground to believe that Mr. Gough is at the bottom of these attacks upon Mr. Sinclair. I tell *you*, not the world, but I tell *you*, as Mr. Gough's friend that I have this information and belief with regard to his habits, and I wish you to let Mr. Gough know that unless I procure a retractation of the attacks upon Sinclair, in whose defense I propose to attack Mr. Gough, I shall persist in making those charges against Mr. Gough."

That is the substance of the letters to Mr. Wilson, containing the libel. Mr. Wilson, I think, would appear to have committed the error of never communicating to Mr. Gough the true character of the letter from Dr. Lees to himself; in other words, Mr. Gough never had given to him by Mr. Wilson the opportunity of satisfying Dr. Lees, which he has had to-day; that he, Mr. Gough, was, in point of fact, not author of, and had nothing to do with the attacks on Peter Sinclair, who was a Scotchman in America, and engaged in this temperance question on his own account; or the other attacks on the operations of the Alliance, which Dr. Lees attributed to Mr. Gough.

If the communication had gone from Mr. Wilson to Mr. Gough in the sense and in the terms in which it went from Dr. Lees to Mr. Wilson, namely, this,—"Dr. Lees says you are the author or are privy to such and such attacks upon Peter Sinclair—you are the author of or are privy to such and such libelous attacks upon the directorate of the Alliance, and Dr. Lees has got these charges communicated to him with regard to you, which we will press upon you unless you retract your attacks on Peter Sinclair." Mr. Gough would have had the opportunity of showing, as he has to-day, that he had nothing whatever to do with these publications.

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Now, my lord, Mr. Gough having stated that much, and having also gone on into a matter into which I have not, and I am sure Dr. Lees has not, the least wish to enter, or to appear and bring forward here as the accusers of Mr. Gough—a function which Dr. Lees is not desirous of performing, although he thought his information warranted him in his assertions; Dr. Lees, having heard this disavowal of Mr. Gough—in which he places implicit credit—that he had nothing whatever to do with those grievances that set Dr. Lees in motion when corresponding with Mr. Wilson,—Dr. Lees is perfectly prepared to retract his justification, and by no means, in retracting that justification, to have it understood that Mr. Gough, who is not to be cross-examined by me, is otherwise than entirely to be believed upon his oath. Dr. Lees is willing and anxious that this matter should be shortened.

Baron Martin: There should be a retractation of the charges against Mr. Gough in the plainest possible terms.

Mr. James: They are utterly destructive of Mr. Gough's position.

Baron Martin: I think if a man brings forward charges of this kind against another, there should be an utter retractation of them.

Mr. Macaulay: It would never appear that Dr. Lees would have disseminated this charge, which of course is highly libelous, in any other sense than as a strict communication to a personal and confidential friend of Mr. Gough. It is a fact, that the whole correspondence in which those accusations occur had been deemed by Dr. Lees to be communications to the confidential friend of Mr. Gough.

Mr. James: As counsel for Mr. Gough, I have nothing whatever to do with any motives that may have actuated Dr. Lees in writing these libels. If my friend asks me whether Mr. Gough denies most explicitly having been any party to the attack on Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Gough has denied it upon his oath. I have nothing whatever to do with any motives that actuated Dr. Lees in putting forward those libels; all I, on the part of Mr. Gough, require,—and I can take no less,—is a most positive and absolute retractation of every one of those charges that have been made against Mr. Gough's character, which he is bound to vindicate; otherwise the charges are utterly destructive of his position.

Whatever Dr. Lees' motives may have been, whether he chooses to come forward in a sort of Quixotic style——

Baron Martin: As far as the evidence has gone, the plaintiff is clearly entitled to, and can take nothing less than, an ample retractation.

Mr. James: If there is an entire retractation of the charges, I shall

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be perfectly satisfied with it; but I have nothing to do with Dr. Lees' motives.

Mr. Macaulay: Dr. Lees never had any object, my lord——

Baron Martin: I cannot deal with it, Mr. Macaulay; but my own notion is, that Mr. James takes a right view of it. Nothing can justify a man in making these statements, unless upon the clearest sort of evidence, under any provocation.

Mr. Macaulay: I was very much misunderstood, I apprehend, if I gave it in a smaller sense than that which I should wish. To say nothing about the intemperate language, Dr. Lees was very much excited about his friend Sinclair; but what he advanced was upon information, which information he is not prepared, nor does he in the least pretend, to bring forward evidence to substantiate before this jury.

Mr. James: My lord, that is not sufficient.

Mr. Macaulay: I must guard myself against an admission that Dr. Lees wantonly, or against an honest conviction in his mind at the time, advanced these charges against Mr. Gough maliciously. I can make no such admission as that.

Mr. James: I do not ask that, nor do I require it. What I require is, that now, upon this stage of the proceedings, upon reflection, Dr. Lees is satisfied that there is no truth or pretence for those charges. That is what I require. I require no humiliation from Dr. Lees as to his motive at the time when he wrote them. I only want him to come into a court of justice and say,—"On reflection, there is no justification for those charges." I should be guilty of desertion of my client if I asked for less.

Baron Martin: Just refer, Mr. Macaulay, to your third plea.

Mr. Macaulay: My lord, all that Dr. Lees can ever say upon that is, that the information on which that plea was founded, was the information of the opinion of individuals. After what Mr. Gough has said, and said upon his oath—after that, therefore, which Dr. Lees now knows, but which he did not know then, it cannot be denied; and I have no hesitation in saying, in the most open and abundant manner, Dr. Lees did not set up, and would not in his own mind set up, the opinion of those who merely spoke from observation.

Baron Martin: I think you had better go on with the case.

Mr. James: There is a portion of the libel in which Dr. Lees says he has seen the plaintiff clearly intoxicated with some drug, and seen it more than once.

Mr. Wilde: We had better go on with it.

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Baron Martin: You had better call and prove the libel in the ordinary way.

Mr. Macaulay: I hope Dr. Lees is not going to suffer by my bungling expression.

Baron Martin: He is not suffering at all. We will go through his case, and it shall be as fairly tried as it can possibly be.

Mr. Macaulay: The admission was only so phrased by me for fear of admitting that which I never can admit—that Dr. Lees had published these things not believing that they were true when he published them. I never can believe that Dr. Lees published these things to Mr. Wilson, having no belief of their truth at the time he published them. What I desired to do was, instead of cross-examining Mr. Gough, to make a retractation of the justification—in other words a retractation on Dr. Lees' part of the charges against Mr. Gough, instead of going into any attempt to justify them; and I thought my learned friend and I had understood one another, and that he was content.

Baron Martin: If Mr. James is content, I am sure I am content.

Mr. James: My lord, if I am to understand that the charges that have been made are wholly and distinctly withdrawn, I am satisfied. It is plain enough.

Mr. Macaulay: I thought I was imperfectly understood.

Baron Martin: The fourth plea to the second count of the declaration states that the defendant had seen the plaintiff, himself, intoxicated in Glasgow. I think you want a distinct and plain retractation of that, without any qualification.

Mr. Macaulay: It is given, my lord.

Baron Martin: It is all withdrawn, then, I understand?

Mr. James: It is, my lord.

Baron Martin: I think the plaintiff is entitled to a verdict, and to a plain, distinct, and entire retractation. What will you take a verdict for?

Mr. James: Five guineas.

The verdict was accordingly taken for five guineas.

Thus ended the trial of Gough *vs.* Lees.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Continued Controversy—Macaulay's Letter—Extract from the "London Morning Star"—"Manchester Examiner and Times."

BUT the end of the controversy was not yet. Though I had the privilege of leaving to the Jury the question of damages, I proposed by my counsel to receive a verdict, "five guineas by consent" to carry costs—as I know I had no motive but to gain a complete vindication of my character from the assaults made upon it by Dr. Lees. And when the "distinct and plain retractation without any qualification" was given, I was, content; but Dr. Lees, that same day, sent a communication to the newspapers that were in the interests of the Alliance, which they published in the same column with their report of the trial. The "Record" and "Scottish Journal" also received copies. I insert Mr. Nelson's letter to the editor of the "Alliance Weekly News," with the enclosure from Dr. Lees:

MANCHESTER, June 24, 1858.

Sir,—In justice to Dr. Lees, I beg to request your insertion of the enclosed, with your report of the trial. A copy has also been sent to the other temperance journals, including the "Weekly Record," and the journal of the "Scottish Temperance League."

Yours truly,

J. E. NELSON,

Hon. Sec. of Dr. Lees' Defense Fund.

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(Enclosure.)

GOUGH *vs.* LEES.

"The retractation made by my counsel on which the nominal verdict was given, was made without any authority from me, or my solicitors; on the contrary, I strenuously protested against it, and insisted on the case proceeding, fearless of the issue." (Signed) F. R. LEES.

London, June 21, 1858.

One of my friends wrote to Mr. Macaulay, (Lees' counsel) and received the annexed letter:

MIDLAND CIRCUIT, Derby, 27th July.

Sir,—I had heard, but not seen in print that Dr. Lees has stated that the course taken by me on his behalf on the trial of the action by Mr. Gough was without his authority. Inasmuch as he was in court sitting under me, and I took the course I did after repeated communications with him, and ultimately with his assent, (without which I could have done nothing,) I did not regard the reports I heard, of what others had read in newspapers I did not see, as of any moment. I have had no communication from Dr. Lees, or any other person on his behalf since the trial. The imputation that I acted otherwise than out of a simple regard to the interests of Dr. Lees, or with any understanding with Mr. James inconsistent with my duty to my client, is one which I do not think it worth my while to combat, and which I am sure would not be attempted to be put upon me in the presence of any to whom I am known. The mere fact is, that in common with two eminent members of the Bar, who were associated with me in Dr. Lees' defense, I was of opinion that to persist in endeavoring to justify, with the evidence we had, the libels complained of, would have resulted in a verdict for an amount of damages which would have been absolutely disastrous to Dr. Lees, and I urged upon him most strongly the propriety of withdrawing from the case in the manner adopted, unless indeed, the persons who seemed to be aiding him in the matter were prepared to pay for him any amount of damages, with the costs, that the jury might award—otherwise if Dr. Lees were not in a condition to protect himself by payment out of his own resources from the consequences of an adverse verdict, his only resort would be the Insolvent Court, where he would infallibly incur a lengthened term of imprisonment before he could be discharged from a debt so incurred.

These considerations were strongly urged by me upon Dr. Lees, and

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ultimately his consent was given that I should withdraw from the further defense of the case; if I had failed in inducing Dr. Lees to conform himself to my advice, I should have had no choice but to proceed; but my first duty was to take care if I could that my client should not by over credulousness in his own case, and by inexperience of and the probable chance of a trial at law be betrayed into his pecuniary ruin. I am, as you may perceive, writing in very great haste, but I believe I have given you substantially the information you require.

I am, sir, very obediently, KENNETH MACAULAY.

P. S.—Understand that I had, and have no opinion whether Mr. Gough was or was not liable to the charge made by Dr. Lees; but the *ground* of my advice to Dr. Lees was, that he was not prepared with anything like an adequate proof for the purpose of his defense.

Dr. Lees refused to pay the expense I had incurred —the verdict giving me the costs. Many friends urged me to press their payment on him by law, but as I had gained all I asked, and knowing that the result of such pressure would be imprisonment to him, I declined doing so. The costs were between 8 and £900—the costs taxed off, were £348 18s. 3d., which were paid out of a fund raised among those who sympathized with me. This fund amounted to £100, over the sum paid for the taxed costs,—and at a public breakfast the Secretaries to the fund, presented me with that sum—which I respectfully declined, preferring to pay the costs myself, though by so doing, I knew I was relieving my accuser of all obligation. The trial and attendant expenses cost me nearly $5,000. A defense fund was started for Dr. Lees, and £1,000 were presented to him at a public meeting in Leeds. In concluding the history of these transactions, I shall, at the risk of wearying my reader, insert an article from the "London Morning Star," republished in the "Manchester Examiner and Times,"

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with Dr. Lees' letter and the "Times'" reply—and then gather the documents strewing my library, and lock them up from the light of day—having given but the bald, bare facts of the case, in justice to myself and to all concerned, and for the information of friends in America, who may desire an accurate knowledge of the history of the "dead letter" and its results.

The leader in the "London Morning Star" of August 10, 1860, was as follows:

This morning a gentleman leaves London on his return to America, who has occupied sufficient space in the estimation of a considerable section of the public, to make the results of his labors generally interesting. The story of Mr. J. B. Gough's life is soon told, and as told by himself is deeply interesting. It is a chapter remarkable for its depth of shadow and its sparkling sunshine, containing nearly all that can debase, and nearly all that can gratify and elevate a man. Born in England, he was sent to America when a boy, and instead of finding fortune, he became the victim of intemperance. The unpatronizing kindness of a working man rescued him from the degradation. To use his own expression, he "signed the pledge," and from that day to this he has risen in the social scale. His fame as a public speaker in America reached those interested in the temperance movement in this country, and he was invited over for six weeks by the National Temperance League. He came, and his services were in such request, that he remained two years. He returned to America—came back a second time to this country, where he has remained three years, one of these years being devoted to Scotland and Ireland, and the other two to England, where he has delivered three hundred and ninety addresses, to an aggregate of at least five hundred thousand hearers, nearly twelve thousand of whom are said to have signed the temperance pledge.

On Wednesday evening, when he delivered his ninety-fifth oration in Exeter Hall, he was presented with an address, which shows the estimation in which he is held by men of all parties. The first signature was that of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, followed by nearly three hundred others, embracing a large proportion of the best known orators, and philanthropists of England. The secret of Mr. Gough's all but universal

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success, on a subject in which a comparatively small section of the public take special interest, is at least remarkable, and to describe it in a sentence, it is the merit of shedding the radiance of genius on difficulties, over which other temperance orators have stumbled, and the still higher merit of showing how the spirit, and bearing of a Christian gentleman ennoble, and irresistibly strengthen the apostle of a good cause.

But, in other respects, Mr. Gough has proved himself no ordinary man. What would have ruined ninety-nine out of every hundred strong men, has only strengthened him. He came the first time heralded by high hopes, and was welcomed with paroxysms of laudation. Everything which could stimulate vanity was lavished upon him by the more ardent section of his followers. When he came the second time, those who had formerly hailed him with irrational praise, began to persecute him with still more irrational folly. He had committed two great crimes. He expressed an honest opinion on the Maine law—an opinion which nearly all disinterested men now believe to have been correct. He had been guilty of the still more unpardonable crime of casting former temperance orators into shade, and the savage envy of aspiring drones sought solace in torturing his spirit, through an effort to brand him as an intemperate hypocrite. He vindicated his character before the British public in a court of law, and his accusers withdrew the accusation, apologized, and accepted a verdict for damages.

Such change of treatment has often before driven strong men to despair. It drove Byron to debauchery, and Haydyn to self-destruction; but through the power of living faith, Gough has risen on the wave intended to overwhelm him, brighter in spirit, and stronger in his intellectual manhood. Nor were feeble although plausible objections unused to his disparagement. To the weakly pious he was represented as "too dramatic," and to the would-be critical as "too rhetorical." Both parties, shaking their wise heads, "had always thought so;" innocently ignorant of the facts that dramatic power is one of the rarest gifts of geniuses, and that it was the want of rhetoric from which his earlier addresses in this country most severely suffered. Pretentious pedants attempted to prove him ignorant of Scripture wines, and logic, while many well meaning mediocrities professed themselves disappointed at his want of refinement; but it is now all but universally conceded that his graphic illustrations contain more genuine logical power, than the best constructed syllogisms of his most acute detractors, and that his descriptions of the external world, or the emotions of the mind, are, according to all the highest standards, more generally refined than that

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dulness, according to scholastic rule, which sometimes passes under the more euphonious word, refinement. Shakspeare and Milton, Coleridge and Sir Walter Scott, were subjected to the same charge by the progenitors of this race of critics. Even the Bible has not escaped the fastidious doubts of this class of objectors; but it is the glory of Gough's eloquence, that he deals with men, and not with words supposed to represent them; and the secret of his strength is hidden in the fact that, like all successful orators, from Demosthenes to Lord Brougham, he deals with nature as it is, and not as these refinement-mongers would prefer to see it.

There is a refinement, however,—although not that which such objectors desiderate—in which Mr. Gough has made great advances, since he first, and especially since he last came to this country. Then, like other young men, he was occasionally redundant in "fine things," and there was not unfrequently a substitution of sail where ballast would have added greater dignity to the onward flow of the discourse; but the mental conflict through which his enemies have dragged him, has purified his style from that too often attractive alloy, and what has increased his influence over minds educated and thoughtful, has, in a corresponding ratio, destroyed his prestige among the fire-eating and ignorant. Those who most appreciate the graphic power of Dante, and the music of Shelley, increasingly admire the growing power of Mr. Gough, while those to whom raving rant is "glorious eloquence," and unintelligible labyrinths "most convincing proof," relieve their sour souls on him who was formerly the object of their adoration. This is, itself, unanswerable evidence of his growing power in a purer and higher state of oratory; not in the refinement of college speeches and boarding-school prize poems, which have as little connection with genius, as the often washings of a Pharisee with devotion,—but in a refinement through which genius has always perplexed rules and etiquette, and which enabled Bonaparte to fight battles in December, when by all the rules of Marshal Daun "the little corporal" ought to have gone into winter quarters in November.

For a hundred and fifty years nearly all good causes suffered by this mechanical smoothness—misnamed refinement. Poetry had, from the "Tempest" and "Comus," been refined down to odes by now forgotten poetasters, when Cowper burst the swaddling bands of fashion, and gave vent to his indignant muse in rugged and unwonted verse. In religion, the masculine thought and fearless energy of Puritans and Covenanters had been refined down to the feeble classicality of Blair, and the simpering formalism of Cowper's "well-bred" whisperer, till Wes-

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ley and Whitfield, Hall and Chalmers, tore aside the flimsy sham, and, with most unpolite earnestness, called their fellow-sinners to repentance. These scholastic minds were perhaps necessary to direct the storming of this huge burden and imposture, and others have entered the breach to redeem all that was valuable in poetry, theology, politics, and general thought, from this unbearable refinement.

Without expressing an opinion on the temperance question, it is but justice to its more sensible adherents to admit that it is not the least conspicuous honor of the temperance cause that it has rescued all that pertains to social science and popular elevation from the freezing grasp of this absurd tyranny.

Men with little learning, but brim full of bitter experience, threw burning words into the convictions of their fellow-sufferers, and the temperance men were the principal supporters of such unrefined declaimers. But the sound increased in volume, till the more susceptible portions of respectability were compelled to hear. The speaking out of plain men, on their peculiar wrongs and wants was listened to with respect, and now it has almost become a fashion, in all but the most old-fashioned circles, to profess the loudest interest in what the unrefined classes either think or say.

The temperance movement has been one important agent in securing this change, and Mr. Gough will ever be esteemed one of the most eminent trophies of this disruption of that insipid conformity to schools, and the return to that higher standard of nature's eloquence, of which his own style is at once a result and one of the most eminent examples. Thousands upon thousands in Britain bless him for his work's sake.

The following is from the "Manchester Examiner and Times" of August 23, 1860:

GOUGH AND THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES.

To the editor of the "Examiner and Times: Sir,—I noticed in your paper the other day a leader extracted from the "Morning Star," furnished, as I have reason to know, to that journal by the employers of Mr. Gough. With the fulsome eulogies and extraordinary opinions on oratory contained in that article, I have nothing to do; but to the covert and cowardly reference to "the other advocates" of the temperance cause in the mass, I have a right to complain. It is, however, rather as a matter of duty to yourself and your readers, that you may be de-

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livered from an imposition, and a delusion, that I now write you in regard to some matters of fact, merely in addition posting you my final words for your information as respects the true history of the libel case.

1. The so-called Autobiography was written by Dr. Dix, of Boston, "sweetened" editions of which have been prepared for the English market, and so far from its subject, after signing the pledge, "from that day to this," rising in estimation, the fact is, that he relapsed again and again into the most degrading vice, I place the facts before you.

2. The list of three hundred names, so far from containing the great names of the movement, is *more remarkable for the omission than anything else*, and after being hawked about for months, is at least *chiefly* filled either with outsiders, or with names little known, including entire family circles, young and old, male and female, and some not abstainers.

3. The parties who "welcomed him with paroxysms of laudation" on his first visit, are *precisely the same* who laud and employ him now, —viz: the parties who sent the article to the "Morning Star."

4. My quarrel and that of others with the "orator," was not that he expressed an *honest* opinion, but that he published as *facts* what was *contradicted by himself* to his American friends (Delevan and McCoy); that what he said *to them there* he declined to say to Mr. Pope *here;* that he has frequently since said in public that "he *never said* that the Maine Law was a failure, though you and I know he did. We cannot —at least, I cannot—patronize mendacious men, or any pretense of policy or religion.

5. Moreover, the libel case had its origin in the Demoine libel published against *Sinclair*, as you will see from the "History of a Blunder," now sent you; it was a quarrel with me personally, to injure the Alliance friends and policy.

6. "The savage envy of aspiring drones" (?) is ascribed in your citation to some persons who were "cast into the shade" by the light of this new luminary. What was the fact? That nearly all the advocates united to draw up an address of warm welcome to him; I myself drew up the address;* and to the day of his departure I never uttered in public a word against him; most of the other advocates eulogized him, and it was *he* who first broke the peace, in his *first* speech on his second visit by a violent attack upon myself, Mr. Pope, Judge Marshall, and the secretary of the Alliance. (I compelled him to apol-

* This address was never presented to me; whatever became of it, I know not.

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ogize to myself.) We were the injured parties, misrepresented again and again; and my offense was the sole one of expressing my knowledge in a *private* and *confidential* letter, written expressly to avoid a public scandal. When Mr. Beggs was secretary of the National Temperance Society, in 1847, the proposal to bring the "orator" was cushioned on the ground of instability.

7. "Pretentious pedants" are said to have *attempted* to "prove him ignorant of Scripture wines; as far as I know, the orator never made any pretensions to such knowledge, and the task, therefore, would have been of supererogation. But the fact is, *no one ever thought of bothering the orator's brains* with either criticism or logic at all. The charge is hauled in for the evil purpose of discrediting some one else.

8. A legal vindication against moral charges is often no vindication at all, and it is *not true that I ever retracted or apologized, or instructed others to do it for me.* Wishing you success, however, in your endeavors to ascertain the truth, I am, yours truly, F. R. Lees.

Leeds, August 18, 1860.

The editor of the Manchester "Examiner and Times" commented on the above letter as follows:

In another part of our impression will be found a letter from Dr. F. R. Lees, one of the agents and lecturers of the United Kingdom Alliance. The letter is a libel, but we deliberately risk its publication, partly to oblige Dr. Lees, whom a too rigorous adherence on our part to the rules of good breeding would perpetually exclude from our columns, and partly to show how a good cause may be damaged by the conduct of its promoters. We had, it seems, the ill-luck to offend Dr. Lees, by an article on Mr. Gough which we lately extracted from the "Morning Star." We thought the article a good one, eulogistic of Mr. Gough, but within proper limits, and embodying, on the whole, a just and candid estimate of his career, and so we gave our readers the opportunity of perusing it. Dr. Lees thinks otherwise. In his opinion—and, as a lecturer in the same field, his opinion is worth knowing—the "eulogies" on Mr. Gough contained in the article are "fulsome," and its "opinions on oratory" "extraordinary." In other words, Dr. Lees, himself a temperance lecturer of considerable pretensions, decidedly quarrels with those people who think that Mr. Gough is the most eloquent of temperance lecturers. The public have ignorantly put the saddle on the wrong horse. If they had understood oratory better they would have awarded the palm to some other man.

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Still Dr. Lees does not trouble himself about this mistake. He is above such things. He simply wishes to save us from "an imposition and a delusion" in regard to matters of fact. We are obliged to him, though at the same time we beg to say that having taken the trouble to read through some hundred and thirty letters on the points in dispute, we think ourselves competent to form an opinion without his aid. Dr. Lees says he has a right to complain, because of the "covert and cowardly reference" made in the article to "*the other advocates*" of the temperance cause. We find no such phrase in the whole article. "Other temperance orators" are the words used. The discrepancy may appear slight, but nobody knows better than Dr. Lees that the definite article "the" may make all the difference between a universal and a particular assertion. The article also speaks of the "savage envy of aspiring drones," and of "men who were cast into the shade by the light of this new luminary." Dr. Lees will have it that these expressions were meant to apply to him. We cannot agree with him in the grounds of this opinion. Dr. Lees is a Ph. D. He is consequently a learned man. He is an ingenious and inexhaustible writer. He is considerably skilled in the science and practice of logic. He can construct syllogisms by the page. He has fought with the "Westminster Review," and has recently earned fresh laurels in a savage encounter with Mr. Lewes. If it were necessary to say more, we might add that, on his own testimony, when he went to Scotland after Mr. Gough had swept through the land, he was greeted by "large and enthusiastic meetings." The modesty of Dr. Lees exposes him to error. He must not apply the above expressions to himself. We beg to assure him that he is not a "drone," and that his "light" is one which no new luminary can extinguish.

Still, believing himself to be slighted, Dr. Lees will have his revenge; not on personal grounds, of course, but merely for the love of truth. We are sorry to see him driven to this necessity, for it is the misfortune of Dr. Lees that, whenever he engages in controversy, he does more harm to himself than to his opponent. This is the case with him to-day. He tells us that the article in question was "furnished" to the "Morning Star" by gentlemen whom, with admirable delicacy, he calls Mr. Gough's "employers." However that may be, of two things we are well assured, viz: that our contemporary never publishes in its leading columns any opinions but its own, and that Mr. Gough's "employers" are not likely to tell Dr. Lees what they do. Then, Dr. Lees seldom refers to Mr. Gough except by way ot derision as "the

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orator." This is unwise, for people will take it as showing pretty clearly where the shoe pinches. A distinguished man like Dr. Lees is no doubt entirely free from the small vice of envy, but it is only prudent to guard against appearances. But there is another portentous fact. The little pamphlet known as Mr. Gough's personal narrative was, it seems, written, not by Mr. Gough, but by Dr. Dix of Boston; —that is, Mr. Gough had the exceedingly good sense to avail himself of the assistance of a literary friend in writing his autobiography. Anything more, Dr. Lees? Yes. The memorial presented to Mr. Gough the other week, signed by three hundred names, was a "got up" affair; and, between ourselves, so far from Mr. Gough having risen in estimation ever since he signed the pledge, "he relapsed again and again into the most degrading vice." Here we are fairly brought to a pause. We took Dr. Lees for a man of honor.

Our readers have doubtless heard something of the libel case of "Gough *v.* Lees." It is a long story, and we do not intend to go into details; but its history throws light upon the letter on which we are commenting, and may be summed up in a few words. Between his first and second visit to this country, Mr. Gough was said to have expressed an opinion that the Main Law movement in the United States was a failure. From that moment he was a marked man. When he arrived in England he offered explanation, tending to show that what he said had been misinterpreted or misrepresented. It is usually deemed courteous to accept such explanations, but Mr. Gough was not to be let off so easily. He was now taxed with falsehood as well as heresy, and morality was invoked to put "the orator" down. Presently it was rumored that Mr. Gough was not so good a man as he seemed. Somebody somewhere had seen him stagger. He had turned sick at one of Dr. Lees's lectures. Dr. Lees himself found him one day on the sofa in a state less lively than the Doctor's. There were terrible suspicions in Dr. Lees's mind that his rival had recourse to opium and "honey dew" tobacco. At all events it was certain that Mr. Gough, some ten years before, had relapsed for a short time into intemperance. Wrought to a pitch of indignant virtue, Dr. Lees wrote to various gentlemen in different parts of the country a series of letters, which for coarseness, scurrility, cowardly inuendo, and vulgar insolence, were certainly unrivaled. One of these letters was most properly given up to Mr. Gough, and the consequence was an action in the Court of Queen's Bench. Here Dr. Lees had an opportunity of proving his charges to the satisfaction of a jury, and if he had proved them he would have won a verdict. He was not

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able to prove them. Dr. Lees was in court. He told his legal adviser to "do his best." His counsel thought that the "best" course was to retract charges which he could not prove. They were retracted accordingly, Dr. Lees sitting by, and a verdict with damages was given against him. What was the honorable course to pursue after such a trial? Certainly not to repeat the libel which had thus been solemnly withdrawn. Dr. Lees has taken another. The moment he was safely out of court, he repudiated the arrangement which had just been made in his name. He persisted in ascribing to his victim "moral guilt," on the score of alleged acts which he had utterly failed to prove, and now that Mr. Gough has left for the United States, we find Dr. Lees unsheathing his weapons against an absent man, and repeating his old slanders.

We have now done with Dr. Lees, but we have still a word or two to say on behalf of the movement which has the misfortune of not being able to find a more amiable advocate. The temperance cause is beyond the reach of patronage. It has been winning its way for thirty years past, through good report and evil report, till at length the benefits it has wrought, not only among the working-classes but among all ranks of society, have placed it among the most respected and most valuable agencies of the present day. If it had done nothing besides calling into existence a host of volunteer workers in the cause of philanthropy from the humblest ranks of life, many of whom have risen to distinction for their eloquence and ability as professed advocates, it would have rendered no common aid to the intellectual progress of the age. We ask those who are tempted to deride the temperance movement to pause till they have surveyed the tens of thousands whom it has reclaimed from vice, the families it has snatched from starvation and crime, and the wretched receptacles of misery which it has transformed into happy homes; and if, after this, they can still point a sarcasm at the agency which has achieved those marvels of beneficence, their taste is little to be envied.

. . . . . .

We will say no more than that the welfare of the common cause requires the cessation of jealousy and strife. An army divided against itself will never win, and advocates who employ their talents in blackballing one another, will scarcely succeed in making converts. A cause is but indifferently served by men whose official zeal is uniformly uncivil; and it will be found, in the long run, that the most efficient talent works all the better for being swayed by charity and candor.

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CHAPTER XXX.

Fete at Sudbrook Park—Soiree at George Cruikshank's—Edinburgh—Orkney Islands—Absence of Trees—Trip to Sanday—Visit to Paris—Pumpkin Pie—Drunkenness in Wine-Growing Countries—Geneva—Mayence—Vevay—Mont Blanc—Glaciers—The "Dreadful Doll"—Cologne—Relics—Visit to Ireland—Last Meeting in London—Bible Presentation—Our Departure.

LEAVING this unpleasant episode, I turn to the more agreeable recollections of my experience in Great Britain; and having anticipated in my narrative, the time of the trial, will return to the date of our arrival in London.

We remained resting at Norfolk Street, visiting friends, and sight-seeing, till August 10th, when we attended a fête given at Sudbrook Park, Richmond, and were guests of Dr. Ellis, who very kindly threw open his beautiful grounds for a gala day to the friends of temperance, when I received a cordial welcome; and as it is not my intention, in the remaining pages of this book, to chronicle the fêtes, breakfasts and entertainments that were given, I shall omit some, and briefly allude to others; but must not forget that on Friday evening, July 31st, we attended a soirée given by George Cruikshank, at his house in Mornington Place, and no pleasure-gathering was more thoroughly enjoyable; we are glad to number him, with his noble wife, among our dearest friends

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in England. He is a man whom none can know without loving; and we can attest the truthfulness of the statement that, "among the supporters of the temperance cause, at public meetings, there is not one whose speeches abound with greater common sense, or with more happy and amusing observations on the subject in its various bearings."

The name of George Cruikshank will be known to posterity as an artist, by his inimitable etchings, and as the prince of living humorists; but his name will ever be held in esteem, as a moral reformer, whose wit and humor have always been enlisted, and exercised on the side of virtue. In private, he is simply delightful, and one of the most valuable additions to my library, is a collection of his etchings I have been gathering for years, now numbering nearly twelve hundred, which I hope to make yet more complete.

On the 12th of August, we all paid a visit to Houghton, and were entertained by Mr. George Brown, and Potto Brown, spending our time delightfully there, till the 25th, when I ran up to London for the first speech in Exeter Hall, returning next day to Houghton, and remaining there till the 31st, when we went to Manchester, visiting the "Art Treasures" on exhibition and holding a meeting in Free Trade Hall, then on to Preston, reaching Edinburgh on September 3d. We took our old lodgings at the Waverly, and looked about for a "flat,"—that is, a suit of rooms on one floor,—the houses in Scotland, many of them, being divided into flats, with apartments for a family on each floor, a stairway from the street being common to all. We moved into 118 Princes Street, and commenced housekeeping; Mrs.

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Knox, her daughter, and sister, with Mr. Gould, remaining at home, while we made our peregrinations on lecturing tours through Scotland.

Our first, was to the Orkney Islands, taking the steamer from Aberdeen, to Kirkwall on the "Main Island." One peculiarity there, was the absence of trees. I believe there are a dozen trees on this island, but none on the others; and I found persons there who had never seen a tree. I remember meeting a lady who was married from the Shetlands, where she was born, and when brought into the region of trees, complained that she could not breathe, and longed for the open sky, where she would not feel smothered, as she did by the foliage.

We returned by way of Wick, Dornoch and Inverness, to Edinburgh. We traveled from Wick to Inverness in the mail coach, and had for a fellow-passenger a drunken lord, who offered us whisky, and was very offensive till he got stupidly drunk and went to sleep. He was altogether a disagreeable companion. Lords and commoners are on a level when drunk, whatever may be the distinction when sober.*

We remained in Scotland till November 27th, when we ran up to London for five lectures in Exeter Hall. Returning to Scotland, we finished the year in Edinburgh. On January 4th, we went to Broughty Ferry, and visited the venerable Dr. Dick, the author of "The Christian Philosopher," and other valuable works of like character, who gave me some autographs. On the 18th, we removed to London, taking Chester, Liverpool and Coventry on our way. We had taken furnished apartments, only finding plate and linen. We arrived in London on the 23d, to fulfill the eight

* See note at the end of this Chapter, and illustration on page 475.

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months' engagement in England, and went into a furnished house, at No. 4 South Parade, Trafalgar Square, Brompton. I worked steadily in different parts of the country till June 9th, when we returned to prepare for the trial, which came off on the 21st; rested at home till the 5th of July, when we visited our dear friend, Samuel Bowly, at Horsepools; then to Houghton, where we spent another delightful week; from there to Sherwood Hall, with the dear family of William Wilson—now broken up and separated by his death. After that, we spent a week with Joseph Tucker's family, at Pavenham Bury, and returned to London, July 24th; rested there, visiting friends, till August 4th, when, thoroughly recruited, we left for Manchester; then to Wales; back again to London; afterwards through Leeds and Darlington to Edinburgh.

On the 18th of September, we went again to the Orkney Islands, and after remaining at Kirkwall for two days, I went in an open boat to the island of Sanday. I never experienced such terrific winds in my life. Coming up from the boat to the house where I was entertained, I could scarcely keep my footing. I felt alarmed, lest I should be blown away, and complained of the strength of the wind. "Oh!" laughed my stalwart guide, "This is nought, only a puff. Why, man, the wind sometimes sweeps our whole harvest into the sea." Their houses are low, and built of solid stone. They look much weather-beaten.

The next day the wind seemed to lull, but I was glad to get back to Kirkwall. In the night the wind "got up," as they term it, and it nearly got me up,

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for its power was beyond anything I had before conceived, and the boat in which I had made the trip to Sanday, was blown to Norway, three hundred miles distant, and had not returned when we left, eight days after, so I only escaped by one day, an involuntary visit to Norway.

I had engaged to go to the Shetlands, but on the day appointed for starting from Kirkwall, the wind blew such a hurricane, that we were compelled to remain, and on the 29th we left those windy, treeless islands, with their warm-hearted, hospitable people, and reached Edinburgh on the 30th, somewhat worn by the trip.

We continued in Scotland, keeping house, till January 25th, making one trip to London for five lectures in December. These trips of four hundred and six miles were very pleasant. We would leave Edinburgh at 8 o'clock, A. M., and reach London before 7 o'clock, P. M., with a stop of half an hour for dinner, and two ten minutes stops at different stations.

We were back in London, February 1st, and rented a furnished house at 8 Edith Grove, Brompton, visiting towns in various parts of the country, till July 14th, when we came home for a little rest; and having decided to visit the continent, left London on the 22d, at noon, for Paris, arriving there at 11 o'clock, P. M., of the same day.

Americans are becoming as familiar with Paris as with New York, by personal experience, letters from friends, the public journals, and the tourists' published experiences; and my description of the "city of luxury" would not be of interest, and is not needed.

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We took rooms at the Hotel de Louvre. The next morning we sallied out for exploration, and "did" the "lions," as rapidly as one week would permit. We obtained our meals at a restaurant in the "Palais Royal" for the first two days, but afterward found our way to Madame Busques', who then kept a small eating-house, famous for American cookery. On her sign were the words, "Specialté de Pumpkin Pie," and very delicious we found them; during our stay in Paris, we patronized Madame Busque and her pumpkin pie.

I had heard so much of the sobriety of wine-growing countries, and so many propositions to introduce wine in this country as a cure for drunkenness, that I determined to make what personal observations I might be able, during a very brief sojourn on the continent. On the Boulevards and the Champs Elysées, we saw no more drunkenness than in Broadway or Fifth Avenue; but in the narrow by-streets, back of the main thoroughfares, I discovered as many evidences of gross dissipation, as in Baxter Street, New York, or Bedford Street, Philadelphia.

I took a survey of several of the low cabarets, and found the same bloated or haggard faces, the same steaming rags, the same bleared and blood-shot eyes, the same evidence of drink-soaked humanity in its degradation, as in any of the grog-shops in the United States. In Geneva,—the same; we were kept awake by the bacchanalian revels of intoxicated men in the streets nearly all night. In Vevay, I saw more evidences of drunkenness than in any town of its population in our country. In Mayence, a fair was held while we were there, and I saw more

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drunken men on the street, and in the square, than I believe were to be seen on the streets, during the whole five days of the "Peace Festival" in Boston. In Basle, and in Cologne, it was the same, and my impressions are, from personal observation, (not very extensive,) that drunkenness prevails in the wine-growing countries, to as great an extent, as in any portion of the United States that I have visited.

My friends told me I should be charmed with Paris; but so far from that, I disliked it. I would not be a resident of Paris, with my present convictions, for a fortune. There is, I am aware, delightful society—refined, elegant, moral, Christian; but to me, the moral atmosphere of Paris did not seem conducive to spiritual health; and it certainly would require special grace to preserve a vigorous spiritual life there. I do not judge others, but I breathed more freely as we took our departure. The city is beautiful,—yes, magnificent, and well worthy of all admiration for its architecture, its broad boulevards, its Madelaine, and its innumerable objects of interest. It is the delight of Americans. They never weary of "Paris"—beautiful "Paris"—and I have been criticised for want of taste; but the fact still remains—I do not like Paris.

We left for Geneva on the 29th, took rooms at the Hotel de Metropoli, and remained over the Sabbath; attended the English church, and, on Monday August 1st,—a day long to be remembered—we started for Chamounix. It was a clear, beautiful morning. We had engaged a "voiture" to convey us there. Although the scenes of that day are in my memory so vividly, and I have passed through them again and

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again in my imagination, I cannot describe them. New, strange, startling, wonderful they were, and are to-day in their remembrance.

Soon after noon, we arrived at Sallenche, and while waiting for dinner, and a change of our voiture, I strolled out with our two friends; my wife, being weary, remained in the hotel. Standing together on the bridge, I said: "How new all this is to me—the mountains, valleys, waterfalls, picturesque villages, chalets—all new and strange; the sky so clear and blue, the clouds so pure,—it is all glorious. What a peculiar cloud that is behind those hills! so white, so clearly cut, it appears almost like—why, it is—yes—no—George—that *is* the *mountain*—that *is* Mont Blanc! I *know* it." And as I caught the first view of the monarch of the Alps, I trembled with excitement. With tears in my eyes, and my heart full, I turned away to hurry Mary out to enjoy it with us.

We traveled the well-known route to the valley of Chamounix. As we passed through it, toward the village, the sun sunk behind the hills, and left us in shadow; but the gorgeous coloring of the snow-clad mountains filled us with delight. Ever-changing, ever-beautiful,—wave after wave of glory seemed to roll over the summit, growing more and more subdued, until, with one flash of exquisite beauty from the sun's last beam, the wonderful outline of mountain-tops stood relieved by the dark blue sky—white, cold, and chastely beautiful.

We arrived at the "Hotel d'Angleterre," where we stayed four days, (it should have been four weeks,) making excursions familiar to every tourist. The first day to Montanvert, the next to the summit of the

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Brevent. We started on this excursion with a guide, two mules, and our alpenstocks—more ornamental than useful, like the dandy's walking-stick—but very pleasant souvenirs. At the Chalet de Planpras, we left our mules, and after a lunch of bread and milk, ascended by the "chimney," and climbing over rocks, and wading through snow, reached the summit, at an altitude of eight thousand feet. That was the grandest view my eyes ever rested on. Behind us, Salleńche, with its bridge, far away the white ridges of the Vaudois, and Bernese Alps, were plainly seen; below us, Chamounix, like a nest of ant-hills; the glacier de Bossons; the glaciers d'Argenterre and Taconay; the river Arverion, rushing from its source at the foot of the Mer de Glace, and joining the Arve near the village, then like a stream of silver flowing through the valley; and before us, the Grand Mulets; and higher up, the snow-capped king of the Alps, with the Dome de Goute, and the Aiguilles, silent in their grandeur. The stillness, so profound, was only broken by the crack of the ice in some glacier miles away. As we stood there, we could only say with David, as he surveyed the glory of the heavens,—"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" and, feeling our own insignificance, amid these stupendous works of creation, could but utter thanksgiving, that the Creator of these wonders, the Framer of this Universe is God—and "God is love;" and we, who are lost in wonder and awe at His works, may come to Him and say, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

We visited the glacier de Bossons the next day, and made one general excursion to some points of interest, and left for Martigny by the "Tete Noir."

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Just before we entered the tunnel, we experienced a thunder-storm, which was fearfully grand; but we were wet to the skin, and hastened to the "Chalet" to change our clothing, and proceeded. I walked twenty-four of the twenty-six miles, and felt but little weariness. The mosquitoes in the valley were very annoying.

On Saturday, the 6th, we left for Vevay; arriving there, we took rooms at the Hotel du Lac, and remained four days. We visited the castle of Chillon, and, standing in the dungeon, by the pillars, were reminded of Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." At Vevay, Mr. Gould left us for a pedestrian tour, and we proceeded to Basle; then to Mayence, down the Rhine to Cologne, where I became weary of sight-seeing, and proposed our return home—which was acceded to; and passing through Lisle, and Calais, we arrived at Edith Grove on the evening of Saturday, August 12th, having completed our continental tour in twenty-three days.

When at Vevay, one of our party purchased a doll for her daughter, and that dreadful doll was my "bête noir;" for at every custom station, that wretched doll would be dragged out of the trunk by an official, either by the leg, the arm, or the head, and held up, as if in triumph, with such lifting of the eyebrows, shrugging of shoulders, gesticulation, and jabber, as almost drove me wild. I could only say, "What *do* you want?—am I to *pay* again?—*keep* the doll, if you want it," and the officer would grasp the miserable thing by the middle, and, holding it up, like some hard-won trophy, shake it in my face, making "extremes meet," as the head and heels would strike together, and furi-

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ously storm at me, till I wished the doll had been drowned in Lake Leman, or could be endued with life, and paid for as a regular passenger. But I survived, and the doll was brought home. Should I ever travel again on the continent, and by any misfortune, or possibility, be induced to consent that a doll should be placed in my charge to convoy through the custom-houses, I give warning, *that doll* must be clothed; for I never will again, submit to the indignity of an official shaking such a wretched shapeless thing in my face, for any consideration.

At Basle, I walked out in the streets, and was delighted to hear about sixty students sing in the open square. It was very fine.

In Cologne, we purchased—as every one does, or should do—some veritable "Eau de Cologne," and visited the Cathedral. We saw the skulls of ten thousand virgins—that is, we saw *some* skulls. The attendant showed us a small cracked jar, carefully enclosed in a case, lined with crimson velvet, and told us that was one of the jars the Saviour filled with wine at the marriage of Cana. My wife turned away, and he said, with a shrug, "Americaine—hah! not moosh like relique."

This "relic" reminded me of the sword that was exhibited as Balaam's sword, with which he slew the ass.

One of the spectators said: "But Balaam did not have a sword; he only wished for one."

"Ah!" cried the showman, "this is the sword he wished for."

Should I ever visit Europe again, I hope to see more of the continent. I can only give my first im-

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pressions, and am not qualified to describe the people, their customs, or habits, with accuracy, from so brief and rapid a tour.

We remained at our home in London till August 30th; then I commenced my work, and continued steadily in England till October 3d, when we crossed to Dublin—our first visit to Ireland. We passed at once to Belfast, delivering four lectures there, and two in Londonderry, when we returned to Dublin for three lectures. We were very kindly entertained by Rev. John Hall,—now Rev. Dr. Hall of New York City,—who, with his excellent lady, made our visit there very pleasant. We proceeded to Cork for two lectures, then back to Belfast, and from there to Glasgow, remaining in Scotland till December 3d, when we bade farewell to the "land o'cakes," and entered on the last few months of our engagement in England.

We made our farewell visit to Dundee, on November 5th, where we had gained many friends, of whom I am constantly reminded by a chaste silver inkstand,—presented to me on my first visit,—which now stands, both useful and ornamental, on my library table.

We visited Perth on the 10th, Aberdeen the 14th, 15th, and 19th; then by Stranraer, Wigton, and Castle Douglas, to Waterbeck,—that being the last place in Scotland where I spoke, excepting the farewell speech and soirée in Glasgow, February 21, and 22, 1860,—and from there, direct, to London.

About the last of September, Mr. George Gladwin, having arrived in London, to pursue his studies as an artist, and being lonely in that great city, called on us. I met him at the door, and bade him welcome;

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for some time he was an inmate of our family there. We formed a strong attachment to him then, which has increased year by year, and he is now one of our most intimate and valued friends—always welcome; he is "one of us."

I continued the next year in England till February 20th, when we went to Glasgow for a farewell; then to Ireland for eighteen days; back to England, giving farewell addresses, and visiting friends till the last meeting in London, on Wednesday, August 8th, when we left for Liverpool, giving the last lecture in Great Britain, in Concert Hall, on the 10th, and embarking on the steamer Arabia, for home, on the 11th of August, 1860.

My impressions of Ireland I hope to give on a future page.

I wish particularly to allude to the last meeting in London. Several American friends were present, among them, Rev. Dr. Cheever, and Hon. Ichabod Washburn of Worcester. Those who had signed the pledge in Exeter Hall, had subscribed for a Bible, to be presented on the last evening I should lecture there. I had spoken ninety-five times in that Hall, and on the ninety-sixth and last, the Bible was presented.

It was one of the largest audiences I had met there. It was very exciting to me, and I was more nearly overcome, than I remember ever to have been on any other occasion. My dear friend, George Cruikshank, presided; Judge Payne, of the Court of Quarter Sessions, was appointed to present the Bible; my first English friends, true, tried, and faithful, were there;—dear Tweedie, Campbell, Howlett, the brothers John and Joseph Taylor, Spriggs, Hugh Owen,—with many

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others from the London societies, and from the Provinces.

When the Bible was presented, I rose to reply, and no school-boy, on his first appearance, could have felt more embarrassed. I knew not *what* to say. At last, I said: "My dear friends, as I look at this splendid testimonial of your good will—rich in morocco and gold—beautiful as a work of art and skill—I think of another book, a little one, broken, torn, ragged, and imperfect,—you would hardly pick it up in the street; but to me, precious as is your gift to-night, more precious is that little book. On the illuminated fly-leaf of this, I read:—'Presented August 8, 1860, to John B. Gough, on his leaving England for America, by those only, who signed the pledge after hearing him in Exeter Hall, London.' On the brown, mildewed fly-leaf of the other book, are these words: 'Jane Gough, born August 12, 1776. John Gough, born August 22, 1817. The gift of his mother, on his departure from England for America.' Two gifts and two departures!"

As I began to review the past experiences since I left home, thirty-one years before, the flood of recollections came over me, combined with the tender associations connected with farewell, and I stammered, became nervous, and unable to proceed. As I stood there, the unshed tears filling my eyes, Thomas Irving White rose, and taking me by the hand, said: "God bless him! Give him three cheers." And the audience started to their feet, and with waving of hats, and handkerchiefs, gave them with a will. That unsealed the fountain, and I bowed my head and cried like a very boy.

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Mr. Tabraham was called on to pray, and afterward, the exercises were continued, and I told them that this splendid book should occupy an honored place in my home; but the little old battered Bible of my mother should lie by its side. And there they *do* lie, on a table procured for the purpose—the two books —to remain together, as mementos of the past, and the realities of the present, till God shall call me.

The first two years in Great Britain, I delivered 438 lectures, and traveled 23,224 miles; the last three years, 605 lectures, and 40,217 miles; making 1,043 public addresses, and 63,441 miles travel.

On the morning of our departure, several hundred friends assembled at the "London and North-western" station. George Cruikshank brought me a painting of a scene in the Life of Joe Grimaldi. I prized it for the artist, and, because it is, I believe, the only painting in the United States from his pencil.

The Earl of Shaftesbury sent a pocket edition of the Psalms, with the following note:

"*Dear Mr. Gough*,—It would give me much pleasure to see you again, and to hear you again; but under the extreme pressure of business, both on you and on me, this is, I fear, impossible. May God be with you, now and forever, in all your labors and prayers for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. Yours truly, SHAFTESBURY.

"Pray accept a little book for the pocket, the contents, and nothing else, make it valuable."

Many brought me loving testimonials, and scores of letters were placed in my hands, and amid the hearty "God bless you's" and a warm clasping of hands, we left those with whom we had been in pleasant and constant communion for three years.

Before I turn to the record of my remaining work

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in this country, I desire, as far as space will permit, to give some impressions received during my five years' residence in Great Britain. I shall be compelled to pass by a large amount of material collected during my explorations in London,—much to my regret,—or I should swell my book far beyond the bounds prescribed, and perhaps prove tedious to my readers.

NOTE TO PAGE 442.—I once saw a wretched, battered, drink-soaked specimen, curiously wedged in a barrel, delighting the spectators by waving a dilapidated hat, and shouting, "Hurra for our glorious rights and privileges!" A gentleman present sent me a sketch of the scene as I described it, which is inserted on page 475.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

Society in Great Britain—Toadyism—The Nobility—The State Dinner—Aristocracy of Blood—Aristocracy of Wealth—Temptations Incident to these Classes—Social Evil in Great Britain—Lines of Division—"Gentility"—"Only a Mechanic"—English Factories—The Harvest Home—"Beer in Moderation"—English Sports—Benches for the "Colic"—Condition of the Laboring Classes.

SOCIETY in Great Britain, is divided into three classes,—nobility, gentry, (among whom rank the clergy,) and the public generally. These again are divided, and sub-divided, to an almost illimitable extent. My work brought me constantly in contact with the public generally, often with the gentry, and very seldom with the aristocracy. Though the reverence for mere rank is dying out, still there is a deference paid to "my lord;" and to be seen on the sunny side of Pall Mall in the height of the season, arm in arm with a live lord, would repay some men for any amount of toadyism.

Though we in a republican country ridicule the toadyism and flunkeyism of Great Britain, there is just as much here as there. Many Americans would feel flattered by attention from a lord, and bow as low to the title as any in England. Indeed, I think among many circles in our country, there is full as much real snobbery, as is to be found anywhere. How much planning and maneuvering there is, to se-

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cure the presence of a lord at the fashionable parties in New York, and other cities, we all know.

I have heard of the great affability of the nobility, but I must confess, that in my limited experience of them I have found, with some exceptions, an indescribable sort of "touch me not," a kind of "you may look but you must not touch." Perhaps it was owing to my education and early experiences, but I never could feel as entirely at my ease with a lord as with a commoner. I can better convey my meaning by an extract from a popular writer: "Aristocracy appears in the form of self-sufficiency; the aristocrat needs no other human being, he has everything in himself. Whatever comes to him is accepted graciously, but must never assert its claim to the character of a necessity."

Some of our Americans have recorded their delight at the affability of "My lord," when the same courtesy received from an untitled gentleman, would have passed unnoticed, perhaps. I was always treated kindly by them, and have no fault to find; but my experience has been very limited. The Earl of Shaftesbury, and some other noblemen, were very kind to me, and I was invited to call on them, which I never could find an opportunity of doing, and therefore cannot tell how much I should feel at home with them in their own family circle; but I have ever found that when an Englishman invites you to his house, while there—however stiff he may be elsewhere—he becomes the courteous host.

I was at one time the invited guest of a gentleman, not himself a nobleman, but allied to the nobility, and at whose house I met three or four titled persons.

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He had been a colonel in the army—(a colonel's uniform gives the wearer the *entrée* to the best society, and the difference between a colonel and a private soldier, is almost immeasurable). I felt embarrassed when first introduced, by a footman in livery, to the drawing-room; but that soon wore off, and we went in to dinner. A right honorable lady, with two fingers of her white glove resting on the sleeve of my coat, was escorted by me to the dining-room. When there, all my trepidation returned, so I thought I would do as others did, and I got on tolerably well; but that almost interminable dinner! how rejoiced I was when it was over! I did not like the footmen. This was nearly my first experience of them, but I became more accustomed to them afterwards. In fact, I have heard persons say, they stood more in awe of the flunkey than of the master. Two carriages were filled, and we started for the lecture. On our return, the conversation became quite animated, I answering all the questions I could about America, when the colonel said: "By-the-bye, Mr. Gough, I believe your father was a soldier."

"Yes, sir."

"In what regiment?"

"The Forty-eighth and Fifty-second Light Infantry."

"Ah!" said he, "the Fifty-second—my old regiment. In what year was your father in the Fifty-second?"

"I do not know exactly the year, but he was at Talavera, and Badajos with the Fifty-second."

"Yes, but that was before my time. Was your father ever at Shorncliffe?"

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"Yes, sir. I know he was at Shorncliffe, for he married my mother when his regiment was lying there, and I remember going to see him at Shorncliffe, when I was a boy."

"Then I was your father's Colonel. What was your father's rank in the army?"

"Private soldier, sir."

I looked closely at him, to see if his countenance fell,—but no; smiling, he held out his hand, and said: "I am glad to welcome a son of one of my old soldiers to C——Hall," and treated me with as much courtesy, apparently, as though I had been the son of an officer.

That was a true gentleman, who, by his courtesy, relieved me from all embarrassment.

There are those in Great Britain, who are not of the nobility, yet are prouder than many of them, and almost look with contempt at some of the newly-created nobles. We were at one time guests of one of these old families, who boasted that they had been in possession of their lands for a thousand years—an old Saxon family, dating before William the Conqueror, who, said the old lady, was "an old rascal, who took from us the greater portion of our lands." They trace their ancestors back for ten centuries, and down by an unbroken succession to the present time. Standing in the grand old hall, hung round with armor, and emblazoned with coats of arms, I asked when it was built, and was told, "Just before the accession of William, nearly eight hundred years since," "but," said the gentleman, "the south wing is quite modern; it is but a hundred and fifty years since that was built." Much of the old style was kept up

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in this family. When dinner was announced, the butler, in plain clothes, looking very much like a parson, entered and presented to the gentleman on a salver, a bouquet in a silver holder, who at once presented it to his wife, who took it with her to the table. Then, in the morning we were invited to the lady's boudoir, where she sat in state, and two maidens, one sewing and the other reading, reminded us of the legends of the olden time. These were plain Mr. and Mrs., yet holding state and position, with such families as the Marquis of Westminster.

Their division of society into sets and circles, is similar to ours, but the lines are drawn closer, and are more clearly defined. We have an aristocracy of wealth, they of blood. Money will not purchase admission to the inner circle of the so-called higher class; blood and birth will. Here, money is the key to unlock the door, and an entrance to almost any circle may be obtained by it. Of course, in speaking of the two aristocracies of wealth and blood, I do not forget that grand aristocracy of intellect and moral worth, recognized as the true aristocracy the world over. But how many men in this country are not only tolerated, but received with open arms by fashionable society, simply and solely because they are rich. They have no other recommendation but the length of their purse—who, if they were poor, would be thrust with scorn and contempt from the threshold of that circle which now embraces them! And in England, the nobleman, or man of rank, is often applauded for, or at all events tolerated in, an offense against society, when a mechanic, or a laborer, would

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be driven into a jail. Their worship of rank is equal to our worship of mammon.

One day Boswell assured Dr. Johnson that if he was invited on the same day to dine with the first Duke in England, and the first genius, he should hesitate which to choose. Johnson said: "To be sure, sir, if you were to dine only once, and it were never to be known where you dined, you would choose rather to dine with the first man of genius; but to gain respect, you should dine with the first Duke in England; for nine people out of ten you meet with, would have a higher opinion of you for having dined with a Duke, and the great genius himself would receive you better, because you had been with the great Duke."

There is a fascination that is perfectly astonishing, and almost mysterious, in the approach even to mere acquaintance with the nobility. Occasionally a rich man makes his way into the charmed circle by marriage; but he cannot take the title belonging to his wife, and it will always be Mr. and Lady so-and-so. A genius may now and then be tolerated, and might be oftener, if genius could stoop to patronage; but the spirit of aristocracy is essentially exclusive; like the barber who shaved bakers, but turned up his nose at coal-heavers, they must draw the line somewhere.

A great emperor once admitted an artist to his presence before a nobleman. The latter complained; the emperor replied: "I can make ten such noblemen to-morrow, but God alone can make an artist."

Coppuck, the great electioneering agent of the Liberal party, said: "Give me a liberal lord, and I can do anything."

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A poor, faded, miserable woman, with some trace of beauty lingering in her face, in spite of a long career of sin, one day at a London police office was charged with assaulting a noble lord! What was her crime? She had waited for his lordship's coming out of his club, waited till long past midnight, cold and wretched, ragged, and starving, she had prayed his lordship for a shilling wherewith to purchase food and shelter for the night. What was her defense? Years and years ago, when she was very young, his lordship had wronged her foully. Of course with that wrong the magistrate had nothing to do, and she was sent to jail; and her accuser is still honored; the sinner lives in his luxurious club, quaffs his costly wine, is cringed to, or looked up to as a pillar of society (rather a caterpillar), while she—the dishonored and discarded—her innocence and beauty blasted—walks the streets at midnight, is thrown away as a worthless weed, rots and dies in work-house, hospital, or jail, or, not unlikely, in the turbid waters of the Thames, she vainly seeks the peace or oblivion denied her here.

Most assuredly, I would not infer that the aristocracy are vile and vicious, or that evil is always to be traced to them. There are most noble Christian gentlemen among them,—true noblemen, in the highest sense of that term; men who recognize the claims of humanity. Lord Shaftesbury and others, who spent whole nights in the haunts of vice and poverty, to relieve, and ameliorate the condition of the poor, and the outcast. But the nobility are exposed to strong temptation. The prayer of Agar, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," was a wise one; for the very

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poor in their poverty, and the rich in their wealth, are exposed to temptation unknown to the more favored class, by whom this prayer is realized.

It stands to reason, that if you set a class of men above all others in position, relieve them of responsibility in a great measure, teach them that they are the lilies of creation, who need "neither toil nor spin," it stands to reason, I say, that, when young and thoughtless, and their blood is hot, with means at their command to engage in dissipation, and to prevent detection, or to shield them when detected,—they should plunge into vice.

Dr. Watts' lines, so familiar, are true, that

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

And equally true it is, that honest labor, with the hands or head, is the only condition of healthy life. Idle men are often vicious, and when idle men are noblemen in England, or wealthy men's sons in America, they often fall into vice, and thus it becomes fashionable.

While I was in London, a testimonial was presented to a man who has dared perhaps more than any other, to make vice attractive. I speak of the manager and proprietor of the "Argyll Rooms," where music and dancing are carried on every night—"admission, gentlemen one shilling, ladies free," and where no reputable woman enters; rooms which for one year, the magistrates very properly refused to license. Actually, a lord presided at the dinner and presented the testimonial. No wonder London abounds in "Traviatas" in the parks, theaters, and fashionable streets. The terrible "social evil," like

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everything else in London, is on the most gigantic scale; it is a question that can never be settled by figures; and so long as women can barely exist in virtuous industry,—so long as there are rich and fashionable men to sanction vice,—so long as young blood becomes fevered by the influence of strong drink,—so long as young men and women dare not marry, as their parents did, and bravely and nobly fight the battle of life,—so long will the social evil in England, and in this country, continue to be a social blot, tainting society—a frightful source of sin and misery.

In London, these things are carried on with some degree of method, by dancing saloons, tea gardens, "Highbury Barn," "Cremorne," the "Argyll" and "Holborn" casinoes, and many other places, almost solely devoted to the progress of vice; and in our following their example, we have, in one respect, gone far beyond them in the shameful exposures on the boards of our metropolitan theaters.

All honor to Miss Olive Logan, for her fearless attack on this social outrage against decency. Much, very much is doing in London to remedy the evil, and when I come to speak of my experience in the great metropolis, I shall allude to these efforts.

One word more: It may be thought that I judge the aristocracy of England too harshly. I did not intend to judge them at all, but simply to write what I believe to be the truth; and I must refer here to one who is at the head of all the aristocracy of England, and for whom I can pray as heartily as any of her subjects, "God save the Queen." As wife, widow, daughter, and mother, without reproach,—influ-

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encing to a large extent, as the purest woman who ever sat on the British throne, the conduct of so many by whom she is surrounded, and by whose influence the court of England has become the purest court in Europe.

Among the gentry—composed of landed proprietors, magistrates, clergymen, retired merchants, and others—you find division, and sub-division lines carefully drawn; for while the merchant, who sells at wholesale, or transacts business in an office, if it is only "seven by nine," is invited, no retail trader or shop-keeper is admitted to their circle. They have an abhorrence of the shop, though they have been styled "a nation of shop-keepers."

I was once invited to a dinner party; in conversation with a friend I asked: "Is Mr. K. to be there?"

"O, no! he's a shop-keeper," was the reply.

"But," I said, "he is a justice of the peace."

"I know he is; but he is a shop-keeper."

"He is a splendid fellow, and what has the shop to do with the invitation?"

"I know that he will not be invited."

Determined to push the point, I said: "He comes from a very respectable family: his father farms his own lands."

"That is true; but he is a shop-keeper, and stands behind the counter."

"He is wealthy, talented, popular, and president of one or two associations."

"I know all this, my dear fellow, but it won't do. If, by the votes of the people he should become his worship the mayor, or the lord provost of the borough, he would by virtue of his office sit with gentle-

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men; but as a simple shop-keeper, however popular he may be, he would not be tolerated."

"Ah! I see—but Mr. M. is to be there."

"Oh! yes, but he has left the shop, and is secretary to an institution, and therefore is a professional gentleman now."

I said, "But I am invited—a book-binder by trade, the son of a private soldier, and a temperance lecturer."

"That's it," said my friend, "you are a professional man. Military officers, and professional men are invited, but not a mere shop-keeper,—unless he is a foreigner, and then we are not supposed to know anything of his position, only his respectability."

That term *respectable* is a favorite one. "Is he respectable?" "A most respectable audience." "A very respectable person." But the term is hard to define. When a witness was asked how he knew a certain person was respectable, he replied: "Because he drives a gig." And another stated that he knew "she was respectable, because she carried a parasol and wore a wail."

One evidence of respectability in certain sets is, to go to the sea-side in the summer; and some who cannot afford it, draw down their blinds and attend a different place of worship, to make their neighbors believe they are at the sea-side during the season.

Even at the watering-places, these lines of division are drawn; for at the principal summer resorts, such as Scarboro,' Brighton, and Ramsgate, there are generally three seasons, one for nobility, one for gentry, and one for the public generally,—who take it first, say in July,—gentry in August and September, and the nobility from October to the Christmas holidays;

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and the same lodgings can be obtained for half the price in July, that is charged in October.

The term "genteel," is a favorite also. Great importance is attached to gentility: "Let us be genteel or die," was a pet expression of Mrs. Richley. A fashionable lady, with her daughters, on approaching the church door, and finding she could not enter, owing to the crowd, exclaimed: "Well my dears, we have done the genteel thing." Better break the commandments than violate the laws of gentility. This gentility is wonderfully hard to define, and some who live under its sway, and bow to its slightest demands, cannot tell exactly what it is.

At my lectures, and at public entertainments, the charges were graduated according to the social position of persons who occupied the seats,—except when entertainments were given exclusively for a certain class—first class, five shillings, or half a crown, as it might be; second class one shilling, and working classes sixpence.

We have hardly arrived at the point of separating the working classes from all others in this way, though we shall probably come to it, I fear, by-and-bye; but it would not do now.

I once attended a concert, and was attracted by the almost dazzling appearance of a gentleman with a lady in the reserved seats;—white kid gloves, diamond studs, what the English would call a "natty" opera glass, and dressed in the highest style.

At first, I thought he was "somebody in particular," till on looking at him more closely, I recognized the gentleman who had measured me for two dozen shirts, but a few days before. I was glad to see him there,

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and I trust the day will be far distant, when honorable industry shall not be permitted to sit side by side with honorable wealth and leisure.

But for all that, our fashionables and our would-bes, seem to grow more contemptuous in their treatment of work and workers. "Only a mechanic,"—yes, my dainty madam, "only a mechanic;" a more honorable position than to be gambling in stocks, or shaving notes for the needy at high interest. Their fingers may be soiled by hard work, but far better that, than to be soiled by usury. Perhaps your father, or grandfather pursued the honorable calling of rag-picking in the streets,—and none the worse for *that;* or perhaps he made a fortune by petroleum companies, and swindled poor women out of their hard-earned savings by bogus oil-claims,—very much the worse for *that.* He may have carried the hod, and been quite respectable and honorable; but if he sold rum to the wretched victim of drunkenness, he could hardly have been *that.*

Your mother or grandmother may have opened oysters for a living, or worked in the kitchen when young,—both honorable employments, and you are none the worse for *that.* The money earned in honorable employment, however humble, is clean. "Only a mechanic," yes, *only.* I had rather be a hard-handed mechanic, with the marks of toil on me, than the perfumed useless dandy upon whom you lavish smiles, while you have nought but contempt for the honest, hard-working mechanic. Yes, young lady, I would prefer your contempt to your smiles, or friendship, if you would despise me, because I was a worker, rather than an idler.

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"Oh, she lives out!" That is enough. Not only men and women (if they deserve the names) who through all their years, never step below the surface of life; but Christian men and Christian women—or those who profess to be such—recognize the barrier which society has builded here. No matter how lovely or intelligent a young girl may be,—if she comes under this ban in any way, it all goes for naught. Daughters are educated to understand this, and they are apt pupils. Is it any marvel so many of them are helpless, and shallow, and incapable of true living? Is it any marvel there are so few women capable of supporting themselves when left destitute? Every young girl can see, that working for one's living, if a woman, puts a brand on her forehead; and almost any amount of personal discomfort will be endured in a home, rather than it should be remedied by her own work. And yet, which is wiser—to be useless and idle, a burden on other hands, or at best a consumer of wealth another has earned,—or to work, either with hands or head, and so prove the right to life? Which is nobler, to sit in the pride of ease, when, by your contempt for labor, work grows heavier, morally at least, for others; or, by putting hands to it, add a weight of worth to your own life, and roll from the lives of others a portion of the burden, which at the best, is heavy to bear? Which is nearer true? Which has more of royalty in it, idleness or work?

You who scorn the workers in our world forget, perhaps, that labor has on it the kingly seal of God's approval,—cannot see, perhaps, how poor and meager your souls become, in the very exercise of the scorn

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you are so ready and eager to show in your faces and hearts,—do not understand perhaps, what must still be true,—that the highest angel can come nearer in sympathy to *them* than to you; and that even the "King of Kings" has assigned them a far higher place than you can ever attain.

Again, we find division-lines drawn even among the working classes. The artisan, or skilled workman, the simple mechanic, and the laborer. Many mechanics of the first class are intelligent, thinking men, well read in history, philosophy, and political economy, sustaining their institutes, and debating clubs, and are becoming more and more each year a power in the country.

In the manufacturing districts of Great Britain, there is much to deplore. No one can visit these districts without being struck by the contrast between the operatives there and here. Go into a mill here, and you see the girls, as a general thing, neat and clean, healthy, morally and physically—bits of looking-glass placed on the walls, or posts, at intervals, and perhaps some young girl, in her short leisure time, "doing up her hair," or sitting for another to curl it. I speak of the mills in New England; with no others am I sufficiently familiar to describe them. There is no appearance of struggling against hopeless poverty, and the heavy burden of work, work, and no play.

In many English factories, you see heated, half-clad figures, thin, clammy hands, and pallid faces,—girls, women, young lads, and men,—all alike in their gaunt, ghastly weariness. Out of the mill, you see abject slovenliness, only relieved occasionally by a

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faint attempt at smartness. Girls without bonnets, sometimes a shawl over the head from which they have not picked the oily refuse that clings to them. In Scotland and Ireland, almost universally barefoot. In Lancashire, with those wooden-soled shoes, that make the peculiar and almost deafening *clatter, clatter*, when the mill hands are let out.

The factory operatives of twenty years ago, were a harder worked and less cared for class, than, perhaps, any in the country—except the miners. But both the miners and the mill hands, through the agency of great and good men, and their own increasing intelligence, have been relieved from much of the oppression that ground them down; yet there is still great room for improvement, and we cannot look without feelings of pain, at the reports published by Mr. Clay, formerly chaplain of the house of correction in Preston, of the ignorance of the lower classes in Lancashire. The fact is, the working-classes are, as I have before intimated, very much separated from equal social intercourse with others. Occasionally, by the force of genius and fortuitous circumstances, a working man *may* force his way through the hard crust, to another strata of society. These are all chronicled—the world knows them: Stephenson, Dr. Livingston, Hugh Miller, Chantry, and others,—yes, many others; but compared with the great mass of the working classes of Great Britain, very few.

There are advertisements of "lectures for the working classes," "concerts for the working classes," "cheap entertainments for the working classes," "cottages for the working classes," etc., as if they were socially distinct and separate from all others.

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While you find many mechanics are intelligent, the mere laborer, especially the agricultural laborer, is, as a general thing, very ignorant. We are told that "nature is a great educator;" I do not believe it. Many of these men and women, who were born, reared, and live in the most lovely rural districts, where nature laughs in all the perfection of beauty, are among the most stupid, boorish, and unintellectual beings in human shape I ever met. Their employment requires no thought; one is a ploughman, and does nothing but follow the plough; another a hedger and ditcher, etc. I have tried to converse with them, but found them wofully ignorant. The last words of a dying Lincolnshire boor, are recorded as,—"Wat wi' faath, and wat wi' the arth turning round the soon, and wat wi' the raalroads a fuzzen and a whuzzen, I'm clean mooddled an bet."

I was once invited to a Harvest Home, at a gentleman's farm in a neighborhood where total abstinence, or "teetotalism," as they call it, was very unpopular. He had given no drink on the harvest field, for the first time, I believe, in the county, and had determined to provide the harvest dinner without beer or spirits. This created great excitement, and some opposition. The rector of the parish refused to be present, giving as a reason, there was to be no beer, and he would not countenance such new-fangled notions,—that it was unjust to the laborer, to deprive him of his beer.

An honorable and reverend gentleman from another parish was present. The laborers assembled in a large tent, and sat down to a bountiful dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, the servants of the family

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waiting on them. The master of the house, with invited guests, were present, and really it was quite a show, to see the poor people eat. After the dinner, speeches were made. The honorable and reverend gentleman said, as nearly as I can recollect: "Men and women, I am glad to see you enjoy your dinner. Your master is consistent—he gives you no drink on the harvest field, and he gives you no drink at the dinner. I am not a teetotaler, I believe in beer, in moderation—strict moderation. In my parish, the farmers have arranged for a joint harvest home in a large barn. I will give you the arrangements, as agreed on by the farmers: First, we shall all assemble at twelve o'clock, and go to the church, to return thanks to Almighty God for the bountiful harvest; after that we shall proceed to the barn, where plates will be laid for more than three hundred laborers; we shall provide beer in moderation—the allowance will be, two quarts of good ale for each man, and one quart for each boy,—which you will agree with me, will be in strict moderation; after dinner, we have provided sports—good old English sports, in which all may engage."

After his speech, I addressed them, and gave my opinions as to two quarts of good ale being moderation. When the speeches were over, the guests were invited to a grand dinner in the "Hall." I made excuses, and remained among the people who were gathered in little knots. I saw a very stolid-looking man, who had not sat down with the rest, and I said to him, "Do you belong to the other parish?"

Pulling the front of his old hat, and looking very sheepish, he said, "Eess, zur."

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"Shall you attend the Harvest Home there next week?"

"Eess, zur."

"Will you tell me what the sports will be, the parson spoke of?"

"Eess, zur."

"Well, what are they?"

"Foost, they cloimb a greesy poal."

"What's that?"

"Thay greese ta poal, an theers a croas stick on top, wi a bag, an a shillin in ta bag, an thay cloimbs oop ta poal, an him as get ta shillin, has un."

"Anything else?"

"Eess, zur."

"Can you tell me?"

"Eess, zur, thay haves a reace in zacks."

"A race in sacks?"

"Eess, zur, an it's reare vun—thay toies ta zacks roon thayer necks, an thay roons, an thay toombles. He! he! it's reare vun."

"Anything more?"

"Eess, zur."

"What is it?"

"Thay roons a reace arter a pig wats greesed, an him as catches un has un."

"Anything more?"

"Eess, zur."

"Well, tell me."

"Thay has a jackass reace, an nobody doan't ride his owan jackass—an that's awl thay has."

All this was said in the most stolid manner; not the ripple of a smile, except when he said, "thay toombles."

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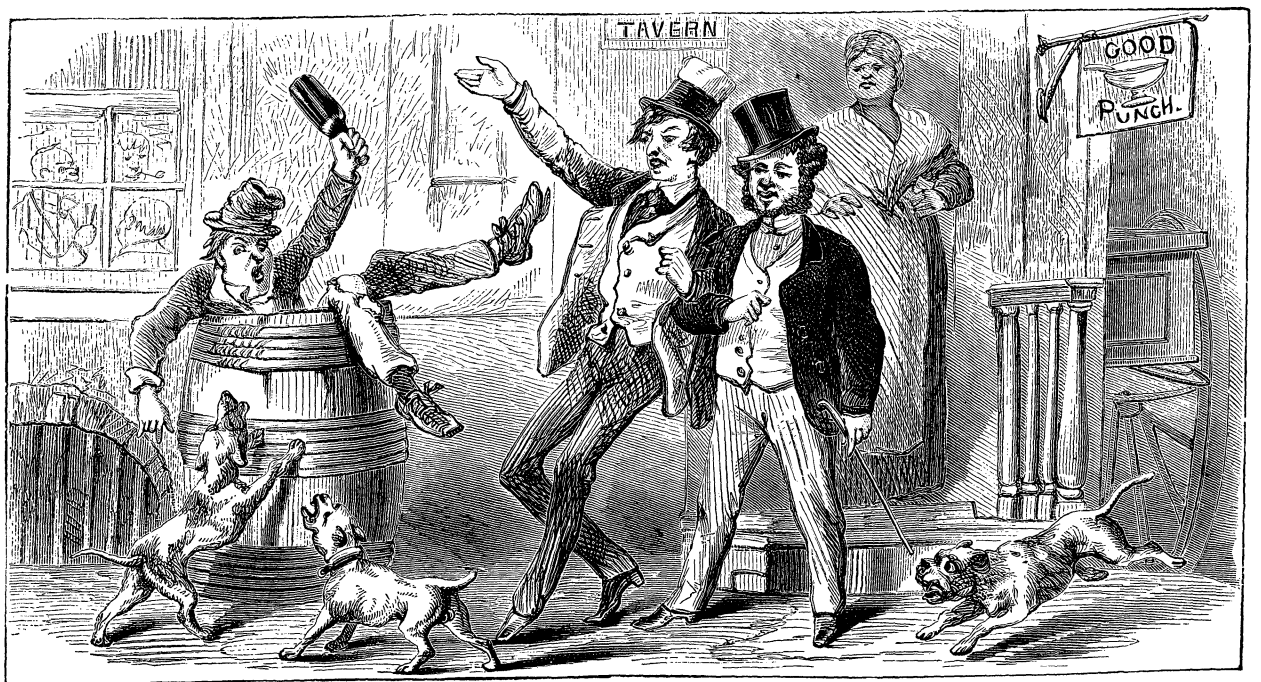

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Quite a group had collected around us by this time, and I asked, "What wages do you get?"

"Aight shillin a week."

"Eight shillings! Are you married?"

"Eess, zur."

"Have you any children?"

"Eess, zur; foive."

"Five children! do they earn anything?"

"Eess, zur; ta biggest uns weeds ta wheat, an scaers ta crows."

"How much do they earn?"

"A shillin a week."

"Do you go to church?"

"Naw, zur."

"Why do you not go to church?"

"Oy sleeps; oy's toired."

"Can you read?"

"Naw, zur."

"Do you know your letters?"

"Naw, zur."

Then I said: "Men and women, I want to say something to you. In the country where I live, agricultural laborers do not work for eight shillings a week. Agricultural laborers where I live, can read and write; some become parsons, some magistrates, others members of parliament, and some, governors;" (I could hear the "Laws! laws!" from my audience) "but" I continued, "agricultural laborers, where I come from, do not allow magistrates, parsons, and landed proprietors, to prescribe two quarts of ale as moderate drinking, and provide climbing greasy poles, running races in sacks, and these sports you have told me of, for recreation; and just as long as you submit to

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such dictation, so long will you work for eight shillings a week." Then I gave them a few words of advice.

As I turned away, I heard a woman say: "He talks to us, as thof we were hooman beans."

Dickens, Thackeray, Kingsley, Conybeare, and other English writers, draw fearful pictures of the ignorance of this class of the people, in the rural districts of England. When visiting Bedfordshire—where Bunyan lived, preached, and was imprisoned, and Cowper's residence, where he lived so long with Mrs. Unwin —I went with a party to see the church where Scott, the commentator, once preached; a woman accompanied us to show us the place, and at every reply to our questions, with her arms folded, would duck down, for an attempt at a courtesy. I said to her once: "Please, ma'am, do not bob at me so, when I speak to you; I do not like it." We noticed a row of hard-looking benches,—reminding me of the seats in the old-fashioned New England school-houses, where they are worn smooth, excepting the knots, and I asked, "What are these benches for?"

"Please, sir, they are for the school-children, sir."

"And what do the school-children do on these benches?"

"Please, sir, they gets the colic, sir."

"The colic! good gracious! what do they get the colic for?"

"Please, sir, they are obliged to, every Sunday morning, sir."

"Well, well, I never heard of such a thing; obliged to get the colic every Sunday morning?"

"Yes, please, sir, all of them is obliged to get it.

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I must confess that for a moment or two I had a vision of a set of wretched children on hard benches, in a high state of disturbance—when one of the party, laughing heartily, said: "She means they are compelled to learn the collect for the day, every Sunday morning;" and that was probably the extent of their religious education.

Conybeare gives some curious questions and answers, at an examination of school-children by the rector. The reply to the question "What is a church?" was, "A place wi' pews in." To the question "What is thunder?" Please, sir, isn't it the devil a-swearing?" The rector was a portly man, a fine specimen of what is called a good liver, and he asked the question, "What part of the human body is like a globe?" The young ones tittered—the question was repeated, when one boy blurted out, "Stomach, sir," to the discomfiture of the rector.

Their whole system of education is defective, even if it were measured by the ability to read and write. Instruction in reading and writing, may be carried to a high point of excellence, without any knowledge being imparted worth the name of education. Then, to put children to the New Testament, as into a hard, barren field, in which they are to perform a piece of drudgery, is not giving them religious instruction, merely committing a certain number of verses to memory, will not open to their understanding, and affection the Book of Life.

Mr. Clay told me that he found many who could fluently repeat texts learned, and even read the printed characters in the Testament, utterly unable to comprehend the sense of what they read; and he

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showed me the result of his investigation, which was startling. But I am not qualified to give a dissertation on education.

In Scotland, till very lately, the condition of the mere laborer was lamentable. I remember being at the house of a farmer, when a house-servant said to him: "One of the *hinds* wants to see you." On inquiring what a *hind* was, they told me it was a farm-servant. In the barn-yard I saw a woman, bare-legged, with a frock made of coarse canvas coming just to her knees, cutting up turnips for the cattle with a spade.

In Dowlais, Wales, I saw women in the brick-yard, carrying the material on their backs. A strap was brought over the shoulder, supporting a board, that rested edgeways in the small of the back. Their dress was simply a coarse frock. They received on the board a load of the wet clay, and ran with it up an inclined plane, dumped it where it was needed, and returned down the plank for another load. Young girls, wet and dirty, performing this labor from morning till night!

The shepherds of Scotland are of a far higher grade in intellect; some of them are quite studious and intelligent. Their monotonous and quiet life gives them advantages which many improve, and among them you will find much of that quaint, Scottish humor, that is so quiet and rich. I heard a story, I know not whether well known or not, but I venture to give it. Two sparks from London once came upon a decent-looking shepherd in Argyllshire, and accosted him with: "You have a very fine view here—you can see a great way."

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"Ou aye, ou aye, a ferry great way."

"Ah! you can see America here I suppose."

"Farrer than that."

"Ah! how's that?"

"Ou jist wait tule the mist gangs awa, an you'll see the mune."

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CHAPTER XXXII.

The "Navvies"—Irish Begging—Ballad Singers—The "Poet Horse"—Irish Famine—Americans in Europe—Want of Taste—Snuff-Taking—Feeing Servants—Railways in Great Britain—The Night Trains—Signs.

THERE is a peculiar class of laboring men in England,—introduced, or brought into existence as a class by the railways,—called at first excavators, then railway navigators, then navvies. The railway navvies are considered the finest Herculean specimens of the British race, as regards their physical strength. They are clannish, and stick together, though, under the influence of drink, they sometimes have desperate fights with each other. They are generally honest and open-hearted. Miss Marsh and others, who have become interested in their welfare, give evidence of their general good-humor, and the absence of all bluster and bravado amongst them. If, from illness, one is unable to work, he is supported by the comrades in his particular gang.

They earn good wages. At a navvy's funeral, five hundred of his comrades in clean white smock-frocks, with black neckerchiefs tied loosely round their throats, will sometimes walk in pairs, hand in hand after their mate. Their amusements are, playing at skittles,—(a rude sort of ten-pins)—quoits, drinking, and occasional fighting. A most interesting account

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of these men is given by Miss Marsh, in her book entitled "English hearts and English hands."

A lady told me, as an evidence of their docility, and regard for those that take a true interest in them, that on one evening, some one came to her house, and told her that two of "her navvies" were fighting. With her husband's consent, she followed her informant, and found a ring of men, within which were the two, stripped to the waist. The crowd gave way for her, and she quietly stepped up to the two men, who were glaring at each other like savage wild beasts, with clenched fists and bleeding faces. Laying her hand on one, who was over six feet tall, she said in a low tone, "Oh, Frank." The hand instantly dropped, both hung down their heads, put on their clothes, and in one hour, with their faces washed, they were sitting in her kitchen, begging her pardon for having "been and gone and disgraced her, who had been so kind to them."

The contrast between the French and English navvy may be exemplified by an anecdote related by Sir Francis Head. "A French and an English navvy were suddenly buried by the falling in of the earth in a tunnel in France. The English engineer, instantly collected all his men, and they commenced sinking a shaft, which was accomplished to the depth of fifty feet, in eleven hours, and the men were brought up. The Frenchman on reaching the top, rushed forward, hugged and kissed on both cheeks, friends and acquaintance, and then, sitting on a log of timber, puting both hands before his face, began to cry aloud most bitterly. The English navvy sat himself down on the same piece of timber, took his pit-cap off his

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head, wiped with it the perspiration from his hair and face, and then looking for a few seconds into the shaft through which he had been lifted, as if he was calculating the number of cubic yards that had been excavated, turned to the crowd of French and English who stood gazing at him half terrified, and said, coolly and slowly, in his Lancashire dialect: 'Yawve been a 'nation short toime abaaout it.'"

The very lowest class, beggars and tramps, I shall speak of when I come to their head-quarters, London. But in Ireland you find the poetry of begging. When in Dublin and Cork, I walked the street to see what I could of the street folk, and listen to the beggars. Many stories are related of them. When Charles Mathews visited Ireland, he met with some racy specimens. One day he was accosted with: "Ah! yer honor, have compassion on the blind, the lame and the lazy."

"How's that?"

"Plaise yer honor, I'm lame, this good woman's blind, and my daughter's lazy."

Another time: "Ah! yer good-looking honor, have pity on a poor crature. Ah! bless your handsome, good-looking face."

"No, I won't give you a farthing for your flattery, so go away."

Immediately another woman said: "Oh! Judy, ye hear what the gentleman says to ye—'go away.' That's all ye'll get for yer blarney, butthering people over that way. Sure his honor knows he's as ugley a piece of furniture as I've seen for many a day. Now, yer honor, give me a penny for my honesty."

There is to be found, even among the lowest and

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poorest of the Irish beggars, a rollicking humor, and you are sure to get a quick retort if you chaff them; and they will generally evade any trap you set to catch them. When offended, their imprecations have something fearful about them; and yet, there is humor even in their cursing: "May the walls of heaven never be darkened by the shadow of yer dirty sowl." Their blessings are fully as original: "May ye live forever and die happy." "May yer sowl be in glory a fortnight before the divil knows you're dead."

An endless source of amusement is to be found among the lower classes of the Irish, and not only amusement, but deep interest. I followed two ballad singers in Cork for nearly an hour, to note the people. The ballad was rough, and the singers were rude, and not very musical. The theme was the loss of the "Royal Charter." I was very much touched by the sad, sympathetic faces of the listeners, a crowd of whom surrounded the singers. The description of the storm, the striking of the ship, the cry of the passengers, the prayer that was offered by those on deck,—all received a share of notice and sympathy.

When the name of God was spoken, every man's hat was off, and every woman bowed her head. I saw tears streaming down the cheeks of some, and heard such expressions as, "Ah! God be betune us an all harrum." "Oh! the poor craythurs." "Ah! the cruel, cruel say, to swallow them all up." It was to me very interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, with whom I formed a pleasant personal acquaintance, give, in their work on Ireland, some very interesting details of the manners

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and customs of the Irish people. On one occasion, when traveling, their coachman pleaded for another shilling, after he had received his fare. "Plaise yer honor, give me the shilling. If you knew all, you'd give it."

"All, what all?"

"Ah! sure that's a mighty saicret; but it's worth a shilling."

"Ah! my man, I hardly believe that."

"Sure then, bless yer honor, if I get the shilling and yer honor get's the saicret, yer honor 'll have the biggest bargain."

"Well, there is the shilling—now for the mighty secret."

The driver grasped the shilling, and then said: "But I'd better whisper it," and bringing his lips close to Mr. Hall's ear, he said, in a very low tone, "Plaise yer honor's glory, I've driven ye the last mile with the *linchpin out*."

The Rev. Dr. Cook was about to hire a jaunting car from a stand in Belfast, when a very ragged specimen of a thorough Irish car driver came running up to him, and, gesticulating violently said: "Ah! don't take that horse, for the love of the Virgin."

"Why should I not take this man's horse?"

"Why?—O, murther! Just only look at him. He's a bad resolution; he jibs going up hill, stumbles going down hill, and lays himself flat, on the livil ground. There's a horse, now; just look at *him*. He's a poet, and he'll rowl ye along beautiful!"

The doctor, thinking he would try the poet, sprang into the car, and with a halloo and a crack of the whip, went off at spanking pace. At the first rise of

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a hill the animal stopped, and then commenced a series of blarneyings, never to be heard out of Ireland.

"Hey now! what the matter—don't ye see the gintleman criticising ye—have ye no regard for yer reputation—are ye going? The divil an oat ye'll get to-night, if that's the way ye disgrace me. Will ye go *now?*" and down came the butt end of the whip on the ribs of the poor beast. "Take that! and that! and—"

"Stop," said the doctcr, "I thought your horse was a poet."

"Poet, yer honor—don't ye see the devilopment of the born idgiut?"

"What development do you mean?"

"Why, isn't he betther in the promise than he is in the performince?"

The best thing I heard while in Dublin was said by a man to a woman. Two men were talking together, evidently belonging to the poorest class, when a woman, short, thick and dumpy, and shockingly dirty, came up and interrupted them. "To the divil I'll pitch ye now, if ye're not away." Still she annoyed them; when one of the men, with an indescribable contempt in tone and gesture, said: "Go away with ye now; you're for all the world like a *bad* winter's day—*short* and *dirty*."

I saw a group of boys plaguing a butcher, who was exceedingly corpulent, looking like a feather bed with a string tied round it. "Heh! how much for a pluck's head?" "Chuck us a bit of liver!" "Your mutton's woolly,"—and so on. The poor butcher was too unwieldy to run after them, and stood in his doorway, helplessly chafing with rage, when one of the

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urchins gave the finishing stroke, and the poor fellow turned into his shop, vanquished and speechless, as the boy shouted: "Come away Phelim, come away, let him bide—he's nothing but a dropsical old sassidge himself."

I was told that two Irishmen were walking together past a building in course of completion, when one said: "They're quick at building; it's three months since they laid the foundation, and now they're putting in the lights."

"Ay," said the other, "and in a short time they'll be putting in the liver."

I was deeply affected by the accounts given me of the famine in 1848. I had spoken in Albany that year, to raise money for corn to be sent to them, and therefore felt deeply interested, and when speaking in Cork, I alluded to the fact that a ship of war, with the stars and stripes floating from the mast-head, once anchored in the Cove of Cork, freighted with corn for starving Irishmen. A gentleman on the platform rose to his feet, and proposed three cheers for America. They were given; then three more; they were also given; then, "for the third time three more;" and as the mighty roar from hundreds of voices ceased, another gentleman rose in great excitement, and shouted out,—"One more three cheers with a will," and with a will they *were* given.

I was appointed to speak in Bandon, and was a guest of the rector, brother to the Earl of Bandon. At the dinner, where his lordship was present, the conversation turned on the Irish famine, and I must confess that I never conceived such distress had existed. The hostess said to me: "After dinner we will show you

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the famine walks in our grounds. They were made to give some of the poor people employment. We fed three hundred at our gates for weeks, and were compelled to sprinkle chloride of lime on the stones where they sat, fearing infection from the famine fever."

I was told that they dreaded going through the village after dark, lest they should stumble on a corpse; that shells, or rude coffins, were placed in the streets, and one man had taken to his house four of these for his children, as they died, one after the other; and, his wife dying, went for the fifth, brought it to the cabin, managed to lay his dead wife in it, fell over the rude coffin, and was found there a corpse. Children were discovered on the beach, with sea-weed in their mouths, which they had been sucking for nourishment,—*dead*.

One gentleman informed us, as an evidence of the patience of the people, that when the corn was distributed, it was brought in open carts from Cork, twenty miles distant, passing through a district smitten with famine, and the poor creatures were seen leaning in their weakness against the walls of their huts, hungry, pinched, starving,—and were heard to say: "God Almighty bless them that sent it." "It's coming to us, God be praised;" but not a kernel of the corn was touched by the poor wretches, mad with hunger, till it was duly distributed by those having the charge of dispensing American bounty; and not a soldier, or even a policeman was required to guard it.

I found a vast amount of ignorance in regard to America, among even intelligent Englishmen. Surprise was expressed in quite a respectable circle, that we spoke such good English. This ignorance was

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manifested in many ways. Constant complaints were made of the violations of good taste occurring among Americans, and with some show of reason; for there is a class of Americans who really disgrace us by their rudeness; and I have more than once been mortified at the recklessness with which some of our countrymen—and women too, I am sorry to say—would trample on the courtesies, and even the decencies, of social life; their loud talking, almost amounting to brawling, their assumption of independence, their bragging and boasting, were very offensive. It is right to glory in one's country; right to be proud of America; and no Englishman of sense will despise the love of country; but he will certainly exhibit contempt for those who violate the rules of courtesy and common decency in expressing it. Those who thus disgrace us are not fair specimens of Americans, and yet they do us serious damage in the estimation of foreigners; and when they return home are as offensive to their own countrymen, by their affected depreciation of everything American. These people are constantly and persistently informing you they have been to Europe. "When I was in Europe," is reiterated over and over again, and, "It's very different in Europe," "When we traveled in Europe." They so continually din "Europe" in your ears, that you heartily wish they had remained in "Europe."

But I think the sweeping charge of want of good taste as peculiarly applicable to Americans, is unfair.

"Wad the Power some giftie gi'e us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

On the occasion of a lecture I delivered in a country town, an Independent minister was appointed to

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open with prayer. His salary was £300 per year. (I mention this to show his position.) After he had concluded the prayer, he, being also the chairman of the meeting, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, as I have informed you in my prayer, the temperance cause is in a healthy state," &c.

On another occasion, at a meeting of mine, I found the platform was erected on the top of the pulpit—which was a very high one—lifting me out of the reach of the sympathy of my audience on the floor, and bringing me unpleasantly close to those in the gallery. As I took my seat, I turned to a gentleman next me and said: "I am very sorry that I am placed in such an awkward condition to speak. I cannot speak here. Below, under the gallery, the people cannot see me, and I shall be dizzy looking down into that well." The church was small, and I was lifted so high, I felt annoyed.

The gentleman said: "The people in the gallery pay the highest price, and they would like to see your feet."

See my feet! I grew desperate, and said: "If I never made an utter failure before, I shall make one now, for I cannot speak here." But it was inevitable; no change could be made; the meeting was called to order, and the person to whom I had been talking was called upon, as the minister of the church, to offer prayer. What was my surprise, when he told the Lord he regretted that the platform was not satisfactory to the speaker, and used these words, as near as I can recollect them:

"We pray that the height of the platform may not so interfere with the comfort of the lecturer, but that

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he will be able to give as good a lecture here, as it has been reported in the papers he has given in other towns in the country." This made things worse than ever to me, and how I got through I hardly know. This was a violation of good taste, not merely a blunder.

Men may make a blunder in prayer, which, though absurd, is not considered blameworthy. I was told that after the battle of Lexington, a town meeting was called to decide on measures for further movements, when one man, who had witnessed the fight, and was in great excitement, was called to pray, as he was considered the most religious man in the town. In his nervousness he made a terrible blunder, when he said: "Oh! Lord, I never see such a day as it was yesterday, and I don't believe you ever did."

At a breakfast party, where I was present, several gentlemen had met for conversation, and the customs and peculiarities of Americans were discussed. Very strong expressions were used in reference to our habit of putting our feet on the table, of swaggering, of using the double negative so constantly, and especially, of the habit of spitting;—this was handled very severely. One gentleman in particular very strongly denounced it. I confessed they had reason for severe criticism; but I noticed this same gentleman push back his chair, and, producing a snuff-box, tap it once or twice, and taking a huge pinch of snuff between his two fingers and thumb, apply it to his nostrils, give two or three tremendous sniffs, and with his handkerchief dab the snuff about his nose, and draw up again to the table. This he did three times during breakfast. As I was leaving, I said to

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him: "Pardon me, sir, if I say that I agree with you in much you have said of American habits; but you will not be offended when I tell you that, though I have seen a great deal of spitting in America, I never saw any man of any class, under any circumstances, take snuff at the breakfast-table. I know not but it is done; but I never saw it."

He said, with a laugh,—"A fair hit, a fair hit,—I'm not offended."

There are prejudices on both sides. We call them sullen, proud, and arrogant,—they call us boasting, vain, inquisitive, and conceited. This prejudice seems to be national, not against individuals. Americans there and Englishmen here are sure of a warm, hospitable reception, if they deserve it; and for the people of both countries to know each other better, would be to judge each other less unfavorably. "Ill-will is best nursed in ignorance." Charles Lamb, when asked how he could hate a people he did not know, answered: "And pray how could I hate them if I *did* know them."

Prejudice without reason is often the most bitter and lasting. A writer in the "Fortnightly Review," February, 1864, says: "I am quite sure that if England had known as much about the United States five years ago as she does now, the present unhappy relations between the two countries could not be subsisting. England sneered at those who had been her friends, then fighting the last battles of a conflict begun by herself, and gave her sympathies to those who had denounced her for her love of freedom;" and we, while demanding justice unflinchingly, might be less bitter in our denunciation of England as a whole, did we know the sympathy of the English masses for us

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in our struggle. I received letter after letter from men and women, deeply sympathizing with us, and not merely that, but fighting battles for us, against prejudice and false judgment.

Our independence is not understood by many there; I mean the true, sturdy independence. For instance, when I told a gentleman that a man who works for me, whom they would call a "farm servant," rides with me to church, or town meeting to vote, is an assessor of the town, and assesses my property, is my friend, and is considered my equal while his conduct is without reproach, he said: "There can be no subordination in such a case, and you have no authority."

I said: "Ah! but I have authority. What I require is done promptly, and respectfully, without cringing, but in a spirit of manly independence."

He replied: "I do not understand how it is,—it could not be done here; such a man would become impertinent and unbearable."

I think he was in a great measure mistaken in that; for in any country, if you treat a man as a man, you help to make a man of him. Yet there is a very general lack of independence among servants and work-people in England. A very serious annoyance to travelers or visitors is the custom of feeing servants. They expect it, even in houses where you are an invited guest. Some of the best families are taking measures to stop the practice, and in several instances we found a card in our rooms, "Please offer no gratuities to the servants."

To those unaccustomed to this system, it is not only annoying, but embarrassing. I remember one case particularly. When I was a guest with some

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friends from London, at the house of a gentleman, the butler—a gentlemanly-looking man, with powdered hair, much better dressed than I—stood at the door, at our departure, with a queer expression on his face, evidently expecting something. I positively could not offer the gentleman, who stood with sleek face and white "choaker," money. It seemed to me it must be an offense, or insult to him. I would gladly have given double what he expected, to be released from my embarrassment. After I left the house, I said to a friend: "Do you suppose that gentlemanly-looking fellow would have taken money, had I offered it to him?"

"Wouldn't he?" was the reply, with a hearty laugh at my simplicity; "you just try it the next time, and see. Why, he got half a crown from me."

At some of the hotels it is a perfect nuisance. I remember at Canterbury, I invited a friend to take a chop with me. We were served with two mutton chops, two small potatoes, and bread. The charge was five shillings,—about a dollar and a half. After I had paid the bill, the waiter, whose only office was to bring our fare to the table, stood right in my way, and with a sniff and a smile, said: "Please to remember the waiter, sir."

"Why, you do not expect me to give you any money, for putting the chop, potatoes, and bread on the table, after paying five shillings—do you?"

"These are our wails, sir, and we gets no other wages, and excuse me, sir, but *gentlemen* always does it, sir;" (with a strong emphasis on gentlemen.) Of course, he got the sixpence; and though I had no objection to giving the man a sixpence, I felt fleeced.

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When walking on Castle Hill, Edinburgh, a seedy-looking man came up to me, and touching his hat, said: "I beg your pardon sir, but that is Heriot's Hospital yonder, built by the Goldsmith of James the Sixth."

"Yes," I replied, "I know it is."

"And that, sir," he said, pointing towards it, "is Donaldson's Hospital, one of the finest modern buildings in Scotland."

I said, "Yes, sir, I am aware of it."

Then he inquired: "Have you ever seen the house where Burk and Hare committed their horrid murders?"

"No," I said, "I have never seen the house."

That was sufficient. He came close to me, and, directing my attention across the wilderness of house-tops, said: "There, sir, do you see that yellow house, the gable end this way, with the heavy chimney?—that is the house. And here, sir, is the house where Mary, Queen of Scots, lived; and they say she often sat at that mullioned window; and there, opposite, is the house occupied in the olden time by the celebrated Duke of Argyle; and that, sir, is David's tower; and this rock is called "Dun Edin,"—that is its ancient name; and there is the Grass-market, where the Covenanters suffered; and there are the Pentland Hills; and over there is Calton Hill, with the unfinished monument for Nelson's victories; and there is Inchkeith, in the Frith of Forth; and further on is the Bass Rock,—the coast runs round to Dunbar, near which the battle of Preston Pans was fought, and Colonel Gardiner was killed;—this is the old town, and over the bridge is the new town; there

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is Scott's monument, on Princes street; down here is the West Port; and at the foot of the Canongate is the Sanctuary, and Holyrood Palace, where"—etc.

All this he rattled off with such rapidity, that I could not stop him, to tell him, that I had visited most of these localities; but at last I did manage to say: "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your information, but I must wish you good day."

Taking off his hat and holding out his hand, he said, in a half whining tone, very different from his descriptive one, "Please, sir, I get my living by this." Of course he obtained his gratuity.

I was sometimes vexed when we were keeping house. If I engaged a man to do a job, to dig in the garden, slate my roof, empty the dust-bin, look after a leaky gas-pipe, or carry a parcel for me, after I had paid him his price, sneaking and whining, ashamed to look me in the face, he would inquire if I had as many half pence in my pocket as would buy him a pint of beer.

If I go into a factory, and some mechanic explains to me the excellencies or intricacies of the machinery, when I thank him, and wish him good day, he'll ask me for a pint of beer. When walking in the fields, I ask that laboring man the nearest way to the village church yonder, he will give me the information with a dastardly, snivelling demand for beer. I hold, that a workman of any kind, in any country, who asks for money, or beer, when his labor is paid for at his own price, is a pest, a nuisance, and a humbug.

I believe there is a great improvement in all this, within the past few years, and the custom will, by and by, be utterly abolished by the good sense of the

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people, and go down to oblivion; and the sooner the better for the workman, even more than for those who have suffered from the imposition.

So many Americans have traveled in England, and their experiences have been so extensively published, that it will not be necessary to give my impressions at large of the railways of Great Britain. I traveled more than sixty thousand miles in the kingdom during the five years of my sojourn there and, knowing something of English railway traveling will just state that one train each day *must* run on all roads for a penny per mile, according to "Act of Parliament." These are called Parliamentary trains. The fares are generally,—third class, about a penny per mile; second class, two pence; first class, three pence; and express, taking only first class passengers, about three pence half-penny per mile. Although the passengers in the express trains are in almost every respect a contrast to the Parliamentary, yet the leveling tendency of the railway system is plainly exhibited. The Earl of Duke, whose dignity once compelled him to post in a coupé and four, takes his place now, unnoticed, in the corner of a carriage, opposite a traveler for a mercantile house, or side by side with the landlady of a lodging-house.

The working of the railway is very complete;—I speak of the "London and North-western." This line is divided into districts of from seventeen to thirty miles, to each of which is appointed an over-looker, whose district is subdivided into lengths of one to two miles, and to each of them is appointed a foreman with a gang of two or three men. Every morning before the first train passes, the foreman is required

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to walk over his length, to inspect it, and especially ascertain that each of the keys securing the rails is firmly fixed.

The duties of the engine-driver are much more severe than with us, they having little or no protection, standing almost like the figure-head of a ship, perhaps dashing into a gale of wind from the north-west, at the rate of forty miles an hour; suffering from cold, and often their clothes drenched with rain. They generally drive their engine from one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles each day. When the engine is brought in, the driver carefully examines it, reporting in a book what repairs are needed; if none, he reports it correct. Then the foreman of the fitters examines it; if anything is found out of order, he reports the driver. Then a third examination is made by the superintending engineer of the station; if he detects any defect, he reports both engine driver and foreman.

The station at Euston Square is a very fine one, lighted from the top by nearly two acres of plate glass. Your cab brings you to the magnificent front, and on through a square court-yard, leaving you at the entrance to the platform; the door opens with surprising alacrity, and a civil porter, as you alight, takes all your baggage, telling you, "You'll find it on the platform, sir." You purchase your ticket, proceed to the platform, and find it on a barrow, guarded by a porter. "Now then, sir, claim your luggage." It is then ticketed, and placed either in a luggage van, or on the carriage you occupy. Their first-class cars, or carriages, are very comfortable, though our drawing-room coaches far exceed them, both in lux-

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ury and convenience. Their second-class carriages are barely comfortable; while the third-class are decidedly unpleasant to travel in.

The scene on the departure of a train is quite exciting. People of good character, bad character, and no character, children and old people, tall and short men, big and little women; some looking for friends, others avoiding acquaintances; here, a bridal party, and there, a painful parting; boys running along by the train with "Times!" "Telegraph!" "News!" "Star!"—people of all countries, religions, and languages, either separating from friends, or quietly taking their seats in the carriages. We do not hear from the guard, "All aboard!" as from our conductor here; but, "Now then, take seats, take seats, passengers for the north please take seats." A ticket agent passes the whole length of the train,—"Please show your tickets," or "tickets, please," or *Tickets!* according to the class of passengers. Then, "All right!" a sharp whistle, and the train moves slowly, almost imperceptibly, faster, faster, on, on, till you are whizzing at the rate of forty miles an hour. The rate of travel is higher than in this country. I once rode fifty-three miles in fifty-seven minutes, timing it by my watch, from Oxford to London.

I was always interested in the arrival of a train after dark,—the gas-lights, two hundred and fifty-two in number, are screwed down to the minimum, and all is still, save the hissing of some pilot engine; on a sudden is heard a mysterious moan, followed by the violent ringing of a bell. That instant, on and above a curve of nine hundred feet, each gas-light bursts into full power. That moaning, or low, melancholy

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whine, which will continue uninterruptedly for five minutes, is caused by air, condensed in a hydraulic machine. An officer in Camden Station, two miles away, having charge of this machine, allows a portion of air to rush through an inch pipe, and this conveys to the signal man, watching night and day, the arrival of the train at that station. The signal man immediately rings his bell, and, taking with him three flags or lamps,—danger (red), caution (green), security (white),—proceeds down the line to a point from which he can see another signal man,—he also being in sight of another,—and he of another,—between the stations. On no account can the train leave the platform at Camden, until the guard has received through the air-pipes at the signal office, the notice, "All clear." In a very few minutes, the long, dark-colored, dusty train comes gliding into the station. Porters unfasten the doors of the carriages, and the passengers take their departure by the various vehicles in readiness to convey them.

Close to each departure gate, there is stationed a person who challenges the driver—"Number of your cab?" "782." "How many passengers?" "Two." "Where are you going?" "No. 8 Edith Grove, Brompton." "All right!" This information is recorded in a book. Thus any traveler desirous of complaining of a cab-man, or who may have left property in the carriage, simply states on what day and by what train he arrived, and where he was conveyed, and the name of the driver can be ascertained.

I derived many of the statistics, and much information in reference to railway management, from a little work entitled "Stokers and Pokers."

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In passing through the principal towns, one source of amusement to me was the signs,—some quaint, others comical, some appropriate, others absurd, some suggestive, and others without meaning. The Queen being popular, there is great desire to be considered as doing business under her auspices. This leads to curious incongruities. There are not only butchers, bakers, shoe-makers, hosiers, coach-makers, and general purveyors to "her majesty;" but the Queen has also her "breeches-maker." I saw a card on which a man styles himself "Illuminating artist to her majesty," indicating that he lights the lamps about Buckingham Palace.

A writer in "Notes and Queries" speaks of a sign in the window of a public house,—"Siste viator, monitas mendita sciantic fatisque,"—which means, stop traveler, an unheard of novelty, a combination of science and drinking, a glass of ale and a galvanic shock for two pence. "Intra bila suscipe solon."

I heard of a funny sign over a hair-dresser and wig-maker's shop, with a picture of Absalom hanging on a tree by the hair of his head, and David lamenting, mournfully exclaiming:

"Oh! Absalom, my son, my son,
Thou would'st not have died if thou'd'st had a wig on."

At Wolverhampton I saw a sign over a beer shop, "Calm retreat, by Hannah More, licensed to be drunk on the premises;" in Nottingham, a public house sign, "Henry Kirke White;" in Birmingham, "The Hen and Chickens." I collected quite a large number of those I had seen, but the list of them is lost.

Near my residence at Brompton, there is "The Goat and Compasses." Tradition tells us it is a cor-

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ruption of the old Puritan sign, "God encompasses us." In Shoreditch there is a sign called the "Three Loggerheads,"—a picture of two men seated at a table, and underneath, the lines,—

"We three, loggerheads be."

I saw a beer shop with a sign, "The Widow's Lament;" another, in Oxford Street, "The Mischief;" at the land's end, "The First and the Last." You will find the "Cat and Muffin," "Cat and Fiddle," "Pig and Whistle," "Cat and Gridiron," "Goat in Boots," "The World Upside Down," "Hit or Miss," "The Green Man," "Getting through the World," "Bull and Looking-glass,"—Bulls and Bears of all colors. One sign is the picture of a woman with her head cut off, called "The Silent Woman." In fact, the curious signs are innumerable. I speak only of those I remember to have seen. A very ingenious and interesting book of more than five hundred pages has been lately published, entitled "The History of Sign-boards," containing, as far as can be ascertained, the origin and history of the numerous signs to be found in Great Britain,—an exceedingly amusing volume, to those who are at all interested in sign-board literature.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

Reform in England—English Mind—American Mind—Women's Work in England—"Beautiful Work"—Fetes for the People—Parlor Meetings—Carshalton Park—Poor Women from London—Flowers—One Bright Day.

In April, 1853, the London Times said: "The great difficulty with those who would innovate and improve, is to persuade the English mind that such innovations and improvements are possible. This point once gained, we may be sure success is near at hand; for it seems to be a habit of the public, stubbornly to deny the practicability of anything which is not immediately to take place." And again the writer says: "So wedded are we to custom, so hampered by precedent, so enslaved by habit, that we cannot bring ourselves to believe that what is wrong in our proceedings, can possibly be corrected, or what is right in the practices of our neighbors, can possibly be adopted."

Here is the key to the difficulty of moving the public mind of England toward anything new or strange. They seldom jump to conclusions, but make their approaches carefully, and almost timidly, as though fearful of being caught.

Notwithstanding their audiences, especially among the working men, are wonderfully enthusiastic, it requires almost as much, to make an Englishman ac-

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cept a new proposition, or adopt a new measure, as Sydney Smith said it required to make a Scotchman understand a joke. All their great reforms have been successful, only through patient working on the part of their advocates. Years of labor were needed to secure the repeal of the corn-laws; but when they become fully satisfied that a measure is right and possible, no nation on earth will more persistently and doggedly carry out the purpose to gain the desired results.

The Committee of the House of Commons, pronounced railways an impossibility; but Great Britain can now boast of the best-constructed railways in the world. Chat Moss "could not be drained;"—now, hundreds pass daily over that once-dreaded morass, on the magnificent causeway built by the indefatigable labors of George Stephenson. It was deemed impossible that London could be tunneled for railways, —now, the arteries of travel reach in every direction, and the "Under-ground Railway" is a success. For years it was considered impracticable to cleanse the river Thames, and transform a putrid ditch (which it had become) into a pure and healthy river,—now, the splendid embankment of the Thames, and the magnificent system of drainage are the wonder of the world. Slavery was a "fixed fact," and could not be abolished in the Colonies,—years since, Great Britain, at an expense of millions, abolished the institution of slavery in every portion of her dominions. England declared that our Union could not be preserved amid the horror and desolation of a civil war—that it was impossible we could ever exist again as a united people;—but now, in our restored prosperity, with the certainty

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that, by God's blessing, we shall become a freer and more united people than ever before,—England accepts the position, and, convinced by the logic of facts, of our stability as a united people, is ready to recognize our importance among the nations; and many who shook their heads, not merely in doubt, but with pity for our assured destruction, congratulate themselves to-day that they were not entangled by Confederate bonds. This stubbornness and doggedness work both ways,—in strenuously denying the possibility of the success of a project, and, when convinced that it is feasible, working for it with a determined perseverance worthy of admiration.

The cry of "Reform," there, is no vain cry—it is the voice of the people, and cannot be silenced. Gradually, but surely, will England's abuses be abolished. For years the nuisance of Smithfield Market was well-nigh intolerable, yet borne with almost heroic patience, till the possibility of its removal was recognized, and then—the nuisance disappeared at once.

Many of their public journals are amusing, from their alternate assertions and retractions, not only in reference to their own affairs, but in regard to those of other nations, political, religious, and domestic.

The great difficulty experienced in advocating the temperance question is, or was, the dogged, arbitrary condemnation of the principles involved, a stolidity of perception, and an expressed belief in the impossibility of establishing those principles among them. And yet, the temperance movement is steadily increasing in power and influence. Some of the leaders are far-seeing men, and look not only to the

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direct results, but to the future development of the harvest, of which they are patiently, in spite of all discouragements, sowing the seed. I know no men who are more deserving of all praise, than the steady, persevering advocates of reform — political, church, and moral — in Great Britain.

When success crowns the efforts put forth to establish any new principle or project, often the most persistent doubters and opposers, are the first to avail themselves of any privileges or advantages arising from that success; and the false prophets are often ashamed of their own prophecies.

In this age of wonderful progress we hardly dare to affirm that anything is impossible. Those of us who remember forty years ago, and see the wonderful advance made in science, mechanics, and useful inventions, can realize the important changes wrought during that period. Truly, we live in a time when "men run to and fro in the earth, and knowledge is increased;" and yet every useful invention, from the friction match to the Atlantic cable, and Pacific Railroad, has fought its way to success, against argument and opposition. What a change, from the flint, and steel, and tinder, when we knocked the skin from our knuckles for a spark, and then puffed with watery eyes, amid the fumes of brimstone, and the smoke of tinder for a blaze, to the instantaneous ignition! an apparently trivial matter, but ranking among the first of useful and important modern inventions. Steam navigation, the railroad system, telegraph operation, have developed in such rapid succession, that we are fairly startled by the wonderful revolution in all that affects our comfort or convenience; and looking into

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the future, as we turn to the past, we are inclined to bury all incredulity, and say reverently, "All things are possible."

A gentleman, writing to me from Montreal, gives me the following: "Once in coming from school, when a little boy, I heard a man singing in a street of London the following ditty, (this was in 1811,) and when I arrived home, I said: 'Mother, I heard a man singing,—

"'Coaches soon will run by steam,
Hodges' gin is very strong,
St. Paul's does stand behind Queen Anne,
And when you're right you can't be wrong.'

"'O, my dear,' said my mother, 'How wicked—coaches going by steam! If a boat can go by steam, a coach never can. However, my boy, 'tis true Hodges' gin is strong, for it knocked down old Mr. Oliver, and you know he's a big man; St. Paul's does stand behind the statue of Queen Anne; and if you're right you can't be wrong;—but its very wrong to say coaches soon will go by steam.'

"But the old lady lived long enough to see the first steam-coach in London, and when she did, she exclaimed—'My deary me!'"

I was once quite amused, while traveling over the Western Railroad, now the Boston and Albany. At Springfield, I purchased a book to while away the time. I happened to get "Capt. Basil Hall's travels in North America," and, as I passed over the Hoosac Mountain, I read his very graphic description of a ride over these hills in a stage-coach. After dwelling on the scenery, the ravines, the gorges, the high rocky hills, the winding of the rapid river, he said: "These

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Yankees talk of constructing a railroad over this route. As a practical engineer, I pronounce it simply impossible." With the book in my hand, my eyes on the word "impossible," I was smoothly ascending the mountain, several hundred feet rise in twenty miles, the "iron horse," with six driving wheels, snorting up the heavy grade, and scores of passengers happily unconscious that the English traveler and engineer had pronounced this success an impossibility.

After all, I think I prefer the steady approach, the persistent opposition till convinced by arguments that cannot be resisted, to the volatile assent, and hasty adoption of measures—especially those that require self-denial in the steadfast adherence to them. I believe the number who violate their pledge in Great Britain, is far less than in this country. The reformers there make it a serious business. They know the character of the people, and the minds on which they must operate, and their work is more permanent and thorough. We have a "Maine Law," and public sentiment is far stronger in our favor, yet I have more confidence in the stability of the temperance movement, and stronger hopes of its speedy success there, than I have here, with all our advantages, and the progress we had made years ago in advance of them. In fact, I believe we have been retrograding while they have been progressing. I may be wrong, but these are my convictions; and till we are ready to work, as we did, with the pledge, with the young, and devote our attention more to the enlightenment and instruction of the public mind, and less to the vituperation and abuse of those who differ

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with us about measures, but are as firm and true as we in their love for the great cause itself,—we shall continue to retrograde.

There is a large amount of good effected in England by self-denying women. Let any person read "English Hearts and English Hands," or "The Missing Link," and he will see what women are doing of Christian work among the poor. The temperance cause owes much to the efforts of women, among the laboring classes. Read "Haste to the Rescue," or "Ragged Homes, and How to Mend them," or "Workmen and their Difficulties," and you will gain an insight into this sphere of labor, that will convince you such efforts must be successful in the end. No discouragements hinder, no opposition checks them; their purposes seem strengthened by the blasts of adverse criticism. I met the men and women who have been gathered in the "Kensington Potteries" by Mrs. Bayley, and I spent a few days at Shrewsbury, the guest of Rev. Charles Wightman, whose noble wife has accomplished a wonderful work among the denizens of Butcher's Row. A lady by birth and education, ailing in health for years, but becoming grieved in her soul at the desolation and misery of the wretched families in that locality, commenced investigations as to the cause and the possible remedy. She found that intoxicating drink was the prime source of this degradation, uncleanliness and sin. Her first movement was to sign the temperance pledge, in the face of remonstrance from physicians, who said she could not live without stimulants; then went among the people quietly, and asked them to do as she did. She thus gained the respect and confidence of the men and

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women; and when I was there, I addressed an audience of more than three hundred, who were members of her society. She has recorded some of the results of her labor in that thrillingly interesting work,—"Haste to the Rescue." I will take the liberty of inserting here portions of a letter she wrote to me, dated September 4, 1859:

My Dear Friend,—I received your kind letter this morning, and, having a little leisure for a few minutes, will hastily tell you some facts respecting my *beautiful work* at home.

On August 1st, last year, I had twenty teetotalers. On August 1st, this year, I had two hundred and thirty, and we still keep increasing our numbers. Besides these men, I have about one hundred women, by far the largest number of whom were the most sober, industrious and excellent wives of the whole set. This has been to my society the greatest help possible; for scarcely a man ever breaks the pledge, whose *wife* is whole-hearted on the subject. I therefore entreat *every wife to sign!* With the exception of the first six men, I have hardly asked a *man* to sign. They have come to *me* as perfect strangers, asking me to receive them. This clears me from any charge of making proselytes, the honest conviction of every man being on my side. And it is a very trying fact, that the publicans do me less damage than the doctors do. The reason is obvious: no amount of temptation from a publican will break down a good staunch member; they feel that an interested motive may be at the bottom of their importunity; but when a man feels out of sorts,—as everybody will feel occasionally—especially men who are out in all weathers, and getting into violent heats in their work, etc.,—*then*, when a medical prescription comes in the form of porter, ale, brandy, or gin,—all of which have, at various times, been recommended by the faculty,—then it is that a feeling of duty to follow the prescription comes in; and, coupled with the enticements of the *traitor within*, that man is sure, almost, to go back to drunkenness; and instead of gaining any benefit from the stimulant, he seldom returns to me (if he returns at all) until he has spent from two to twenty pounds, and until he arrives at a degree below the condition in which he at first came before me. We made a rule to meet these disasters, last Tuesday week, which I give you below, to which a full meeting gave unanimous content.

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NEW RULE.

"No member shall be allowed to take porter, or any other intoxicating drink, even by a medical man's prescription, *unless he is unable to work*. He must then produce a medical certificate, stating the quantity to be taken, and the hours when. Any member infringing this rule, or acting contrary to such certificate, by drinking at any other times, or in any other quantity, shall be expelled from the society."

I have had a most enjoyable time in Manchester these two days, entirely amongst the working-classes—chiefly the night-soil men—in company with one of the best city missionaries in the world. There are some sterling Christian teetotalers amongst them. But I must not take up your time further. I believe that some of my men are equal to any in the kingdom, for every quality of heart and mind; true-hearted, staunch, independent, spirited men—full of affection, and every generous feeling. And now, dear friend, adieu! Believe me, yours very sincerely, JULIA B. WIGHTMAN.

P. S.—I have for fifteen years been constantly ailing—weak, ill, good for nothing, until I signed the pledge, and now for one twelvemonth I have been independent of medical aid—thank God. In spite of all my real hard work—five nights a week from house to house till past ten, and not once in bed till twelve o'clock, or past; and up generally at half-past six, A. M. I signed March 21, 1853.

In many places where I was a guest, I found the ladies of the family busily and earnestly engaged in endeavoring to ameliorate the condition of the poor, by inculcating temperance, visiting them, reading to them, and trying to teach them cleanliness and habits of thrift. I know one family where the lovely and refined Christian daughters went day by day to read to the navvies, working on the railroad, during their dinner hour. A young lady might be seen seated on a block of stone, surrounded by the rough men eating their meal, while she read to them. The Queen could hardly be treated with more genuine respect than were these young ladies. Eyes would brighten as they approached, and the hard-handed

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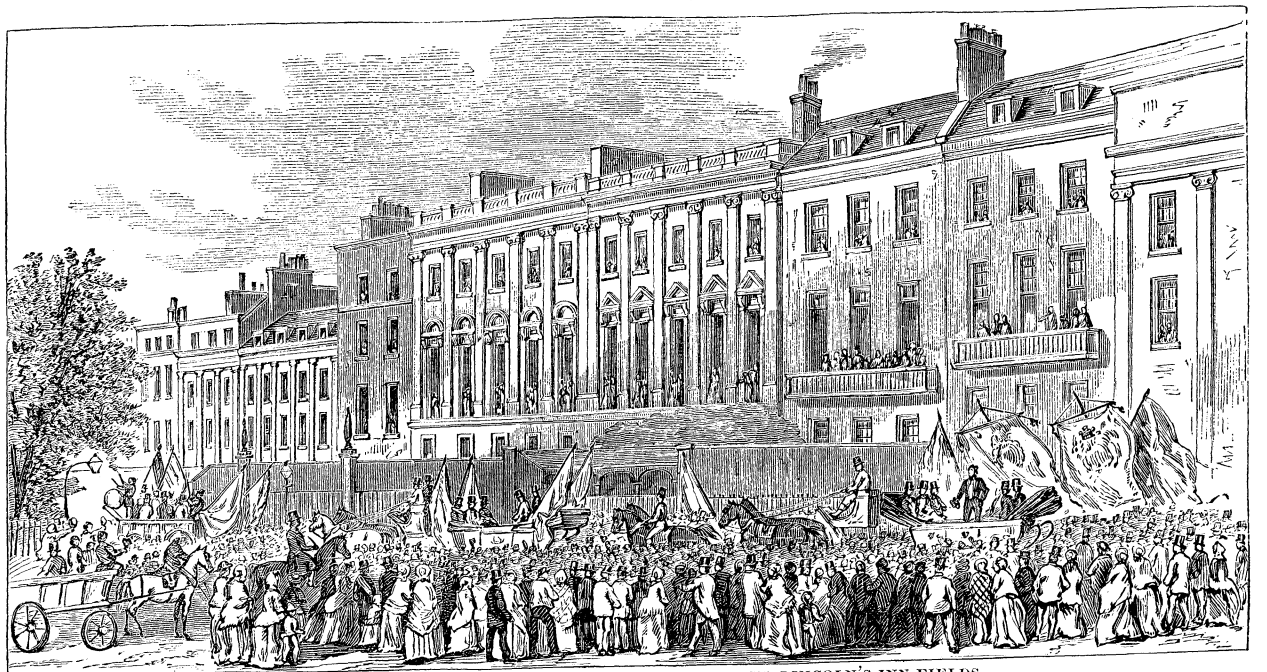

PROCESSION OF THE LONDON TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, IN LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

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laborer, would spread his old jacket on the stone for the delicate lady to sit on. This is what Mrs. Wightman calls a "*beautiful work.*" No company or amusement could keep these ladies from this employment. I would hear, "Please excuse us for an hour—we are going to our men." By such work as this the seed is sown, and He who sends such laborers into His field, will give the harvest.

The work outside of the temperance organization is very extensive; gentlemen of property devoting themselves personally to the interests of the poorer classes. This work is all unknown to the traveler, who takes a cursory view of things; to know what is doing, we must see the people, not on the highways of travel, but in their houses, and on their estates. Samuel Bowly, of Horsepools, near Gloucester, gives an annual *fête* to the people, procuring for them the best speakers—refreshments—and, though he is a member of the "Society of Friends," provides for them music. Joseph Tucker, of Pavenham Bury, a large landed proprietor, gives a *fête* in his splendid park to his people, and those from other parishes who choose to come. Potto Brown, of Houghton, Huntingtonshire, on the annual "feast," or show, attracts the people from the drinking and dancing booths, to an entertainment in tents, decorated with flowers and evergreens—drawing them from drink to healthy amusements, cricket, etc., engaging the services of the best men who can be obtained as speakers, striving earnestly and heartily to advance their physical, moral, and spiritual interests. Many others I might record, having visited them, and been honored by their hospitality.

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Another form of unobtrusive but effective effort was in holding what were called "Parlor meetings." Gentlemen like Samuel Bowly, of social position, everywhere respected, and gifted with the power of addressing convincingly the largest audiences, would arrange to convene in their own drawing-room, a picked audience from the vicinity, and either with or without the conciliatory and pleasant hospitalities of tea or lunch, hold a conference of several hours, upon the claims of the movement. In this way many a gentleman or lady of commanding influence was won to the cause;—persons whose names were a guarantee for scores of others, and who had been kept aloof from the movement through offense to taste or culture, given by unfortunate advocacy, had, in these meetings, prejudices melted away, scruples satisfied, conscience quickened; and consent was heartily accorded to espouse the cause;—persons who would have remained long years untouched by other means.

Injudicious advocacy is a damage rather than an aid, in advancing the interests of the temperance cause. A dogmatic assumption of superiority, abuse of those who differ with us, or an arrogant exaltation, that would seem to say,—"Stand aside, 'I am holier than thou,' because I have adopted a certain remedy for a certain evil,"—will never recommend the movement to the sympathy of the intelligent and refined.

I have spoken of the ignorance and degradation of a portion of the laboring classes. I confess, in some districts it seems hopeless; but I record these self-denying efforts to ameliorate their condition, and wherever these efforts are made, a corresponding change for the better is plainly to be perceived.

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When in London, Mr. Samuel Gurney invited us to Carshalton Park, on the occasion of his inviting fifty poor women from London to spend the day in his grounds. It was his frequent custom to convey invitations through the city missionaries to a number of poor women, with their children, to taste the fresh air, and ramble in the meadows, or among the flowers, or on the lawns, about his residence; and they came from stifling courts, poor, pale, haggard creatures, neglected, and poverty-stricken, in omnibuses provided by him for their accommodation. That day, there were forty-nine women, and some dozen children. They scattered among the hay-makers, the children romped on the newly-mown grass, the poor mothers either strolling in groups, or seated on some pleasant knoll, chatting neighborly together, the bright sun shining, the birds singing, the children shouting in glee, and all combining to give them *one* happy day—one little lift out of the dull, weary monotony of their dreary life.

At noon, they were invited to a bountiful dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, spread for them under a tent; Mr. Gurney and his guests, with the servants of the house, waiting on them. After their meal they separated, to roam about the gardens and grounds, the children to play. One poor woman said to me, on my making some inquiries: "Ah! sir, I haven't seen a green field afore to-day for twelve year." Again in the evening, a plentiful repast was spread for them in the tent,—bread and butter, buns, plain cakes, fruit, and tea. Then a few words of kindly-spoken advice, and the gardener brought into the tent a small bouquet of cut flowers for each woman.

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How their dim eyes danced with delight at their beauty! Their toil-worn fingers clasped the stems, and their expressions of admiration were genuine. No "ball-room belle" could appreciate with such delight her choice bouquet in its silver holder. As the sun was setting, the omnibuses were brought to the tent, and, amid the quiet laughter of the women, and the noisier demonstrations of the children, they took their seats. As the park gates were open the gentlemen took off their hats and gave them three cheers, which were heartily returned; and with the cheers of the guests, the crowing of the younger ones, and the murmured thanks of the mothers, they returned to London—back to their dreary, dirty, cheerless homes; but refreshed and helped by one day's recreation;—and who shall say how many days the faded flowers in some stifling room reminded the dwellers of one bright day; and when the flowers are all decayed, and their perfume gone, may not the fragrance of that remembrance cheer and encourage them in the dull monotony of their daily struggle? Who shall say? It may be so.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

Departure for America—Bad News—The Minister's Welcome—Reception at Mechanics' Hall—Death of Joel Stratton—His Life and Character—First Written Lecture—Charge of Deserting the Temperance Cause—Beggars—Borrowers—Bores—Anecdotes of Travel—Railroad Accident.

We had a pleasant passage from Liverpool to Boston, and reached home on the evening of August 22d,—my birthday,—after an absence of three years and thirty-eight days. On our arrival at Worcester, we learned that my wife's eldest brother, Luke, had met with a fatal accident on the Erie Railroad, and was buried two weeks before; and that her remaining brother, Charles, was very ill with typhoid brain fever. The joy of our return home was mingled with sadness. I tried to comfort Mary as well as I was able, but it was a heavy blow to her.

On the 3d of September our neighbors and friends invited us to a reception picnic in a grove, which was very pleasant. Mrs. Gough's brother being in a nervous state from the effects of the fever, it was deemed advisable, for a change, that he should be brought to our house. Accordingly, we prepared for him, and on Saturday, September 15th, he arrived, apparently but little fatigued by the journey of twelve miles from Bolton; but on Sunday morning he died very suddenly,—only twenty hours after his arrival,—and the same afternoon was conveyed back to Bolton.

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I had received the following document, which was intended to be sent me before I left England, but had been delayed till my return, when it was presented to me at my home by Rev. H. W. Dexter, at the head of a deputation:

JOHN B. GOUGH,—*Dear Sir:* The undersigned ministers of the Gospel, of different denominations, in Massachusetts, having learned that you intend returning home in the month of August next, desire to welcome you, with your family, to our shores, and to reassure you of our cordial esteem and love, as a fellow-laborer in the common cause.

Should you be inclined to gratify our wishes, we beg of you to name a day, at such time, after your arrival in the country, as may be convenient to yourself, when we, with other friends of Temperance, may hope to welcome you at a public meeting in the City of Boston.

With great respect, we have the honor to be

Very truly your friends.

[Signed by four hundred and eighty-nine ministers of the Gospel.

In reply to this, I appointed Monday, September 17th, for the meeting. Arrangements were made, and as it was deemed advisable not to postpone, I went down that day, and was greeted by a large number of friends. In the evening an audience filled every part of Tremont Temple. A book, finely bound, containing the autographs of those who had signed the invitation, with an inscription,—"The Welcome of the Ministers of Massachusetts to John B. Gough on his return from England in August, 1860,"—was presented to me; and the whole proceedings were of the most deeply interesting character to me.

A reception was given me at the Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, at which the Hon. Judge Barton presided. All this was very gratifying and encouraging to me.

On the 25th I commenced work in earnest, and continued till December 1st. I then left for the

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West, remaining there till February 8th, when I returned home for a week.

My record of work for the next few years would, of itself, be devoid of general interest; therefore I simply state that I have been employed constantly, eight months of each year, in lecturing, devoting the remaining four months to rest and preparation; delivering from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty lectures each year, to the present summer.

On my return home from New York, October 26, 1860, I was informed that Joel Stratton was very ill. I at once proceeded to his house, and found him propped by pillows in his chair, for his disease was of such a character that he could not lie down. The drops stood like beads on his forehead, and on the back of his hands, for he was very weak. I said to him,—"God bless you, Stratton; thousands are thankful that you ever lived." Feebly he whispered, "Do you think so?" "Think so! I have my English mail here—" and I read him some extracts from a letter I had received from a lady, where she wrote, "How glad you must have been to meet your old friend, Joel Stratton, for whom we often pray, and whom we all love." Looking at me with his pleasant smile, he said: "When I laid my hand on your shoulder that night, I never dreamed all this would come to pass—did you?" "No," I said, "but it has." I kissed him and left him, hoping to see him again. I was engaged in Montreal on the 29th, and on my return found he was dead, and the funeral was to take place the next day, November 7th.

I take the liberty of introducing some paragraphs

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from a sketch entitled "One-man Power," written by Rev. Horace James, a short time after Mr. Stratton's death:

A good man has fallen, one upon whom Providence bestowed the honor of distinguished usefulness; yet one who moved in the humbler walks of life, and whose biography will add another to "the simple annals of the poor." The name of JOEL D. STRATTON is widely known throughout the United States, and still more widely in Great Britain and Ireland, as the man who was the instrument of John B. Gough's reformation. Subsequent events have elevated into unexpected prominence a simple act of kindness; but the nature of a good deed is ever the same. It is not dependent upon perceived results, for its moral quality, or its high reward.

Joel Dudley Stratton, the subject of this notice, was born in the township of Athol, in the State of Massachusetts, on the 11th day of August, A. D., 1816. He spent his boyhood and youth with his parents, and enjoyed no other advantages for learning, than such as were furnished him in a Christian home, a public school, and the village church. He labored upon his father's farm until he had attained the age of twenty-one years, when he removed to Worcester, and was there employed by Thomas Tucker, Esq., the proprietor and keeper of the American Temperance House. While he was there, in the capacity of a waiter, in the autumn of 1842, occurred that memorable event in his life which has connected it so pleasantly with the career of Mr. Gough. [See page 127].

At the time of this interview, Mr. Stratton was a single man. In 1845, on the 6th of May, he married Miss Susan P. Day, an excellent Christian lady, who was his constant, faithful, affectionate companion, through all the vicissitudes of their life. There was little to distinguish Mr. Stratton's later years. The care and support of a family compelled him to follow closely his occupation, which was that of a boot-crimper, and by which he earned as a journeyman about a dollar and a half a day. Though not of robust constitution, his health was uniformly good, up to the time of his last brief illness, so that he seldom lost a day from his work in the shop. A happy home, with an increasing family of children, were a continual stimulus to toil, even had he not been naturally industrious and frugal. At one period in his life, he had accumulated five hundred dollars, carefully saved from his earnings. But after investing this in a dwelling-house, he was forced to

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sacrifice it at the time of a financial crisis, and lost the whole. With the exception of four years spent in the town of Paxton, his home was Worcester during all his later life.

In that city of his adoption, and near the scene of his best labors, he peacefully closed his eyes in death on Sunday, the 4th of November, 1860. In the intermission of divine services, after public prayer had been fervently offered in his behalf in the sanctuary, and a friend of his, and member of Mr. Gough's family, had gone from the church to his bedside, to convey to him renewedly, messages of sympathy and affection, he entered, we hope, the heavenly sanctuary, and became a worshiper before the throne. Just after noon of the holy-day, scarcely past the meridian of his own peaceful life, he passed away, to dwell in a world where there is no night.

His funeral obsequies were observed at the Salem Street Church, where he worshiped, when in health, with regularity and devoutness. Three ministers of the Gospel, of different denominations, participated in the exercises, and Mr. Gough, by invitation, uttered a few touching and appropriate words. A large company of mourners followed him to his burial, and laid him in "Hope Cemetery," to sleep until the grave shall give up its dead.

Something ought to be said respecting the virtues of Mr. Stratton, for in some respects, though in humble life, he was a burning and a shining light. He was a true friend of temperance. An abstainer, from childhood, he early united with the temperance organization, and was a worker in the cause. Mr. Gough is not the only man whom he has rescued, though Providence may have made him the most distinguished. Of late years he belonged to the order of the Sons of Temperance, and was rarely absent from the weekly meeting of his division. At every temperance lecture or sermon, he was present, a quiet observer and interested listener. The week in which he was taken ill, he attended the welcome-meeting which Worcester gave to Mr. Gough, on his second return from England. The meeting was tumultuous with jubilant feeling; but Mr. Stratton, with characteristic quietness, sat calmly by, his countenance suffused with smiles, and radiant with benevolence, apparently unconscious of anything but the good that would be accomplished by the meeting, and the impulse which this occasion would impart to the movement.

Mr. Stratton was a modest man. Unobtrusive and retiring, those who wished to become acquainted with him were compelled to seek his society. "I never knew him intimately," said Mr. Gough, at his

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funeral, "on account of his great modesty and diffidence. He always kept himself in the background. He was the last man to take my hand at the door, as I went out after a lecture. I owe to him all that I am, since I have been worth anything to my fellow-men; and while I am almost daily annoyed by letters from persons who knew me in my former life, or who were acquainted with some other person who knew me, asking of me some assistance or pecuniary aid, Joel Stratton never once asked of me a favor. He never obtruded himself upon me; never alluded to his instrumentality in my reform; never appeared to pride himself upon it, as if it were a meritorious deed." His modesty led him to conceal his real wants. He sacrificed his property rather than ask any person to assist him through his difficulties. "Why did you not inform us of your circumstances," said friends to him after his little home had passed out of his hands, "and we would have helped you to keep it?" He could not bring himself to ask such a favor, of friend or stranger.

He was a man full of kindness. Devoted to his family, domestic in his habits, affectionate in his intercourse with his children and friends; he left upon every one the impression of genuine kindness of heart. He had no enemies, for he loved every one, and spoke charitably of all. His attachment to Mr. Gough was very strong, and for his unasked favors he was deeply grateful. After a visit from Mr. Gough during his sickness, he was found by his wife bathed in tears, which he could not restrain, when he thought both of the kind words and good deeds, which had characterized the visit. He prayed that he might live until Tuesday, (on which day Mr. G. was to return from a lecturing tour in Canada,) that he might see his old friend once more. He arrived only in time to attend his funeral on Wednesday. Christian sympathy requires that a word be said respecting his widow and fatherless children. They occupy the upper tenement of a small but comfortable house, the same in which he died. She is a confirmed invalid, from a disease of the spine, and the four children, at the ages of fourteen, nine, seven, and four years, are to be cared for and educated. He left them nothing but his good name, the cheap furniture of their dwelling, and the tools of his trade. Nothing so burdened his mind as the future of his children, and the anxious care that would rest upon his feeble wife, when they should be bereaved of their natural protector. Yet he cheerfully left them with the widow's God, and the "father of the fatherless."

Reader,—have you ever considered how great is your personal influence? The life of Joel D. Stratton is a lesson to you. It shows you

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how grand a thing it is to be a man. It reveals to you something of the inherent glory of a good deed. It proves how richly rewarding may be a humble and unpromising effort to do good. It gives one a glimpse of the eternal honor with which God invests every virtuous act, and of the great reward which is sure to follow it. It illustrates the duty of every person to exert upon others all the good influence he possesses, and utters volumes of truth respecting the moral power which may be wielded by ONE MAN. Be stimulated to imitate his example. Degraded creatures still walk our streets, the prey of passion, the subjects of terrible remorse, candidates for the drunkard's grave, and the drunkard's doom. Yet underneath all that is disgusting in their exterior, they have hearts that can feel, and repent, and love, and be grateful. They can be reached. Words of kindness will win them. Persevering efforts will save them. They may be jewels that need only a new setting to make them shine like the stars. Remember how highly God honored our departed brother, and go thou and do likewise.

Since January 1, 1861, it has been a source of great gratification and thankfulness that I have been able to appropriate three hundred dollars per year to his widow; and I intend that she shall not be dependent while I live.

I had hitherto delivered lectures solely on the subject of temperance, never, except on one or two occasions, attempting to use written notes, and never being able to succeed satisfactorily to myself, with the paper before me, or in my hand. Many friends were desirous that I should present in a lecture some experiences of London Life; several literary associations applied for such a lecture to be delivered in their course,—for I had rarely lectured in a course, having been an outsider, very much "on my own hook." I had for some time felt the necessity of some change, that would prevent my losing the elasticity of mind that I knew was suffering from the intense strain of speaking so often, and under such ex-

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citing circumstances, upon one theme, with so little possible variety; I must either speak much less frequently, or I must have a variety of topics. I had but little ambition (for I am well aware of my deficiencies,) to take rank among the literary lecturers of the day; but having from pure interest in what I saw, collected a large amount of material, especially in reference to the street life in London, I was induced to prepare such a lecture. I had appointed New Haven, as the place where I should make the experiment; if I failed, I could devote myself to temperance according to my ability, as long as I might be needed.

On the 21st of November, 1860, I was announced to deliver a lecture on "Street Life in London." Passing through New Haven on my way to New York, I met Mr. Edwin Marble, then the efficient president of the Library Association, and my warm personal friend, and begged him to change it, substituting "temperance," for my courage had failed me, and I declared I could not speak on any other theme. He kindly said some words to me which I construed into a compliance with my wishes, and eight days after, I went to New Haven, comforted by the thought, that I had escaped the dreaded ordeal; when, to my consternation and dismay, I saw on large posters the announcement, "Street Life in London." In my distress, I went to Mr. Marble, and told him it could not be. He said very kindly, but decidedly, "It must be—we have announced it," and encouraged me to attempt it. Not even in my first appearance as a speaker did I feel more nervous and apprehensive. (I had read the lecture at home, to my friends

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George Gould and Rev. Horace James, who both condemned it with "faint praise.")

The Music Hall was crowded. A table was on the platform for my manuscript, and for the first time I faced an audience with a written lecture on an entirely new theme. Before I proceeded to its delivery, I announced that this was an experiment; I doubted if it would not be a failure; but they should have the lecture—and I would constitute them my judges—and if, after hearing it, they so decided, I would put the manuscript in the fire; but if they decided in its favor, I would go on with it, as I had engaged to deliver it in Boston, Providence, and Worcester. The lecture was received with favor, and I delivered it in Boston the next evening. On my way there, George Gould came into the cars at Worcester, and congratulated me. I immediately prepared another, entitled, "Lights and Shadows of London Life." The next year I prepared "London by Night," which I delivered twenty-three times, and then discarded, not being at all pleased with it. London being an almost inexhaustible field, I prepared another a few years since, "The Great Metropolis," which was never given, and is cast aside. The lectures on London being continually called for, I combined portions of the first three in one—"London,"—which, by varying every year, I have given one hundred and twenty-seven times since 1862. In 1861, I prepared, "Here and There in Britain," which I have discarded, after presenting it seventy-two times; 1862, "Eloquence and Orators," one hundred and thirty-seven times; 1863, "Peculiar People," one hundred and ninety times; 1864, "Fact and Fiction," eighty-six

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times; 1865, "Habit," one hundred and twenty times; 1866, "Curiosity," eighty-eight times; and in 1868, "Circumstances," sixty-four times.

I have received letters remonstrating with me for "leaving the temperance field;" and a small pamphlet was published, accusing me of "deserting the cause" that had saved me. I would state here, that I am as much attached to that movement now as I have ever been. In every lecture I introduce the theme of temperance prominently, and am ever ready and glad to give a lecture on that *purely*, and do, whenever it is called for; and often urge societies I serve, as far as it is courteous, to select that subject.

Please remember, I do not apologize for my course, for I hold I have a perfect right to select the themes on which I may choose to speak; but simply correcting the statement, that I am indifferent to the welfare and success of the temperance movement.

In 1862 applications were so numerous, involving so large an amount of correspondence, that Mr. John G. North of New Haven, my old and valued friend, undertook the task of making my routes. For two years he conducted the correspondence, as my agent; but, feeling the inconvenience of the distance between us,—he in New Haven, and I in Worcester,—I attempted the labor myself in 1864, and, finding it more than I could conveniently accomplish, Miss Nellie A. Mason came to us in the summer of 1865, and has rendered me very efficient service for four years, as she resides in our family during the four months in which this work is accomplished. An average of more than fifteen hundred letters each summer are

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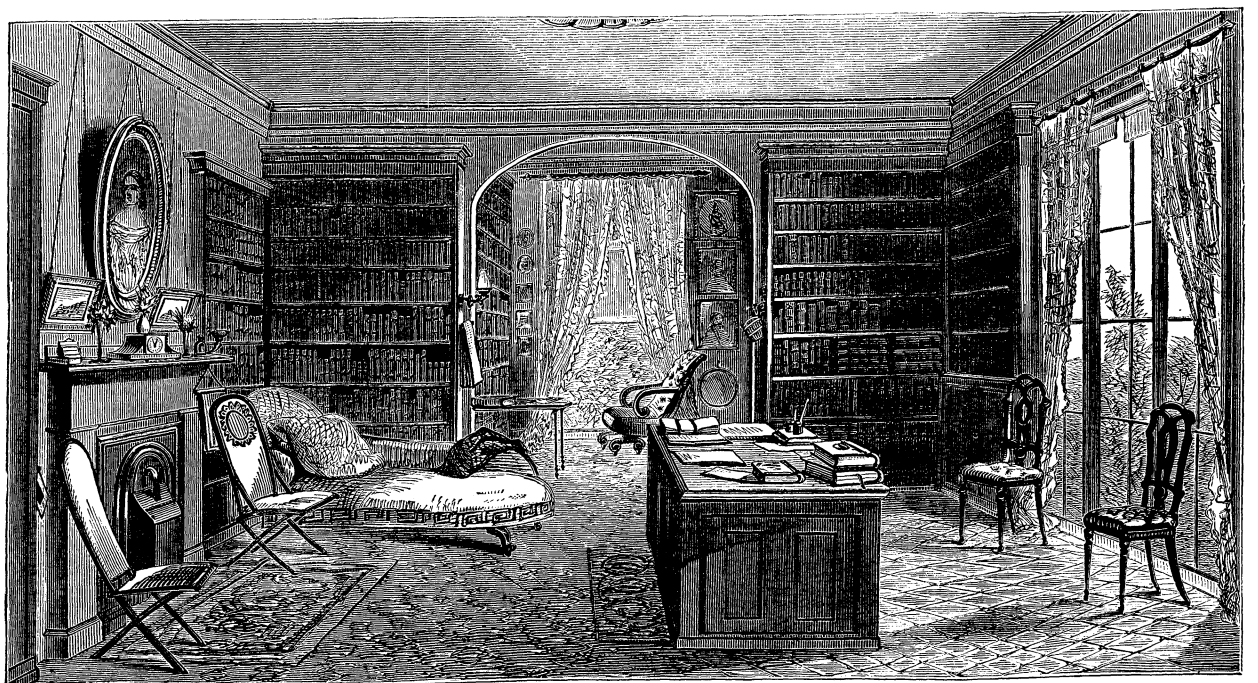

MR. GOUGH'S LIBRARY.

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written, many of them requiring great care and tact, and she has proved an invaluable aid to me.

Every man engaged in public labor has probably experienced more or less annoyance from beggars, borrowers, and bores. The beggars may be divided into two classes,—those who really need, and are deserving, and those who seem to require that others shall work that they may live in comfort without it. Among the latter are the young men, able-bodied, who either lack energy, or will, to help themselves. There is a class of young men who spend more time in seeking help from others, than, if industriously employed in helping themselves, would secure to them independence, and save them from the meanness of polite beggary. Others have such a horror of hard work, they will adopt any plan that enables them to eat bread in the sweat of another man's brow. Our country is overrun with half-starved clerks, while our farm laborers are gaining a competence and saving money. Young men will leave healthy, remunerative employment, and flock to institutions where they can, in six months, become efficient clerks; the consequence is, large numbers are drifting about, unable to dig and not ashamed to beg. Some of the letters I have received would be amusing, but for their meanness or impudence. Think of a young man writing: "I have heard you are benevolent,—I know you are able, for your income has been published. I want to get a musical education; my friends will not help me; you can, if you will. I want you to give me five hundred dollars a year for three years, or, if it is more convenient to you, fifteen hundred dollars at once. A check on

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New York, payable to bearer, would confer lasting obligation on yours, etc." Petitions for aid in business,—in paying notes due, or borrowed money,—to travel. A young man, a carpenter by trade, able to work, and with plenty to do, once asked me to help him from one town to another. I gave him a dollar, he said, "That's not enough—the fare is a dollar and a half." "But," I said, "the stage fare is a dollar." "Thunder!" said he, "do you suppose I will jolt the life out of myself in a stage?—no, *sir!*" He left me without the half dollar.

One man wrote me that he had a farm, and if he could make two spires of grass grow where only one grew before, he would be a philanthropist; there were so many stones in his fields, that if he could get them out, he should be able to double his crops. Would I give him two or three gratuitous lectures? and as he was very busy, could I name a day when I would meet him at the railway station, (some forty miles from my home,) and all preliminaries could be settled. My wife answered *that* letter. This was an industrious beggar.

I have applications for piano-fortes, sewing-machines, money to publish books, money to help out of jail, for a horse, to build a house, for suits of clothes, for funds to make a European voyage, for money to buy a wig, to purchase mules, to obtain an education, to pay off a mortgage, for a trip to the sea-side, to support a failing newspaper, to send a sister to boarding-school, to pay the premium on insurance; and often with inaptly quoted passages of Scripture. Persons write me or call on me, who knew me when I lived somewhere—or heard me speak somewhere—

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or knew some one that I knew—or had my name, only spelled differently—and, needing a little money, felt their claims, for these reasons, strong enough to induce them to apply to me. Some again, who may have rendered me service acknowledged and paid for, annoying by the persistent reminder of my obligation to them; and in one case going so far as to threaten, should I fail to comply with their wishes; thereby neutralizing all obligation under which I might otherwise have lain to them.

There are the borrowers who never intend to pay —a meaner class than the beggars; it is often cheaper, by one hundred per cent., to give ten dollars than to lend twenty. It sounds better to borrow than to beg. I think in two or three cases I have been paid borrowed money; but I have in my drawer a package of notes (and these borrowers are very eager to give notes if you pay for the stamp) for thousands of dollars—labeled "money lent and lost;" another package labeled "notes of doubtful value," (they are *very* doubtful;) another labeled "notes to be collected by instalments,"—(on one or two there have been instalments collected—on others, none offered, nor even an apology for the neglect;) and yet another, labeled "notes," and when they are paid, I trust I shall be aware of the fact.

Next come the black-mail letters, of which I have four, received within six years, threatening some awful exposures if so many hundred dollars were not sent to a certain address. My plan with these last is, to show them to my wife, then to friends as curiosities. My case is not a rare one, I know, and I speak of these simply as annoyances—serious, petty, or

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amusing, as the case may be; but I must confess my belief that the system of begging-letter writing is as complete and extensive in this country, as in any other part of the world. I would never discourage an honest man under adverse circumstances from seeking help, and I believe I may say that very rarely has any man applied to me,—when I was able to relieve, and his claim on my sympathy was reasonable,—and gone empty-handed away. I simply denounce the class who live and thrive on the credulity and generosity of others. "Help yourself," is a good motto; but "Help yourself that you may help others," is a better. Every man in life's battle may meet reverses, but need not be overwhelmed. Let him do his duty, and strive to be a man rather than a gentleman; unless he takes Billy Downey's definition of a gentleman: "I say if I pays my way, does not owe nobody nothing, if I is industrious, and takes care of my old mother, and is ready to serve my country when I is required, I say I *is* a gentleman. It isn't the toggery, it's the *charackter*."

Some men give up in despair under difficulties. A man was seen by the side of an overturned load of hay, blubbering and bawling. A passer-by asked, "What's the matter?" "Oh, boo-ooh!" "What's the matter?" I ask. "Oh, boo-ooh!" "Why don't you get to work and pitch up the load?" "Oh! oh! boo!—" roared the poor fellow, "Oh! dad's *under* the hay!"

A long chapter might be written on the genus bore, in all its varieties; but I forbear—lest I bore my reader. In my constant travel, I have had abundant opportunities of seeing the peculiarities of people;

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and often the dull monotony of a journey is broken by some amusing incident; and when weary, a little thing will divert one. I have seen a whole car-full of people roaring with laughter at the most trifling joke. Once, between Adrian and Cleveland, we were going very slowly, and the passengers were complaining, when one man, who looked like a New England deacon, drawled out, "Ah! well, yes! we *are* going slow, and we shan't never get nowhere, at this poor, dying rate." There was a universal shout of laughter. Another time, the snow had blocked the road, and at a certain station we took on board a large number of passengers, who had been detained all night waiting for our train; when one elderly, wo-begone-looking man stood in the passage-way of the car, and, looking about him—the seats being all occupied—said with a most lugubrious air and tone: "This is too bad! here I've been *laying* on the floor all night, and I can't find a place to *set*." A gentleman sprung from his seat and said: "That *is* too bad; here's a place—come and *set;*" and amid a noisy burst of merriment that surprised him, he took the offered seat.

I have been amused, while riding, to hear conversations about myself. Perhaps two persons sitting just before me will be very free in their remarks; and I have enjoyed their criticism, though sometimes not particularly complimentary; and I have occasionally heard some news about myself and family, of which I was totally ignorant before; and it is doubly amusing when these people discover that all their conversation has been overheard by its subject. Once I heard a gentleman say to another, "Did you hear

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Gough last night?" I had given the lecture on Habit, and related the neat remark made to a man who always kept others waiting for him. "You belong to the three-handed species." "Ah!" said the man, "a very rare species that." "Oh, no! plenty of them," was the reply. "Two hands like other people, and a little behind hand." The gentleman had not heard me. "Ah," said the other, "he told a very good story, about a man that kept people waiting for him; 'you belong to the three-handed class, you've got two hands like other people, and you've got—you've got two hands like other people, and you've got'—what in thunder was it, now—it was real good; 'you've got two hands like other people, and you've got—you've got'—oh, by George! 'you've got a little hand—no—a hand—a little hand—you've got'—Ah, you ought to hear Gough tell that story; it was real good."

In all my travel for twenty-six years I never was detained by any accident to steamboat or car in which I was traveling, but once; that was in Canada, on the Grand Trunk. We had been kept back two hours by a freight train off the track, and I said to a fellow-passenger "We have many detentions on this road." He replied, "We must praise the bridge that carries us safely over." I was a little vexed, and said: "Yes, but we are not over yet." At that instant I felt a jar, and springing up, cried out "We are off the track!" and we were. I had often, while traveling, imagined my sensations in a catastrophe like this, but they were not what I had supposed. While the car was leaping and bounding I stood, as firmly as I could, grasping the back of the seat before me;—no fear or

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terror, but an anticipation, a curious sort of calculation as to how long the car would endure such a strain—how long the wheels would stand the smashing—wondering why the engine did not stop—and why we were going so fast—when a crash came, and the car leaned over farther and farther, till the balance was gone, and we were thrown over—the valises from the racks, and the passengers on the other side being thrown with a dull thud upon us. The first thing I knew, as the boy said, "I didn't know nothing," but found myself on the roof of the car—a large stump forced into it—women and children in heaps—a smell of fire—and then commenced the scramble to get out. The upper part of one of the doors was broken open, and we crawled out, one by one. To our astonishment, not a passenger was hurt, excepting slight scratches. I had neither scratch nor bruise; but a brakeman, nobly doing his duty, was killed. This was my first experience of a railway accident; and I sincerely hope it may be the last. One result has been that I am much more apprehensive and nervous while traveling than ever before.

I am warned that my space is limited and that I must look towards the "Finis."

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CHAPTER XXXV.

Silver Wedding—Presentation of Gifts—Speech—Letter to Committee—Record of Work—Audiences of Students—The Book—The War—Family—Nannie's Death—Letter from my Wife—Record of Friends—Courtesy of Fellow-Laborers—Conclusion.

On the 24th of November, 1868, occurred what is termed our "silver wedding." We intended that no notice should be taken of it, except perhaps a feast to our own people, and a little celebration in our own family; but some personal friends in Worcester, becoming aware of the fact, proposed to us a celebration under the auspices and direction of a committee from Worcester and Boston, and afterwards caused a pamphlet to be published, containing a full account of the festival,—a portion of which I insert, as far as may be necessary, to convey some idea of the very pleasant and flattering demonstration.

A number of gentlemen of Worcester, Mass., learning that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of *John B. Gough* and *Mary E. Gough* would occur on the 24th of November, determined that it should not pass without having the opportunity, in some way, of showing their regard for one who had been so eminently useful in the cause of temperance,—who had done so much to cheer and comfort the despondent, and whose eloquent utterances had electrified vast assemblies of people in this and other countries.

Upon conferring with Mr. Gough and wife upon the matter, it was found that they were opposed to any special celebration of the event, lest it should be thought that they were inviting their friends to conform to the custom on such occasions, and accompany their congratulations and good wishes with presents. They, however, reluctantly gave

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their consent that some notice should be taken of the anniversary, and their friends in the city of Worcester appointed a committee to make all necessary arrangements.

The following card of invitation was issued, and sent to such of Mr. Gough's friends as they were able to reach, in different parts of the country, and to some in England and Scotland:

To the Friends of John B. Gough, Esq.,—The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Gough occurs November 24th, 1868. The pressure of professional duty, but especially Mr. Gough's diffidence to announce the occasion, had determined him to celebrate the event privately. His friends, however, are not willing. They feel that a spontaneous recognition of his noble and successful labors for humanity during twenty-five years, in which his name has been endeared to millions, demands from them some expression of their good will and esteem, and would be a most agreeable surprise and long-remembered pleasure to him. Hence this invitation in their name.

Mr. and Mrs. Gough would regret the issue of invitations which looked to a *solicitation* of gifts. Some, however, have determined not to be denied such privilege. Hence the committee, without solicitation or negation, leave his friends, unembarrassed in the expression of their good will, by congratulatory letter, or in any form their pleasure may dictate. It is the purpose of some of his friends to aggregate their offerings, in procuring some more munificent testimonial than individuals would elect. Therefore, if any prefer to be associated with this chief offering, they will please forthwith communicate their pleasure to either of the committee, through whom it is desired all expressions should pass.

We especially emphasize the request that you would honor Mr. Gough with your presence at "Hillside" on that occasion. Open house after eleven o'clock, A. M. Special ceremonies and congratulations at eight o'clock, P. M.

Express trains east and west leave Worcester at 10 o'clock, P. M.

Coaches will run to his residence at 11 o'clock, A. M., 2, 4, and 7 o'clock, P. M., from the Bay State House.

REV. J. ORAMEL PECK,
JUDGE HENRY CHAPIN,
PHILIP L. MOEN, ESQ.,
(I. Washburn & Moen,)
EDWARD EARLE, ESQ.,
} *Committee of Arrangements, Worcester.*

B. W. WILLIAMS, ESQ.,
JAMES H. ROBERTS, ESQ.,
} *Committee of Arrangements, Boston.*

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The morning of the 24th was crisp and cold, but bright and beautiful, and by eleven o'clock the friends began to assemble, and were coming and going the entire day. Tables were set in the dining and breakfast-rooms, and all were invited to partake of refreshments. As soon as one company had been supplied, another was ready, and from five o'clock to eleven—except during the exercises—the tables were occupied. The committees, with two hundred and sixty-seven of the guests, wrote their names in a book provided for the purpose. Nearly two hundred, in addition to these, were present during the day. Congratulatory letters were received from one hundred and five friends in this country and Great Britain, and telegrams from twenty-five hundred persons assembled at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association—and from other friends; also, an original poem from Alfred B. Street of Albany;—all which have been published entire in the memorial pamphlet issued by the committee.

The exercises were held in the gymnasium. An address was delivered by Rev. J. O. Peck, as chairman of the occasion. Addresses were presented by Hon. Henry Chapin, on behalf of the Worcester donors,—by B. W. Williams, on behalf of the Boston donors. Original poems were delivered by James B. Congdon of New Bedford, and Rev. E. P. Dyer of Shrewsbury, and a song by Rev. William Phipps of Paxton, Mass. The gifts named below were presented:

A massive solid silver epergne, designed to hold either fruit or flowers; and an ice-cream set of fourteen pieces, silver, lined with gold,—the offering of the neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Gough in Worcester and

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vicinity, and friends who had sent their donations in money to the Committee. The center-piece is about twenty inches in hight; the pedestal being a statue of an Indian Chief, standing upon a base ornamented with Indian figures in various attitudes, chased in the silver. A basket rests upon the head of the chief, who, with his upraised hands, supports a large basin or plate, eighteen inches in diameter, lined with gold. The ice-cream set is of solid silver, lined with gold. The value of both the above was one thousand dollars. Each bore the inscription, "John B. and Mary E. Gough, Worcester, November 24, 1868; from neighbors and friends." Presented on behalf of the donors by Hon. Henry Chapin of Worcester.

An elegant and costly bronze clock, of beautiful and elaborate design and finish,—the gift of some of Mr. Gough's Boston friends, presented by Mr. B. W. Williams of Jamaica Plain, on behalf of the donors, whose names were signed to an address, elegantly written by an expert, and framed.

Silver fruit-dish from Lecture Committee of Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia.

Wycliffe's version of the Bible, Oxford Press, from faculty and students in Phillip's Academy, Andover, Mass.

Set of silver ice-cream spoons and ladle, from Newark Clayonian Society.

Two silver flower-vases from Berlin (Mass.) Sabbath School.

Flowers, in water-colors, from Miss Martha Congdon of New Bedford, Mass.

Gold watch from Chicago friends, accompanied by a letter.

Silver nut-dish, from Shrewsbury (Mass.) Monumental Association.

Rare and beautiful photograph of a Roman procession, from L. C. Hopkins, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Silver grape-shears, from Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Sheffield, Dubuque, Iowa.

Stand of exquisite wax water-lilies, from Mrs. Richard Storrs of New York.

Silver flower-vases, from Mr. and Mrs. George Fairfield, Hudson, N. Y.

Silver nut-dish, from Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Newton, Rochester, N. Y., with velvet and gilt letter-rack.

Silver flower-vase, from Miss Anna E. Dickinson of Philadelphia.

Silver butter-knives, from Rev. George H. Duffield and lady of Galesburg, Ill.

Silver napkin-rings, from Mr. Alanson Long of Boston.

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Gœthe Gallery of Photographs, from Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Williams of Jamaica Plain.

Autograph book, from Charles A. Clapp of Boston.

Hanging basket, from Mrs. Schwartz of Boston.

Choice bouquet, from Mrs. Mackintosh of Montreal.

Silver card-vase, from friends in Berlin, Mass.

Silver salt-cellars and spoons, from Mr. and Mrs. Dwight of Ypsilanti, Mich.

Set of ice-cream spoons and ladle, from W. H. Piper & Co. of Boston.

Silver and glass flower-stand, from Rev. George H. Gould and wife of Hartford, Conn.

Rare old coin, from W. H. Dikeman of New York.

Silver center-piece, for fruit and flowers, from Mr. B. W. Williams and Mr. James H. Roberts of Boston.

Two silver cups, which, when united, form a silver egg,—from Hon. Ginery Twitchell.

A superb watch-guard, and a chain and brooch of tortoise-shell inlaid with gold,—manufactured and presented by Hon. Milo Hildreth of Northborough, Mass.

Beautiful French engraving of "The chess-players," from Mr. Albert Goodman, Surrey, England.

Large volume of very fine photographs of Windsor Great Park and Forest.

A large volume in water-colors, of the peaks and valleys of the Alps.

A collection of etchings by the Etching Club.

A very unique and artistic volume entitled "The Golden Calendar."

The last four volumes were from Mr. Potto Brown, Mr. George William Brown, and Mr. Bateman Brown, of Houghton, Huntingdonshire, England, and Mr. Henry Goodman, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, England. These gifts were very costly; and though we pack and store them for safe-keeping—not deeming it desirable to bring them into common use,—they are, and will remain to those who come after us, as testimonials of love and good will, more valuable than rubies.

In concluding this notice of one of the most de-

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lightful occasions of my life, I insert the closing remarks in my speech, and Mrs. Gough's letter to the committee:

And now I must be permitted to say, how gratifying it is to me on this occasion, to be surrounded by so many of my Worcester friends. You knew me, many of you, in the darkest days of my life,—in my poverty and obscurity. You have seen me among you, going in and coming out before you these many years. In Worcester I signed the pledge; in Worcester I was married; in Worcester I have lived and been known so long; and it is particularly gratifying for me to know that you who know me best should have seen fit to offer me this splendid testimonial of your esteem and confidence. To you, and to all my dear friends present, I would say, may God bless you, and pour into your own hearts abundantly the riches of His grace and favor, and repay you ten-fold for all your kindness to me and mine! I say no more. Words—thoughts—all fail me, except the consciousness of your generous kindness,—and that will ever abide to help and strengthen me in the coming duties and conflicts of life.

The following is the letter from Mrs. John B. Gough "to the Committee having charge of the Arrangements for the "Silver Wedding" on the 24th of November:

HILLSIDE, November 28, 1868.

Gentlemen,—As I return to the accustomed quiet of our home again, after the stir and anticipation of our "silver wedding" day, and live over in memory the brightness of that event, I feel that we owe you no common thanks, for "pleasures of memory" beyond our thought, and for organizing an opportunity for such beautiful expressions of goodwill as met us then.

Whenever we look over the receding years, it will henceforth always be that we must do so through that bright day in November 1868, when yourselves and so many others recognized so delightfully both the toils and the results of those vanished years.

It has given fresh impulse to our grateful remembrance of the God and Saviour who has led us so lovingly all the way; and we do not forget that He has ordered, that though a cool draught from a way-side spring does not release from all sense of a toilsome path, it *does* so refresh as to strengthen for the "hill difficulty" of the future.

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In all the kind things said and done that day for myself personally, there was one omission, and that, inevitable under the circumstances. In the recognition of my husband's work and life in the past twenty-five years, none but myself could have said how much I am indebted for whatever of success has been my own in our united lives to the generous trust and confidence, the unfailing regard, that have always recognized our interests as *one*, which has left head and hands so free—made such a thing as a struggle for "rights" so unnecessary—and which has rejoiced in such fruitage of that trust as makes the bond that binds us together so much stronger than twenty-five years ago, while losing not the green and freshness of its earlier time.

With heartfelt thanks for all the wide and substantial sympathy expressed on that occasion, and with the hope that the truest peace may always abide in the homes represented at Hillside on that day, I am, gentlemen, very gratefully yours, MARY E. GOUGH.

From accurate accounts kept I find that from May 14, 1843, to June 1, 1869, I have delivered six thousand and sixty-four public addresses, and traveled two hundred and seventy-two thousand two hundred and thirty-five miles, independent of all traveling for pleasure, or on occasions not connected with my work. Of the addresses, four hundred and forty-three were delivered gratuitously. There were up to 1853—when I first went to England—two hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred and seventy-nine names obtained to the pledge. I have spoken in State Prisons in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York; penitentiaries, reform schools, and houses of correction, at Blackwell's Island, N. Y., Baltimore, Md., Detroit, Mich., Worcester and Westboro, Mass., and Meriden, Conn.; to the deaf and dumb and blind, in Hartford, Conn., Flint, Mich., and other places.

Among the most interesting occasions in my whole work have been those among the young men stu-

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dents in our universities. Though not an educated man, these audiences have been among the most generous and courteous. I have ever been received by them with kindness, and I am impelled to state here, that I have spoken at the request of the students at Yale and Middletown, Ct., Amherst and Williamstown, Mass., Brown, R. I., Carlisle, Pa., Oberlin and Oxford, Ohio, Ann Arbor and Albion, Mich., in this country; and Edinburgh University, and New College, Scotland.

One word about the book. Owing to a miscalculation of the amount required, I had prepared much more than was needed, and it was deemed necessary to cancel some portions—which may excuse some awkward and sudden breaks in the narrative, and the hurried conclusion.

It has been constantly asserted that the Autobiography published in 1845, was not written by me. I state here the facts. John Ross Dix, then calling himself John Dix Ross, was an inmate of my family, and I, pacing the room, dictated to him, he being a good short-hand writer. When he had copied it out, we read it together and made alterations, and I wish to say that, excepting only three, or, at most, four instances, *my* language, not his, was used.

In this work, I have permitted no one to revise it or add to it. I have written it, revised it, looked over the proof, and, such as it is, it is mine. Not much to boast of. Much has been omitted that might have been retained, and perhaps some things inserted that might as well have been left out; but I have used my judgment as far as my limitation of space permitted. I expect, and shall gain, no fame as an

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author. Some may not think so well of me for these revelations; but the regard of my true friends will not be lessened by a simple narrative of facts.

Though this record covers all the years of our civil war, I have not alluded to it. There are so many histories of the war, that I can say nothing new; but my whole heart's sympathies were in the struggle for our national existence, and I did what I could, and mean to do what I can in aid of our noble soldiers who fought and suffered for the dear old flag, and the perpetuity of our Union.

While memory serves me, I shall never lose out of it those years, so full of thrilling interest, from the first cry of "the bombardment of Fort Sumter," that woke the echoes in the silent streets at midnight. Then followed the running to and fro, and men's voices were heard like the low muttering of the coming storm. How I live over and over again that first dreadful, half-waked sense of the nation being suddenly called to suffering and sacrifice. Boys seemed to have become men, and men more manly, in a night. Then came the tramp of armed men, not for review but for service, stern, hard service. How men sung "Glory, Hallelujah!" in the streets as they marched, while women wept! How vivid is the remembrance of the sleepless nights, while our army seemed like endangered absentees from home,—of the first news of battle—then of disaster—the terrible days in the Chickahominy—the Wilderness—the suspense about Petersburg—the defeats that were but steps to victory—hope and fear alternating—then how the horizon grew brighter as we came to the Emancipation Proclamation;—and through all this,

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the long lines of hospitals all over the land full of suffering, and not seldom, too, of glory, not of this world —the millions in homes where sorrow came and *stayed*—the uncounted heroisms—the shameful defections, and the quiet, watchful, trusting attitude of the race in our midst, on either side of which such powers were arrayed and over whose rights this long conflict really raged; while the whole nation was learning "to suffer and be strong."

Not until many years of peace, shall we be able to estimate truly the times when every ear was strained to catch tidings from every breeze, and the years that were so full of the most sublime history.

When my wife's younger brother died, he left his widow with six children, the eldest a boy ten years of age, the others girls—the youngest a mere babe. We at once took into our family the two elder girls; after two years, the boy and two other girls, leaving the youngest with her mother. On January 13, 1868, Nannie, the eldest girl, died, at the age of fifteen, after a long and tedious illness. She had grown to be a lovely character, and the loss was keenly felt.

I insert here part of a letter written to me by my wife:

HILLSIDE, January 13th, 1869.

My Dear Husband,—I have such a heart-ache to see you to-night. Hillside has a shadow on it, for our dear Nannie has gone home to the better land. This morning as the sunlight touched our hill, her spirit went, I doubt not, to the city that has "no need of the sun." I was with her, after I wrote the letter to you this morning, for an hour before I saw any reason to be uneasy about her—indeed until after four this morning. At five I *was* troubled at the rattling breath. I did everything I could think of for her, but the struggle, and nervous restlessness, became so great that I called Mrs. Knox at half-past five. We did everything we could think of for her. Then I stepped to Oscar's

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door, and asked him to go for the doctor. He was up and away very quickly. Even then I did not know it was death; but the nervous distress—panting for breath—clammy brow, and full, bright, *solemn* light in her eyes—made our hearts quake, as if our fears were all to be realized. One by one the dear children came in. Mary Dean came, then Agnes. We said in her ear the sweet promises of the Bible—the words of hymns that she knew—and "you *do* love and trust Jesus, dear Nannie?" She gave assent as strongly as she could by a gesture. The breath grew shorter—the sweet eyes looked steadfastly upward—the expression was, the awe and surprise of a lowly spirit—that it had conquered. The lines of the face grew noble, as the brow took on its marble hue—the eyelids the snowy tinge—the color faded from the cheek—and our darling Nannie was with the angels.

The children kissed her, one by one, just before she was gone, and we think she knew it—but only by a movement and expression of the eye. We all wept together, and said "how sorry dear Uncle John would be to hear dear Nannie had gone." I was so sorry Oscar could not be here—he had not returned from the doctor's. When he did arrive he was *so* overcome, and *could not* see her for some time; but when he did, none shed more scalding tears than he. You know what a sister she was to him. The doctor soon came, and we felt again that he was the *friend* as well as physician, as the tears rained down his face, while he laid his hand on her white brow. He has shown that he greatly cared for and respected Nannie all along.

Your precious letter from Bloomington came two hours after Nannie had gone, with its loving messages to her, and the gift of the picture. How we did wish it had come on Saturday—it would have pleased her so much. But how much we have to be thankful for, in the merciful shortness of the passage over the last river—in the even beauty of her character—its violet fragrance—growing ever since that testimony four years ago, that "she belonged to Christ and she loved Him." I have had many anxious thoughts for her future contact with the world; because, with all her modest, steadfast courage and loyalty to right, she had such a capacity to suffer under disapproval. But I need not have taken thought for this. The Master she loved, knew *what* the service was to which He was calling her.

It will be five days before you can hear of this. I have longed for your loving presence in our sorrow, more than I can tell; but it cannot be. With kindest love from all to dear Uncle John, I am yours most affectionately,

MARY E. GOUGH.

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The other children are with us. The boy, now eighteen years of age, is in the Pennsylvania Military Academy, at Chester. Since 1860, seven children have been members of our family; so if children are sunbeams, our home has been bright with them.

Among the results of my public life most valuable and appreciated are the pleasant homes I have found in this country and Great Britain; the close friendships formed; the association with some of the best and noblest; and the pleasant intercourse with so many of the wise and the good;—this, next to the fact that I may have been able, by God's blessing, to accomplish something towards the amelioration of the condition of the poor and degraded, the up-building of the cause of the Master, and the glory of God —has been to me a source of the highest gratification. I could fill page after page with the records of kindness received in the homes where I have ever found a welcome. The recollection of them crowds upon me. How, when I was with my wife at a hotel in Utica, N. Y., William D. Hamlin called on us, and took us at once to his pleasant home, and since that time—1844—we have been constantly entertained by them. J. W. Fairfield, with his wife, since gone home, made our visits to Hudson, N. Y., delightful, and we anticipate with pleasure the welcome always afforded us by him, his son George, and his estimable wife, "Susie." At Rochester, N. Y., T. A. Newton and his wife have for years opened their house, and better still, their hearts to us. In New York, a pleasant and hospitable home always for us at W. H. Dikeman's, who, in the darkest hours of my experience was one of the true, unflinching friends. In Adrian,

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Mich., I have been nursed in sickness at the house of Mr. Angell, where I always found a welcome. In Philadelphia, 1425 Chestnut Street has been our resting-place and home for many years; and by our old friend of twenty-five years standing, Leonard Jewell, and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Reed, we have always been welcomed with cordiality and Christian affection. In Detroit, Hon. C. I. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Curtis, and the charming family of Philo Parsons, greet us with affection. My dear friends, George Duffield and wife, have made many a dreary winter's day bright and sunny in their hospitable home, both in Adrian and Galesburg. If I continue the record to the end of the book, I can but begin to number them; and in reviewing the past, I am overwhelmed, and can only pray for those recorded, and for all who have shown me kindness. May the Master reward them a thousand-fold, for all the favor shown to me and mine in the years by-gone.

I would recall the kindness with which I have been treated by the public press; and the courtesy of my fellow-laborers in the lecture field—especially Wendell Phillips, G. W. Curtis, Theodore Tilton, and the eloquent Anna E. Dickinson, whom I had the honor to entertain for a few days at my house. I hold her in high esteem, not only for her power as a public speaker, but as a noble woman, of whose friendship I am proud.

On Tuesday, April 3d, 1866, George Gladwin, who had resided with us since his return from England a year before, was married at our house to Mary Booth, who had been a member of our family for ten years. They now reside in Worcester, Professor Gladwin oc-

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cupying a high position as an artist, having achieved a reputation as a teacher of drawing, inferior to none. They are "one of us" yet, and are often our guests.

Thus surrounded by friends, the children growing up I trust to be honorable and useful; my brother, who came to me in 1848, five years of age, now a Christian young man; my nephew striving to serve the Master; my sister and her three sons prosperous; my wife spared to me these twenty-five years; my health continued, with all my work and exposure; testimonials from friends, and loving tokens, crowding my home; hundreds of homes where I ever find a cordial welcome; rejoicing in the respect, esteem, and affection of so many who love me; hidden as I have been in "His pavilion from the strife of tongues." And now for years, "He hath caused even my enemies to be at peace with me." "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage;" "my cup runneth over." I can adopt the words of the song written by William B. Tappan, of Boston, on the second anniversary of my signing the pledge:

I was tossed by the winds on a treacherous wave;
Above me was peril, beneath me a grave;
The sky, to my earnest enquiry, was dark;
The storm in a deluge came down on my bark!
How fearful! to drive on a horrible shore,
Where breakers of Ruin eternally roar.

O, Mercy! to wreck in the morning of days,—
To die when life dazzles with changeable rays,—
To sink as the groveling and vile of the ship,
The rose on my cheek, and the dew on my lip—
And fling, as a bauble, my soul to the heaps,
That glisten and mock from the caves of the deeps.

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